

HELMET

No. 1 Sept. 84 - 10 F



For a year now we have been simmering the birth of a liaison and information journal for the different units of the Free Scouts.

Finally, CASQUE is born. Let us wish him a long life and that he takes the road to success without delay.

This review is not that of the National Center but yours. So, it is up to you to take your responsibilities by sending us ideas, articles, photos, drawings, etc...

HELMET will also be a way to make yourself known and recognized. Our century is that of information, so circulate the magazine to your scout friends and others.

Let us end this presentation by announcing that our goal is to publish CASQUE monthly, but that while waiting to reach an acceptable cruising speed, your newspaper will appear four times a year.

See you soon,
OURSON F.



HELMET

No. 1 September 1984

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Lothar SAUER, François PERALDI, Albert CRUCIS.

Drawings Pierre JOUBERT, Panther, Jordi MAGRANER, Philippe CASTELLAR.

Michel MENU (text taken from "Badge d'or"), Barde An Alarc'h, Doctor "Esculape", Jordi MAGRANER, Bruno PERALDI, Fennec M., Ourson F. and the Troupe Eric de Swedenborg contributed to this issue.

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You, young European, heir to proud races of heroes, see yourself there presently engaged in a movement that will be demanding.

You will have to agree to community discipline, sleep on the hard ground, eat outdoors, cross difficult stages on foot, climb peaks, explore caves, share your bread, take initiatives, be responsible for yourself and your group. It is hard, but it is exciting.

Remember this phrase from Guynemer: "Human resistance has a limit, yes, but a limit that must be exceeded."

Yes, welcome to our home.

Everyone has been waiting for you for a long time. You must not feel like a stranger. The members of your patrol are there to help you, to give you advice. Your patrol leader has been given the mission of making you a real scout, smart, proud and happy. You will have a lot of fun in the troop and you will learn to become a man of courage and will.

For now, have a good start to the school year and above all... happy scouting year!

FENNEC M.

Hello to you, the "new one"

You have just arrived at the Troupe. Everything seems so new, so fresh, so strange... Perhaps you are somewhat fearful because of everything you have been told about the scouts.

They are boys, it has been said, who camp deep in the forest, who risk their lives in the mountains, who organize frightening games...!

Don't let yourself be intimidated.

The Troop represents, of course, a school of adventure and technical training, but it is above all a wonderful fraternal community where everyone helps their companion. We want to be the heirs of chivalry. We have a code of Honor, a law, principles. We are "always ready" to serve... We are bearers of good humor. We like order, good behavior, cleanliness. And we live happily, together, learning to get by in all circumstances.

A STRANGE ENCOUNTER

The Eagles are barely a hundred meters from their camp site this weekend when they meet a little boy in jeans and a tracksuit, looking unhappy, lost on the road.

As good scouts, they decide to take charge of him, despite the hesitations and even the protests of some patrolmen.

The chief, who has arrived in the meantime, takes the boy to the nearest village, in order to call his neighbor. Indeed, the child claims that only this person has the telephone... He himself got lost in the forest during a picnic with his parents, a few hours ago...

But the chief and the child return without having been able to reach the neighbor. It is decided to keep the boy for the night.

Pascal, that's his name, actively participates in the evening's activities: nature observation, obstacle course training, singing evening, etc.

We go to bed.

Around 6am, a loud cry rang out from the chief: the child had disappeared, as had part of the food! Get up in a hurry!



SEND TO CASQUE THE STORIES OF JOS TRADITIONS AND YOUR ADVENTURES, IN TROUPE OF EN PATROVIVE. They interest us!



Excerpt from the Golden Book
of the Eric de Swedenborg Troupe

Pierre JOUBERT, illustrator...

In this issue I of "CASQUE" we wanted to pay tribute to a great artist and a true scout Pierre JOUBERT. What bothered us a little is that everything or almost everything has been said about him.

It is true that, discovered very late by "official" circles, he saw (with amazement) his work praised to the skies in a very short time and the number of albums, anthologies and portfolios devoted to him, published in less than three years, have made up for a delay of thirty years.

To share our gratitude, it was impossible for us to show you some of his best drawings, our reduced pagination, our small format and our lack of colors, forbade us. Not to mention the insoluble problem of choice (at the scout level alone the number of Pierre Joubert's drawings is estimated at 20,000).



We have therefore decided to let other, more competent people speak. Here are some excerpts from texts published on Joubert:

"Scouting is an adventure or it is not.

It is also a certain way of taking life.

Yet scouting, which claims to be an adventure, has only very ordinary activities. But their appeal lies in their coherence and the way they are played. Also, the camp is very different from camping, the evening very far from the theater and the raid is something quite different from hiking.

It is a certain style, both generator and result, which envelops everything and transforms everything.



This is the style that Pierre JOUBERT has the power to convey with his pencil or his brush. Everything he illustrates is transformed by it. Not that he embellishes or distorts because he has too much respect for what he sees and too much talent to deceive, but through an osmosis between the reality he has experienced and the scene he throws on paper, he conveys this grain of adventure that ennobles and suddenly makes you want to set off at all costs, to become bigger and better. Without sacrificing anything to the truth down to the details, he gives people and things an allure that gives them a fantastic power of example and appeal. Thus we have often come across multiple scouts "à la Joubert" without even asking ourselves if they came out of one of his drawings or if it was the drawing that made them! Pierre JOUBERT, who also excels in other types of illustrations, sometimes wonders, over time, if it will be possible for him to escape from this fascination with scouting."





"At a time when everything is in flux and passing through inextricable confusion, it is essential for those who want to become light-bearers,... Pathfinders, to cultivate their roots.

This pride in belonging to a Homeland, a People, a Movement has nothing to do with a vain nostalgia for the past, quite the contrary. To take root in one's history is to dig in one's heels to go further and higher. It is, with eyes turned towards the future, to take the rhythm and pace of this phalanx which, at the moment when the world was becoming more and more materialized, attempted and succeeded in a breakthrough towards the spirit. What an epic that of scouting in France! (...)

But one wonders what scouting would have been like in France if it had not had a Pierre JOUBERT to give it a sort of brand image, a label... a style? Very well... no doubt, if we consider the caliber of its founders, but also happy, also conquering, it is not certain, because the best intentions in the world sometimes remain a dead letter when they do not find the means to express themselves beautifully in actions or gestures. The national and international influence of the SDF is to a considerable extent due to Pierre JOUBERT and, as such, he also incontestably takes his place among the great founders of Scouting in France.

It has been said and repeated in all languages: "style is the man!" All civilizations of progress, all great human works, all exemplary lives have had their aesthetics.

Even when we give in to it supposedly to... follow a fashion, the shameless or the disheveled always reveal, and without error, a decay of the personality. The peoples or movements that debase themselves in the filth or the raggedness of the tramps are movements or peoples in an advanced process of decomposition. Every time without exception. Greatness, intelligence, influence, these are earned. And they can be seen. It still takes an artist to suggest their expression. Pierre JOUBERT was the great modeler of the homeless and of many other movements besides. It is he who, through his images, gave a living body to their ideal of frankness, devotion and purity. If they were able to manifest in broad daylight the fire that they had in their soul, it is to Pierre JOUBERT that they owe it!

This magnificent allure of a modern-day knight that the scouts knew was Pierre who was the stylist. Who better than him has brought back to life for us the great historical frescoes of this era when we learned to give without counting, to fight without worrying about injuries... This scout ceremony, so noble and so well adapted, so simple and so moving at the same time, we would never have had it without him. These standards that flutter in the wind in our camps, these thousands of pennants of our patrols, these multi-colored coats of arms, these insignias, these badges, it is he who designed practically all of them! These friezes that decorate some of our bases, these hilarious caricatures of commissioners or novices learning knots, these hundreds of issues of scout magazines that we tear each other apart... have only one signature. These "camp techniques" which, in the jamborees, amazed the scouts of all countries, it was Pierre who made them elegant, solid... accessible. At the launch of the Raiders and the Free Patrols which, in the years 1947-1956 doubled the numbers of the Scout branch, Pierre JOUBERT was there to ignite imaginations and give a face to our ideal.

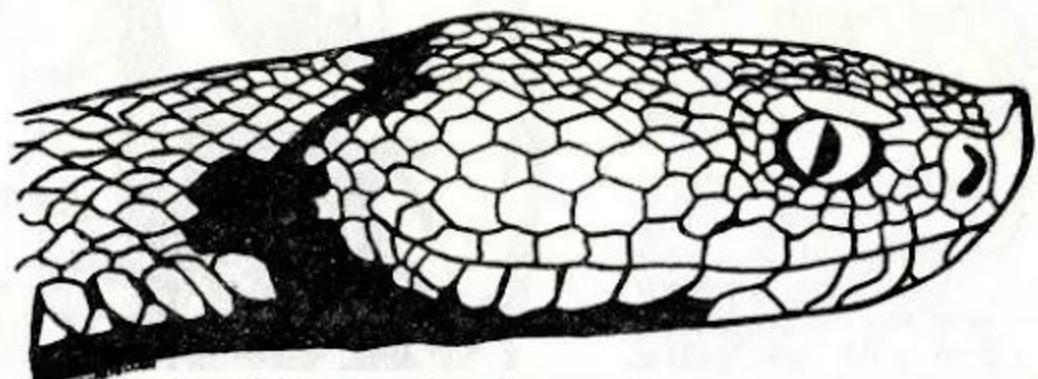


By finding, through images, a way to communicate with adventure-loving teenagers, he undoubtedly single-handedly recruited thousands and thousands of scouts! Let us not forget that he was even the first assistant to countless Scoutmasters, who, without the stimulating suggestion of his drawings, would not have found a way to get their message across. But you might ask me, where does such success come from? Did he have some technical secret? I will answer you without any circumlocution. It is because, despite his extraordinary talent as a draftsman, despite his inimitable genius, Pierre is not just a draftsman. He was first and foremost, and with passion, a Scout! He was a Troop Leader for over 20 years. The boys he drew, he loved them and he put himself at their service without counting... The harnesses he sent us, he tried them out in his camps... The games, the fires, the towers, the porticos he offered us had a sacred allure and an unshakeable solidity because he had experimented with similar ones. Everything he drew, he first lived it. With love. And in the eyes of his boys, what we read clearly is the Scout Law. The genius of his brush comes above all from his passion as a scout educator." M. MENU



In addition to a few albums, portfolios and screen printing - relatively expensive - you can find (on a scout budget) something to decorate a scout's room or anything else with posters or postcards by Pierre JOUBERT. To do this, contact ELOR-DIFFUSION 32, rue de Trucy 94120 Fontenay-sous-Bois.

IN CASE OF BITE



Viper bites can be dangerous. But you know as well as I do that many more people die in France each year from hymenoptera stings (bees, wasps, etc.). Indeed, out of 10 people bitten by a viper and left without care, only one will die. You will certainly be among the other nine, you will tell me... Yes, but...

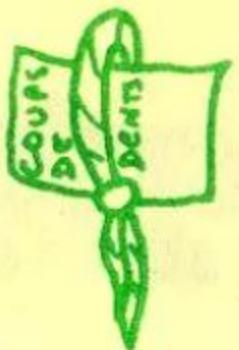
Our role, as those responsible, is that you cannot in any case be the tenth. So, read what follows carefully, and remember it, otherwise you can not only harm yourself, but also others.

First, get rid of the preconceived ideas: no incision, no suction, no red-hot iron, not even a tourniquet. Even antivenom serum is outdated, there is better. Science has indeed progressed a lot and we now know that the toxicity of venom comes from its coagulating properties at the level of the blood of the capillaries.

Anticoagulant drugs, such as Heparin, were discovered. The one that will be most convenient for you to use is called Calciparine. You will find it in the pharmacy, in 0.5 ml and 1 ml syringes, each graduated in 0.10 ml increments. The Patrol Leader must have one in his bag during each outing.

The technique is simple. As soon as the bite occurs, whether the snake is identified or not, inject subcutaneously. Within half an hour, inject at the site of the bite; after this time, inject anywhere on the body (skin of the stomach, near the hip). The amount to be injected depends on the weight: 0.2 ml from 20 to 25 kg, 0.3 ml from 25 to 35 kg, etc. Then transport the injured person to the hospital for monitoring.

You can give them hot sweet liquids to drink, but without alcohol. Of course, you have to calm the imprudent person down and you can also prescribe painkillers if you have them (aspirin is not contraindicated). If the bite happens to an isolated imprudent person, they can go to the hospital by their own means, but without running. The essential point is to keep your cool otherwise the blood circulation accelerates and increases the effectiveness of the venom. ESCULAPUS



SEEONEE JUNGLE Journal

Where is the Six?

Lazing around in the tent. It's nap time and the whole sixsome, lying down, their toes fanned out, chatting about the day and the camp. All is quiet; but then the tent door opens vigorously under the hand of Yann the sizenier, his eyes bright and his head full of projects: "Combat stations in there, you bunch of slugs! We have lots of things to do together. Let's see where we are! Get your teeth into it and faster than that."

The next moment, there is excitement under ^{the} tent. Alexandre, who is preparing his 2nd star, repeats in a low voice a new song that he wants to teach the Pack. He takes the opportunity to update his songbook and looks for bans that he could launch at the vigil.

Benoît finishes his disguise this evening he will tell the Pack an episode from the life of Lancelot du Lac.

Florent, crouching, practices tying knots, it's his weak point.

Yann sitting next to David talks to him about his promise; they are choosing a particular effort, David is going to try to put into practice the maxim: "the wolf cub thinks of others first". Emmanuel listens, he has just joined the Pack, he opens his eyes and ears. In his brand new notebook, he reads the maxims and discovers the jungle tracks. He also looks longingly at David's scarf; he can't wait to have his tender paw!

Yann leaves his six, everyone works, and he has an appointment with Akela, because he is preparing his nature friend certificate.

Later, at the Akela council, he will be able to share the progress of his entire six. It is so much easier when we help each other.



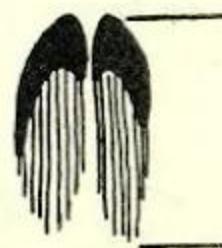
TRACES



DEER



DEER



6 cm



4 cm

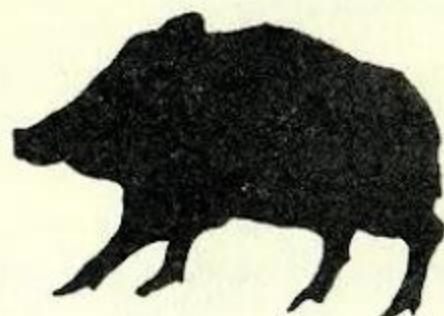


HERISSON

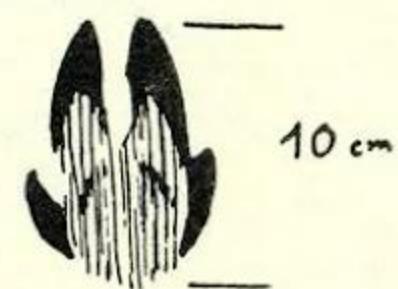


4 cm

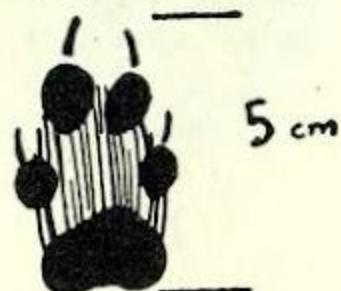
WILD BOAR



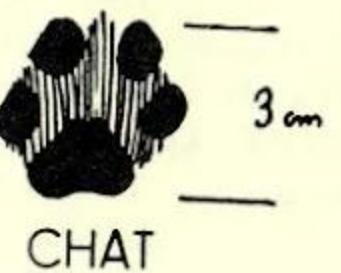
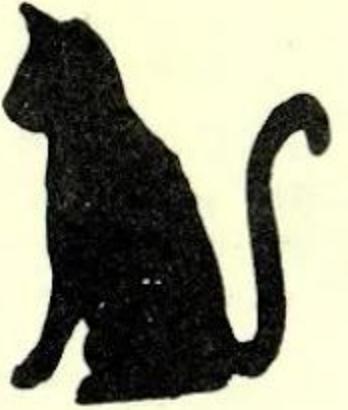
FOX



10 cm



5 cm



3 cm

CHAT

If you come across these tracks, will you know which animal they belong to?



SCOUT-BALL

Minimum number of players 141 referee.

Material: 1 ball, 1 game scarf per player, 1 whistle.

Ground equivalent to a football field.

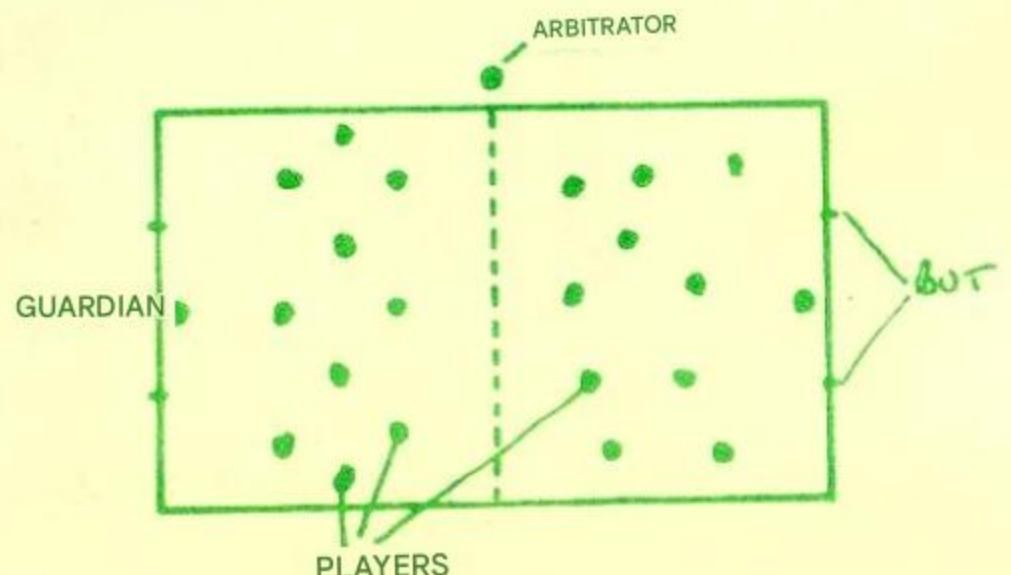
Divide the Cubs into two equal teams, each with a goalie. Each player ties his game scarf behind his back, at his belt. The goalies do not have one.

Then the 2 teams each disperse on their field. Two players come to the center and face each other while the referee gives the starting signal by whistling and throwing the ball in the air. Each of the two boys tries to push the ball with their hands towards the opponent's field. Then the game begins.

The aim of the game is to score as many goals as possible. Each successful goal gives a point to the team that scored it. To do this, players on the same team pass the ball to each other only by hand. Pushing the ball with the foot is forbidden. Players on the other team can only take the ball from them after having snatched the scarf from the cub holding the ball. As soon as the scarf has been taken from him, the cub must stop and give the ball to the opponent. He can only resume the game when he has put his scarf behind his back. The opponents, having the ball in turn, pass it to each other and try to put the ball in the opponent's goal.

The two goalkeepers remain within the boundaries of their goal and must prevent the ball from passing. If they block it, they pass it back to a player on their team and the passing continues.

The referee must ensure that the rules of the game, and especially the taking of the scarf, are respected. If there is a foul, the referee gives the ball to a player of the opposing team after blowing a whistle to stop the game. The game is generally played in two sets and for a number of points determined in advance (10 at most). The winning team is the one that first obtained this number of points.



: FIRE:

A kind of visceral memory unites the boy of 1984 to the fire. This red flame that swirls in the night, that leaps and bounces, that embraces the logs that have been thrown at it before devouring them, does it not recreate a bridge between Yug, the primitive child of the nascent earth and the scout of the age of "Star Wars"?

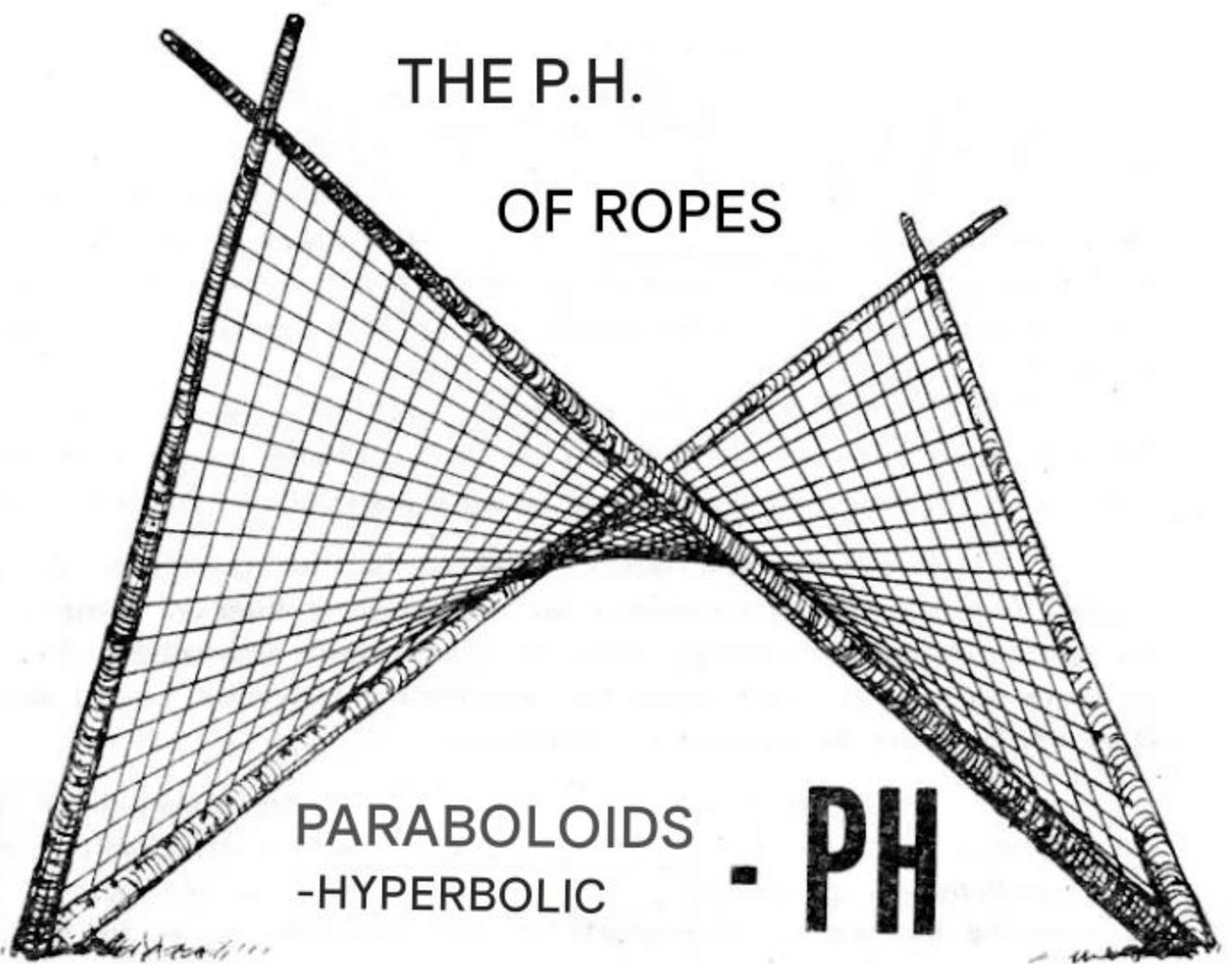
Because if Yug has evolved over thousands of years, both in its behavior and in its clothing and tools, fire has not changed one iota from what it was when one stormy evening, somewhere on the prehistoric earth, man tamed it.

It is likely that this first fire was spat from the sky by lightning (thank you Zeus!). It began by setting the forest ablaze and destroying everything in its path, thus showing its indomitable strength. Then, like a sated wild beast, it calmed down, letting man approach it. Domestic fire having been born, the fire war could begin.

Since then, fire has always been closely linked to the history of men: the sacred fire of pagan temples, the Olympic fire of Greek athletes, the fire of revolutions, the fire that warms, that illuminates, that soothes, that comforts. The next time you gaze upon your fire, try to delve into its wonderful history. If you tame it, it will tell you everything it has seen. You will learn great lessons from it.

Bruno





A P.H. is an aesthetic, slender construction made using an assembly of ropes. These two letters "P.H." mean "Hyperbo-lic Paraboloid", a geometric term describing parabolas.

But let's forget this somewhat off-putting term...

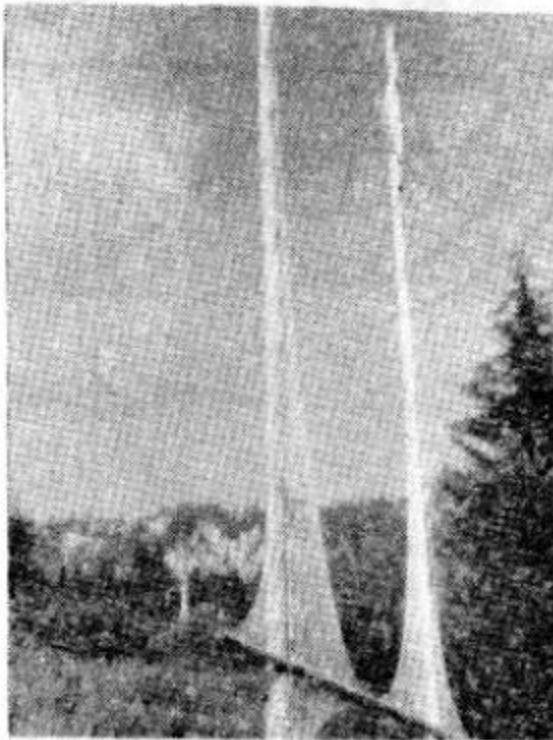
The P.H. is above all this elegant veil of ropes that we often see in scout camps.

Building a P.H. is not so difficult. It does not require any particular manual skills. With a little patience and attention the work will be impeccable.

Of indisputable aesthetic value, the P.H. creates the atmosphere and style of a camp. It is a strong decorative element that fits perfectly into the landscape because of its transparency and its slender appearance. It can also serve as a roof shelter if covered with a tarpaulin or woven with rushes.



Camp mast (double) with P.H. built at the summer camp 77 by the Valencia troop.



MATERIALS

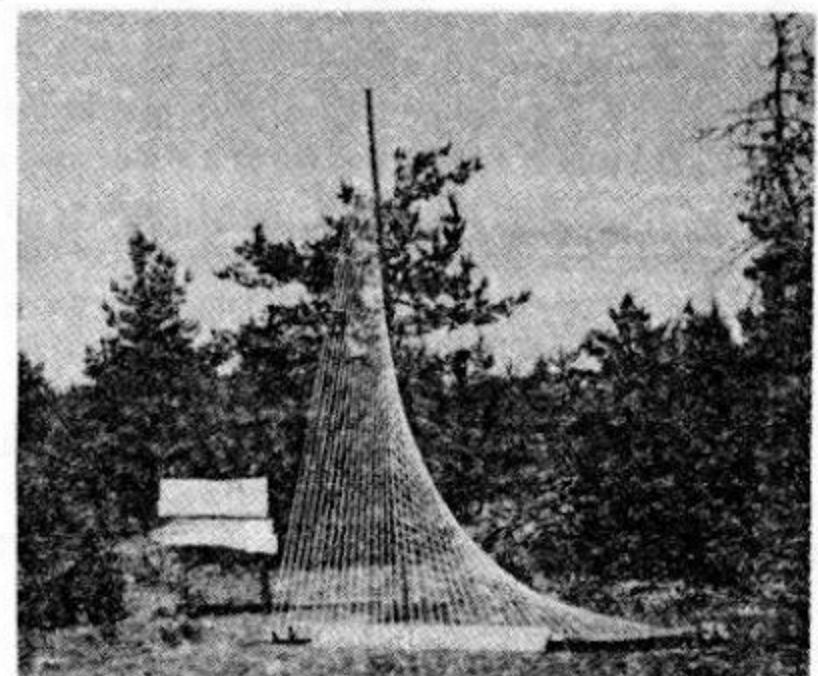
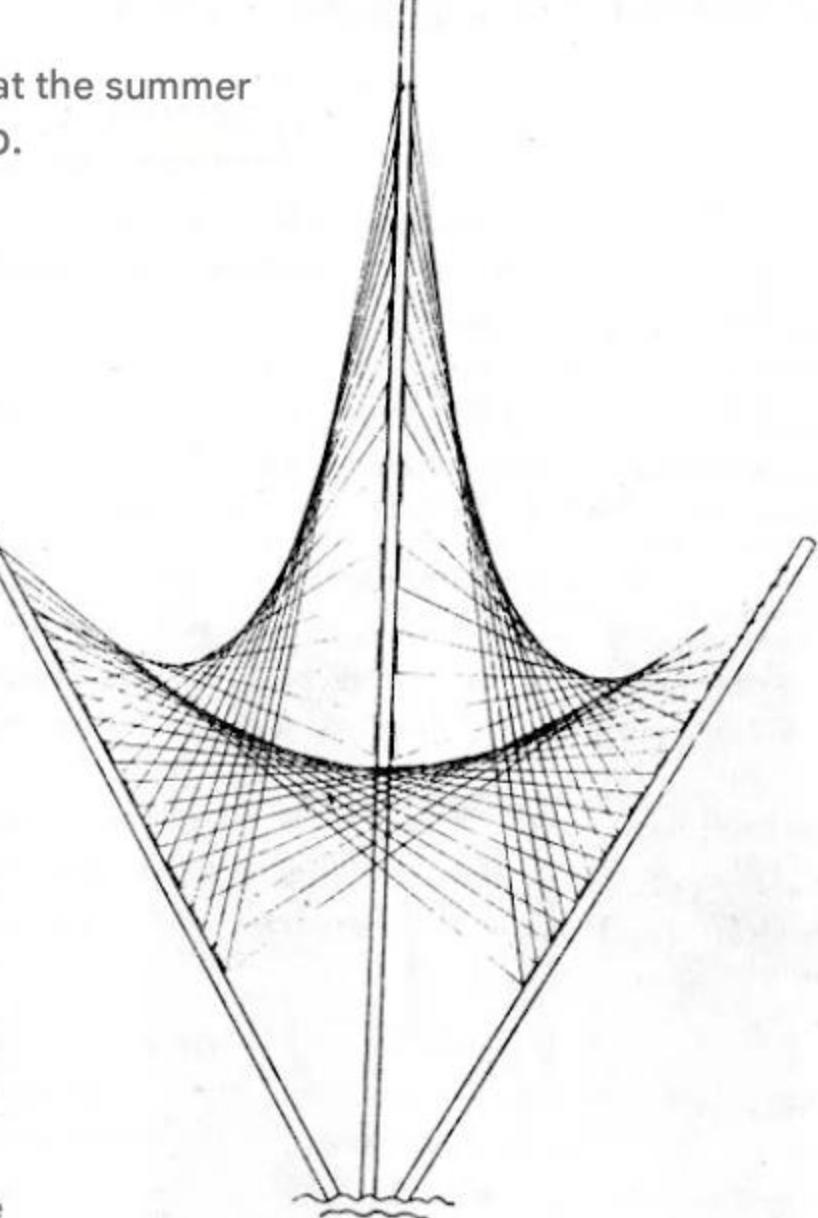
Materials are essential-scouts:

1. Wood is the basis of any camp for more aesthetic effect, it should be planed.
2. The rope: avoid choosing a rope that is too expansive; the ideal is the "halyard"; avoid "sisal" twine at all costs.
3. Eyelet nails (or "U" nails) for the passage of ropes.

HOW TO DRAW UP A P.H.

The P.H. is not a jumble of ropes woven haphazardly between two poles. It owes its beauty to the fact that its curved volume is made up of straight lines.

1. Choose your model carefully. Don't start haphazardly, by assembling all sorts of pieces of wood... Be careful that the masts are opposite (to accentuate the effect of the curves).
2. Make the same number of spaces on each of the pieces of wood.
3. Attach a piton-eyelet at each location where the rope will pass. Choose pitons that will not rust.
4. Pass the rope through each of the eyelets.
5. Raise the P.H. on the ground, leaving the ropes slack. The excess rope used will be recovered later.
6. Dig the holes that will receive the
7. Mount the P.H., taking care to fix it well in the ground. Tighten the rope correctly.



↑ Very simple P.H. carried out during the summer camp 84 of the Velence Troop, which is an extension of the "panncau-actu" and which also serves to house the camp call horn.

THE SCOUT HAT

How to protect yourself from the sun or rain? What to drink from the spring? What to drink fruit from? Many troops have asked themselves these questions, and most, with the help of experience, have answered them with the four-humped hat. Some carefree scouts, this summer of 84 in Lozère, understood very well - with their burnt ears - the incomparable advantages of the "4 bosses" compared to the beret, the bob, the cap etc...

The difficulty with this almost century-old ornament is the problem of shaping; the problem of the edges being rigid in all weathers will arise again. It must be acknowledged that felt does not show any grace or tenacity in maintaining its shape. The combined action of sun and rain quickly gives the edges a sagging shape reminiscent of an umbrella closing...

Everyone wants to keep their headgear looking impeccable, to look for a way. But the trouble is that the different advice is all different advice... "When you come back from going out, wet your hat, lay it flat, apply irons to it..." etc...

Jules, poor novice, heated his mother's iron and applied it with care to the edges of the felt moistened as desired. What had to happen happened, Jules sent the iron for repair with its guarantee to have the sole changed, as for the hat, the problem of the edges no longer arose!

Jules bought another hat and went to ask his father, a former cub scout, for another system; he made a clever mixture of water and sugar, moistened the edges of the cap and laid it flat on the marble of the living room fireplace (it looks great for friends...). Jules noticed that this process had its advantages and also had the advantage that, when it rained, drops of sugary water formed and that by sticking out his tongue he could, with practice, drink syrup while walking. His mother was surprised that after

certain outings when it rained, his shirt was all sticky. So Jules asked the chief:



-when returning from outings, brush and soak the edges with shellac or gum arabic diluted in water.

•don't put it anywhere... not on a waxed piece of furniture, but make your own little hat dryer to put on the ceiling. - don't put it in every bag... but on your head or shoulder blade. etc...

Since Jules has an impeccable hat because he follows the advice of the Great Chef.

LADY TRUNK

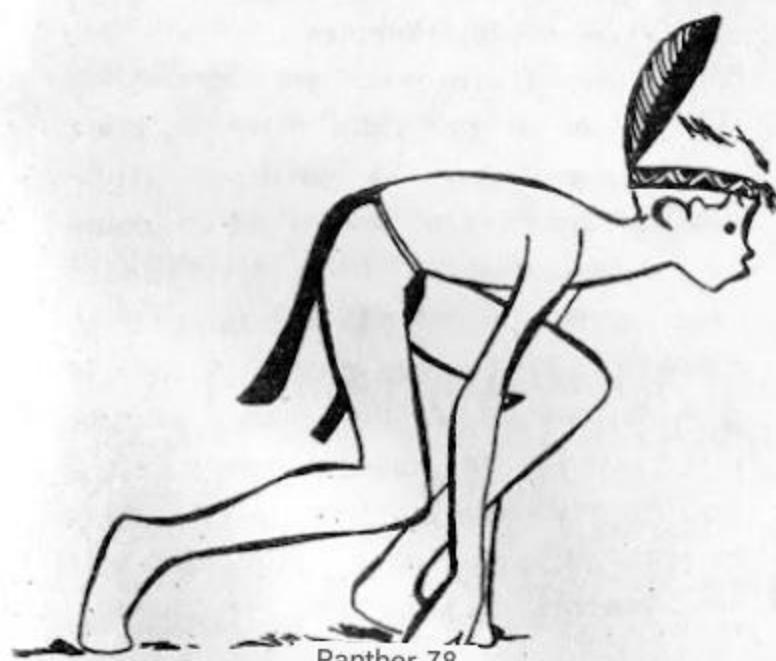
Initiation into the Free Scouts



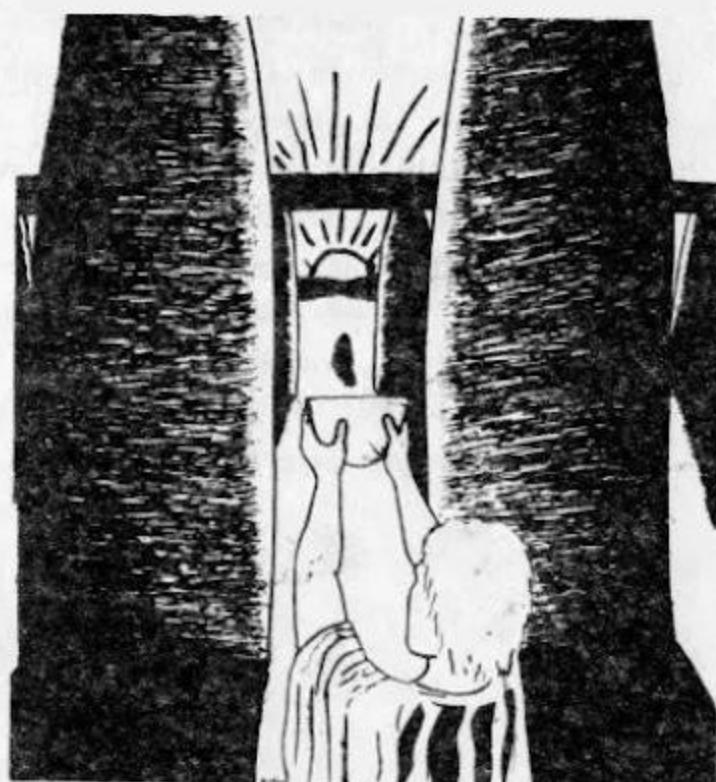
It is a tradition among scouts to practice initiation rites parallel to, I would say, current activities. These rites are an important step for the scout. Through them, it is the final phase of his full acceptance in the "community" that all scouts form.

For most scouts, these rites are called "totemizations" and they take place in the Indian way, that is to say with Indian acts and terminology (papoose, sachem, Wakondah...). It is an opportunity to create a set of ceremonies that will develop even stronger links between the teenager and the group. This goes beyond scouting in the strict sense of the term, it is the entry into a different world, a community of soul, thought and action.

Like adults, they need to add a little mysticism to this act to give it a deeper, more solemn character, which speaks more to the heart and which releases the noblest feelings of each being.



Panther 78



Moreover, these rites being more European in spirit, closer to us, more accessible, we can enrich them by giving them a real festive character. And the festival is the strongest expression of life within a community. Each individual releases his energy in this common home that is the clan.

This is what determines the richness of the soul of a community, a people, a culture, the bond that unites us to each other.

JORDI



PHRYXOS, THE GREEK CHILD

Phryxos stretches on his bed with a yawn. Through the window a soft ray of the Attic sun gilds the room, making the murals with their multicoloured flowers burst forth.

The child throws off the wolf skins, so warm, so cozy, and places a foot on the mosaic that represents Dionysus Indian* as an adolescent leading a tiger with flowered reins. Then he goes to breathe, in order to fully awaken, the crocuses, irises and violets that bloom in the long black marble basin. Finally, having made up his mind, he unleashes his muscles with a few exercises learned in the palaestra, and goes to soak in the fountain. He dresses in a short linen tunic, whose Dorian frieze, of a bright red, symbolizes in a geometric form the course of the sun, holds his golden hair under a scarlet headband, and drapes himself in his cloak, a batrachid of an intense blue held by a Gallic fibula. This finely chiseled fibula represents a lion. It was his tutor Euthymos who brought him this jewel from the city of Lugdunum, in Gaul, where the artisans are skilled in tempering metal by resting it in the alfalfa fields. Euthymos, in front of his astonishment, explained to him that this process allows, thanks to the release of nitrogen from the alfalfa, to obtain a bronze of the most solid and renowned throughout the world.



Today he must go and listen to the astronomy lessons of the wise Antaeos. Despite his young age, Phryxos is passionate about the movement of the planets around Helios, our sun. He is also fascinated by the evolutions of the stars and galaxies, the life and death of celestial bodies so comparable to those of Gods and Men.

Then he will go to see his parents in their house and will come back to dine here, at his guardian's. Since he left the Gynceum at the age of seven, he has lived here as is customary, both far and near his parents. Far away since it is Euthymos the guardian who provides him with lodging, food and education, and all close by since the house where he was born is only two "stadiums"** away in the city, and Phryxos can therefore see his parents whenever he pleases.

The Celts, in Gaul, had the same custom at this time for raising their sons.

But before all that, on this bright morning, he will go to flex his muscles in the palestra. If he is not yet old enough to engage in the hard training of the Pancrace, he will nevertheless measure himself against his peers in the obstacle jumps, the race, the throw, the javelin, and other disciplines preparing for the great sacred festivals of Olympia. Yet the game that Phryxos loves above all is the one where two partners walking side by side throw balls at each other, the curves of which intersect in slow motions, fall back down accelerating to the point where the athletes - dancers, one should say - come to pick them up before landing themselves on the sand and jumping again, throwing their balls in orbs that trace ogive crossings and make the bodies run through space. This game, this sport where all the muscles play, this aerial ballet in which no clothing comes to weigh down his freedom in the Sun-King pleases Phryxos more than any other. He seems to glide, to fly, to live finally in all dimensions at once, equal to the legendary Icarus, son of Daedalus.

Such was more or less, more than twenty centuries ago, a day for the young Phryxos of Megara, who divided his time between playing the palestra, long naps in the cool of the house, school, rebellious trips to the markets in the company of urchins of his age, and the study of the cithara or the lira.

What will he do later? For now he does not know. There is no shortage of examples. He first works to forge his body, his heart, his soul to become a man. A job, a function in the City? We will see when the time comes. We must not put the cart before the horse.

—
Bard An Alarch.

* The description of this mosaic is taken in extenso from "Vaincre à Olym-pie" by Maurice Genevoix.

** The Greek "stadium" is a measure of length containing 600 times the foot of Heracles.

MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION

In each issue of "CASQUE" under this title, you will find information outside the Free Scouts. In this issue 1, the lack of space forced us to report a lot, but be aware that:

- The Baden-Powell Network (an association designed to safeguard the material souvenirs of scouting, which we will present in a future issue), hosted the second international meeting of scout collectors in its castle in Dourlers. We were unable to attend this year, but a Rover (SUF) from Issy-les-M., passing through Valence after a camp in Vercors, told us that the operation was once again a success.

- In No. 2, the article from our special correspondents at the Speleo Film Festival.

SUMMARY

AS A BIRTH CERTIFICATE	PAGE 2
HELLO TO YOU NEW GUYS	PAGE 3
A STRANGE MEETING	PAGE 4
PIERRE JOUBERT, ILLUSTRATOR...	PAGES 5, 6, 7
IN CASE OF BITE	PAGE 8
THE FEL	PAGE 13
THE P.H.	PAGES 14, 15
THE SCOUT HAT	PAGE 16
INITIATION IN THE FREE SCOUTS	PAGE 17
PHRYXOS, THE GREEK CHILD	PAGE 18
VARIOUS INFORMATION	PAGE 19
SEEONEF, 1 day of the jungle (cub pages)	
OR IN STA SIZAIN?	PAGE 9
TR 4 CE	PAGES 10, 11
SCOUT VI	PAGE 12

No. 2 Dec. 84

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MORE IS IN US!

Effort, surpassing oneself, the will to win, to overcome all obstacles, even those considered insurmountable, this is what most young people today do not know or no longer know.

Yet what satisfaction one does not feel after the effort, even if the objective has not been reached. Knowing that one is capable of pushing ever further and serving as an example to others.

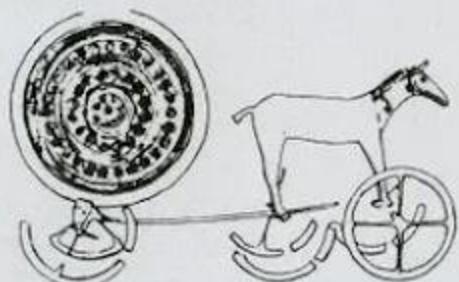
At Free Scouts we want each scout to continually surpass themselves.

In our country, there is no feeling of humility, let us not be afraid to want to be strong. Physical strength (compared to what we were), but also moral strength, strength of character, will to power, to surpass ourselves: "the hardest is the noblest".

However, in the patrol, there is no stardom, but on the contrary a healthy emulation, a community spirit, mutual aid.

The best and most experienced members of a patrol will have the heavy burden of serving as an example to the younger ones and thus helping them become responsible men.

Being an example is not easy, you have to be disciplined and follow it, you must not put off until tomorrow what can be done today. You have to be even harder on yourself than on others.



The peoples of Europe have known great times thanks to men who dared to go for it, who took risks and who fought for their convictions. Today, more than ever, Europe needs new men to regenerate itself and become again what it should never have ceased to be. So let us fight, let us progress, let us help each other and if ever we fall, let us get up again to start again. The control of our destiny and our rebirth come at this price.

Let's take on challenges, overcome obstacles, straighten our bodies and raise our heads... More is in us!



More is in us!

THE TRAP OF CONTEMPT

Being a Scout these days, it must be said, is often going against the grain. Lady, when you claim to stick to things as old-fashioned as honor, friendship, a sense of duty, loyalty and other archaisms, you are inevitably a little out of step with current trends...

It is a fact, unfortunately, that at high school one sometimes feels a little out of place and that the "law of the jungle" that is practiced there has nothing to do with that of Kipling.

SO ?...

We can say to ourselves that despite everything we are right and that we are part - why not? - of the true elite, that of the heart. It's true.

We can pity those morons who place disloyalty and brute force among the virtues and tell ourselves that in this game, it is better to lose. It is still true.

We can say that jackals have a frankly repulsive appearance and that we are very happy not to be one; it is already too much to have to put up with this spawn. It is always true.

Yes, but here we are, we have just fallen into a most dangerous trap: contempt. It is the dark companion of pride and it is so powerful, so destructive, that no virtue can resist it. Contempt can eat away at your soul, disfigure it, like leprosy eats away at the body.

We can, we must, be proud of what is good in ourselves, especially if we are at the same time aware of the immensity of the work that remains to be done to eliminate all these defects that still hinder us. But nothing, ever, authorizes us to use our so-called qualities to demean others.

To despise someone is to want to trample on them in order to feel greater than them. To be proud is to be aware of what is beautiful and good and to aspire, with all one's being, to a perfection from which one knows well that one is still very far. By despising, one stops, one turns one's gaze downwards and one falls. Pride obliges us to seek ever higher goals and to rise constantly.

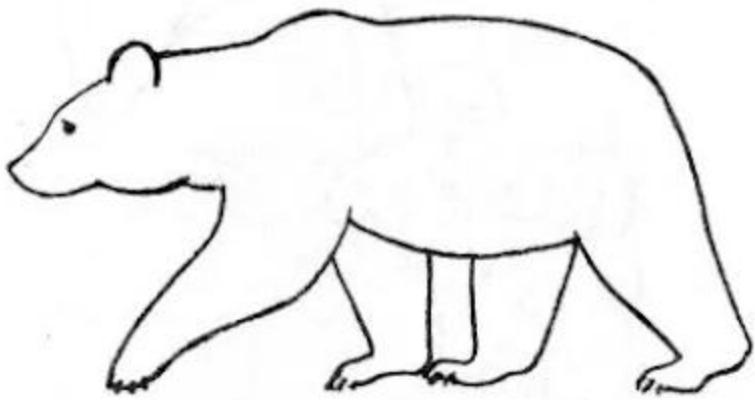
So let us be proud of what we know to be the best of ourselves and let us be content to hope that one day those who do not yet understand us will discover it in their hearts.

"Oh, guys, wake up, morality class is over!"

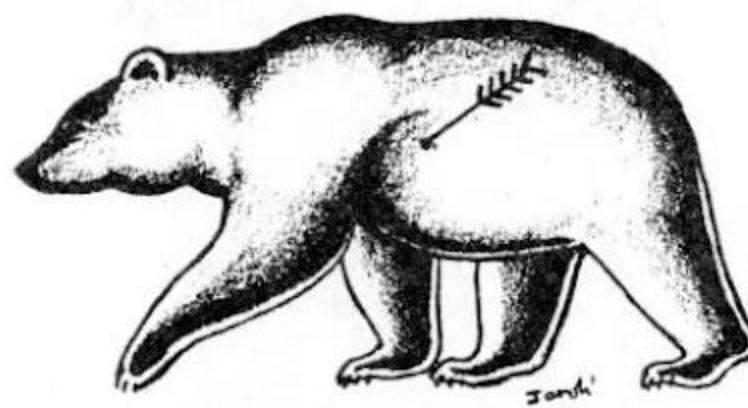


TOTEMISATION

The child reaches the entrance to the cave. Instinctively, he looks for his compass, and remembers that it was taken from him. He raises his hand, flat, to hide the glare of the moon and see the stars better. He finds the Big Dipper, orients himself, yes, the corridor seems to be East-West. This must be the right cave. He enters. The passage is narrow, the earth rises. The Earth. He must confront the earth. From top to bottom and from bottom to top, from left to right and from right to left, from front to back and from back to front.



The child is victorious. He takes the preparations out of his bag. He draws the bear, in charcoal, on the stone wall. Then he continues his way towards the south of the cave. The water blocks his way. He crosses the water, from top to bottom and from bottom to top, from left to right and from right to left, from front to back and from back to front.



Water has become his friend. Once again, he draws the Clan bear on the wall, pierces it with an arrow, and colors it with ochre earth diluted with a little oil, fixed with fir resin. He continues his way towards the west of the cave, attentive and worried. Will he succeed? The west wall is damp and cold. A place

blackish on the ground marks the location of the fires of those who preceded him here. He cannot touch the torches planted in the holes in the rock. He must invent fire. He gives birth to fire, then is born in turn from it, from top to bottom and from bottom to top, from left to right and from right to left, from front to back and from back to front.

The child has won. He takes up his colours and his charcoal, prints the coloured bear on the stone, which he tops with a sun. This time he smiles: "In two thousand years, perhaps my drawings will be taken for hunting scenes?" He continues on his way. A corridor slides to the North. The wind. The great cold wind. Will he overcome the great wind, from top to bottom and from bottom to top, from left to right and from right to left, from front to back and from back to front?

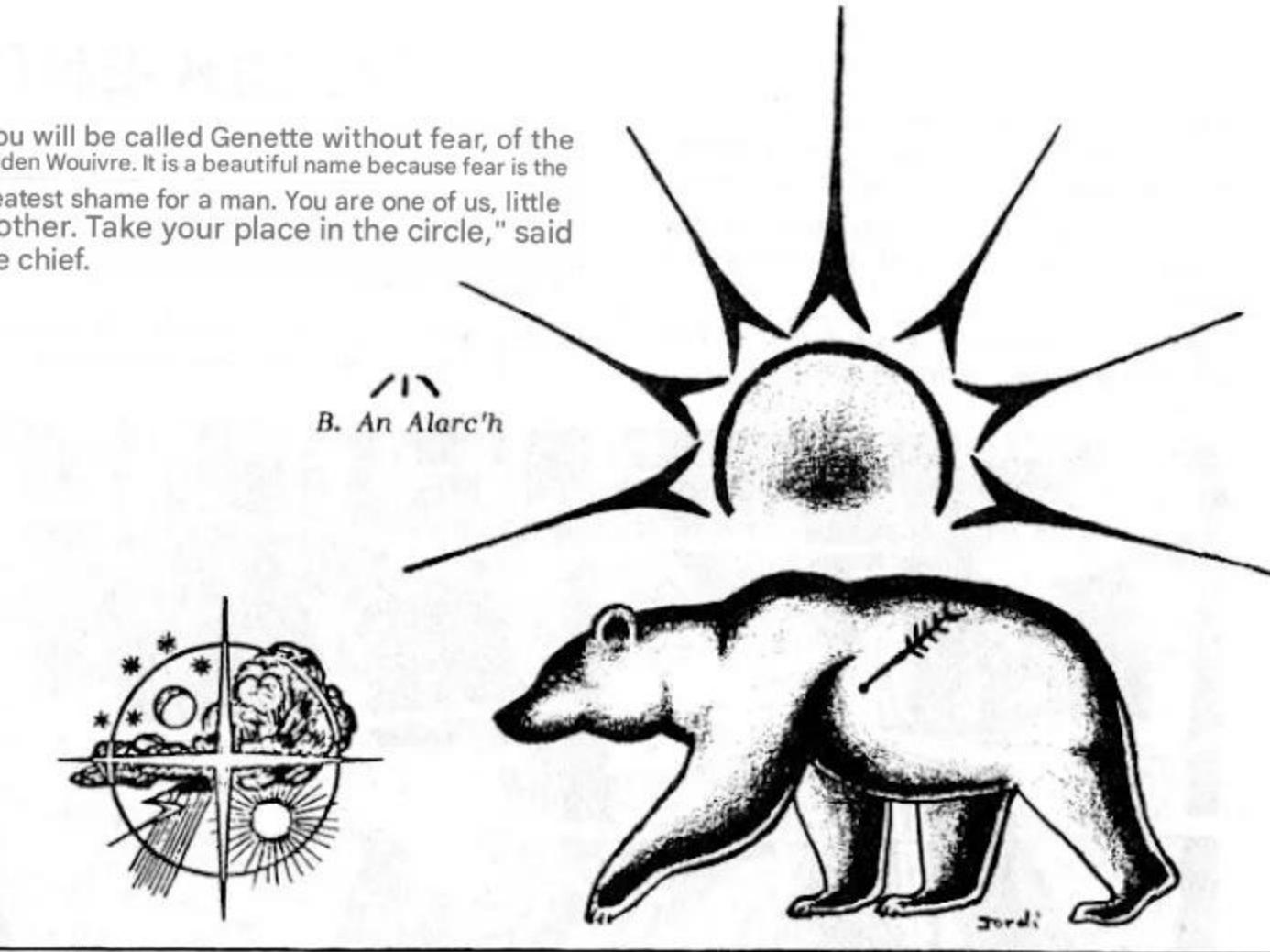
It was difficult. But the boy communed with the universe in him. The sap of the earth, the liveliness of water, the heat of fire, the power of wind. The boy became "Gwelan", a teenager, recognized by the Bear Clan. He showed his courage, overcame his fear, understood better that everything is held down here. It is a manner of speaking, moreover, because the sky is no more "up" than we are "down". The sky is down there and we here. We are in the sky on a small blue ball and the earth is the dust of the bones of our ancestors, the air we breathe comes from the trees they had the wisdom to plant, our soul is their soul. The boy felt all this that night.

He continues on his way in the green church, in the temple of the forest. In a patch of moonlight a wild hyacinth blooms. He bends down to see. A tenderness seizes him for this little blue being in the pale light. Knock. A knife has just been stuck in a dead trunk, very close to him. He turns his head. Two eyes watch him from the depths of the night. A wave rises in his nerves like a climbing plant, in a spiral, and blossoms on his lips in a smile, like a morning glories.

In the clearing, the shadows that populated his underground path now await him around the fire. On the embers a bona heats. We drink the bramble herbal tea, then the frênette which warms the blood.

....

"You will be called Genette without fear, of the Golden Wouivre. It is a beautiful name because fear is the greatest shame for a man. You are one of us, little brother. Take your place in the circle," said the chief.



Serve

SERVE

There is the manner of Alexander the Great, of Napoleon, of Lyautey and of de Gaulle,

is the manner of Saint-Exupéry, there Baden-Powell and Nicolas Benoît, there is the manner of Boermann, of Fritz Lang, of Truffaut, of Bresson, and of Yasujiro Ozu,

there is the style of Stendhal, Leonardo da Vinci, Rimbaud, Hugo or Lamartine,

there is the manner of Nietzsche, Jung, Heidegger, Rougier, Varenne, Vial and Faye,

there is the manner of Paoli, of Mordrel and of Joyce,

there is that of Darwin, Pasteur and Konrad Lorenz,

there is that of Wagner, Mozart, Carl Orff and Dr. Merlin,

there is that of Hergé, Martin, Pleyers, Joubert, Dimitri and Rosinski,

there is that of Lancelot, Parsifal, Arthur, Roland and Romulus, there is that of Céline, Montherlant, Tournier, Raspail, Gripari, Fonscine, Jünger and Kipling,

there is the manner of Celsus, Plato and Socrates,

You can choose - or invent - your own way of serving in order to be a scout. But know that this way must exclude remaining gray, average, neutral, obscure, discreet, hesitant, passive, pale, bland, indifferent, lukewarm, individual or narcissistic. It is by developing your personality and daring to assert it within the framework of OUR COMMUNITY that you will contribute your stone, at your level, and that you will serve.

It's up to you.

Btuno



WINTER WEEKEND

A winter weekend is:

- to maintain the rhythm of troop or patrol activities at all costs.
- practice camping in difficult conditions (he who can do more can do less).

If your patrol makes it through a winter weekend, then it will be a Scout patrol.



BEAVER PATROL

Patrol Council

{ JEAN
FRANCOIS
REMY
BERNARD
LAURENT
PHILIPPE
JEAN-PIERRE

C.P.	1st class
S.P.	1st class
3 ⁰	Intendant
4 ⁰	Treasurer
5 ⁰	Materialist
6 ⁰	Topographer
7 ⁰	Materialist Assistant
	Assistant Steward

A Wednesday in December at the Castor premises, Patrol Council meeting.

JEAN: "We confirmed at the last CDC the weekend for Sunday in eight. François and I found a terrible place, the only problem is that it freezes there every night."

FRANCOIS: "Rémy, for the stewardship choose a quick meal in the evening, with soup every time. For Sunday lunch we could make skewers; all around the fire, we will be less cold. Anyhow combine meals with the maximum calories meat, eggs, bread, dried fruits, sugar... Don't forget to let Jean-Pierre know; he should help you".

LAURENT: "I was told that I would take care of the next wake; is that still okay?"

JEAN: "Of course... Also ask Rémy for the money to buy the map of the place and you prepare it in grid, folding, etc..."

"Ah! Don't forget to bring four newspapers each, we're not picky about the content."

"For socks, bring a pair in your bag; it's through the feet that we usually catch cold and a pair of wet socks, especially in winter, is unforgiving."

"Last thing and especially for Jean-Pierre, for whom this is the first winter weekend as long as the rugby players do not wear trousers for their matches, we will keep the habit on weekends and in camp, of being in uniform, including shorts, whatever the season or the temperature. If you catch a cold in the knees, make a communication to the Academy of Medicine; it will be a novelty. Head, torso and feet, that is what must be protected".

Nine days later, Saturday evening... The Beaver arrives at the weekend venue.

- Jean and Bernard put up the tent.
- François and Jean-Pierre immediately light the vigil fire.



PUTTING UP THE TENT

First, lay newspapers on the ground (the thickness of a newspaper opened in the middle); spread out the groundsheet and secure the tent with the groundsheet.

THEN AND ONLY THEN you put up the tent with its poles and you fix the tensioners last check of the watertightness and the tent is Duration of the operation 15 minutes. put up.

- Laurent digs the hole and leaves it.

Meal around the fire, washing up, evening, bedtime.

Sunday morning... A full wash upon waking. Jean, who got up a little earlier, rekindled the kitchen fire and the evening fire around which we will have all our meals.

Pioneering in the morning, play in the afternoon, time spent resting around the fire that has never stopped burning, the Beaver will return in great shape and Jean will not hear his parents tell him next weekend: "Listen... Jean-Pierre will not be able to make the weekend, because last time, the poor little guy came home all shivering so... you understand... his health... his studies... no, really, we can't allow him."

The Patrol Council will meet next Wednesday to draw conclusions from the weekend and if there was anything interesting, strange or incomprehensible, Jean will talk about it at the next C.D.C.

It's snowing

Nothing has changed, neither for the activities nor for the uniform; just two pieces of advice:

- Do not clear the snow before pitching the tent, but trample it down so that it forms a hard crust that will insulate you from the icy ground; the Scandinavian scouts, who are used to it, add that in this case a layer of conifer branches is a more than advantageous replacement for the traditional groundsheet.

- For cooking or evening wood, once the fire is started everything will burn very well. But to make it take, either you take birch (white bark) whose waterproof bark burns like plastic (black smoke, bright flames) and protects the heart of the wood from humidity, or you cut small, very dry shavings in the heart of a hard wood (dead obviously) like oak or beech



THE NAME OF JUNGLE

First of all, let's clarify that the name Jungle is not a totem. The latter is reserved for the scout age. In addition, here, the tests are not necessarily secret (although this can be adapted according to the level and age of the cubs). Nor is it, as in the totem, the guardianship of the person under a global image in order to energize or enhance them. The name Jungle is simply a way of satisfying the cub's taste for nicknames and his need for dramatic play (in the purest sense). This name underlines an already existing quality of the child in order to lead him to "forget" the faults he has elsewhere to give him self-confidence. For example, it will be "Wind Runner", "Quicksilver", "Proud Heart", "Piercing Eye", "Song of Fire", "Moon Eye", "Shadow Drinker", "Fine Nose", "Frank Hand", "Cry of the Wind", "Modest Lip", "Heavy Paw", "Turbulent Muzzle", "Eager Fangs", "Smiling Nose", "Tender Fang", "Agile Body" ... Let's not forget that the verb is creative and that a defect should only be eliminated by specific measures, and never by a pejorative nickname.



Pierre is called by Akela. He comes to sit on the central rock. Then, at Akela's call, each wolf cub in turn asks him a question or asks him for a test. For example:

- do a somersault show
- me the clove hitch
- bring me three plants and name them what is
- the name of this mushroom?
- what are stars? how many
- planets are there our sun? around
- What can you do with barley? What
- can you do with this string? Wild?
- Stick and etc... etc...

Here's how the Jungle names are awarded to the Cold Cave Pack:

It is night. The moon shines in all its reflection, bathing the forest in an unreal light. Since the pack does not have a rock, it has erected, in a beautiful clearing of oaks, a circle of twelve upright stones, about fifty centimeters high (the scouts of the Troop were pleased with this B.A., thus setting an example to their little brothers). In the center of this circle is placed a flat stone placed on the ground, or better still, a base made of three smaller stones. The cubs are silent, dressed in their blankets which give them a ghostly "fur" in the serene light of the full moon². The cubs are sitting inside the circle of stones. There is no electric lamp. Besides, in the pack, we are used to night walks (tightly packed around Akela!) and we realized that we could not see very far with the light of the men that crashes on the first branches and prevents us from seeing beyond. The chief Bagheera, who always likes to help the clan of wolves, has placed on the twelve standing stones candles protected from the wind by cylinders of white paper, and which is one of his secrets. There you have it.

In turn, Eric is called by Akela. He comes to take a place on the rock, and will answer another series of questions asked by the wolf cubs. The ceremony ends.

We sing "Chil vautour", then the pack song, and also "Rodeur".

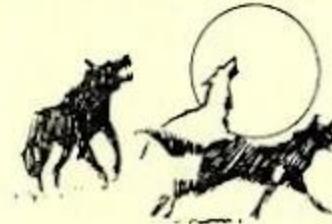
After this short but moving council rock in the very heart of the great forest, the pack returns and lies down, their heads full of dreams, of the moon sliding through the branches, of the roughness of stones on the skin, of little flames dancing in the heart of vast nature...

Akela, Pack of the Cold Caves

* or at most birch trees, or large beeches, if there are no oaks.

2 Care should be taken to consult the calendar well before scheduling the ceremony. The questions

must be carefully prepared by Akela and the cubs and not improvised during the ceremony.



MEETING...AT THE TOP FOR THE KIPLING PACK

One evening at camp, there were four of us (Smiling Truffle, Bigfoot, Heavyfoot, Whitefoot, Emptyfoot, Spotted Bigfoot and yours truly) going to get wood near the chalet. Night had just fallen, but the moon was high, allowing us to get our bearings without a lamp.

We started to collect wood on the path above the chalet. As we were going back down with our arms full, two of us very briefly saw a glow about ten meters ahead. As we continued to move forward, a few seconds later, to our left, Smiling Truffle and I saw a mind-blowing spectacle.

To tell the truth, our vision caused some of us some fright. A white horse was rushing in the direction of the Ambel mountain. An old man with a long snowy beard and hair of the same color, dressed in a loose white toga, was looking at us from the top of his mount, brandishing lightning bolts.

The apparition was fleeting, and after a few minutes we returned to the refuge to tell the Pack about our wonderful encounter. The Old Wolves, greatly astonished and interested, questioned us at length and our Adventure gave rise to many passionate discussions.

It seems that an extraordinary honor has been bestowed upon us by the divinities of Nature. In this year 1984, during the All Saints' Day camp, four cubs from the Kipling Pack met Jupiter!!!

Turbulent Snout (Black Sizenier)

Master's Note We absolutely certify that this is neither a game, nor a staging, nor a "set-up". The cubs concerned have really lived this Adventure.



BEING A CUB

I'm here to tell you about the week-long camp I just did at CHIO (New Caledonia).*

We arrived and we set up the tents. I took charge of the quartermaster, as I was a former wolf cub I was charged with making a bridge. I made a closet and then a table to put the mess tins on, and a good fire. Then I did some cooking, I made them peas, meat, cassoulet, flan, beans.

Then we played a big game, this game is called "the Marshal", I'll explain it to you: first of all there are two camps, the dolphins and the leopards. The dolphins' camp must be secret, the spy must discover the leopards' camp with the mine-clearers. The mine-clearers, themselves, must free their companions and destroy the leopards' camp. The group that has taken the most prisoners from the other wins. It's similar to "cops and robbers".

Let's go back to the Chios camp. Every day we went swimming in the river. Sometimes we had skipping contests. One day, we were in the water and a wolf cub saw an eel near our usual pool. After this event, no wolf cub returned to the water. And for the last day we had a battle

of foam, our team won. The last meal was delicious. Finally, we folded the tents and one of the leaders carved "scout de France" on a tree**.

Babine Modeste

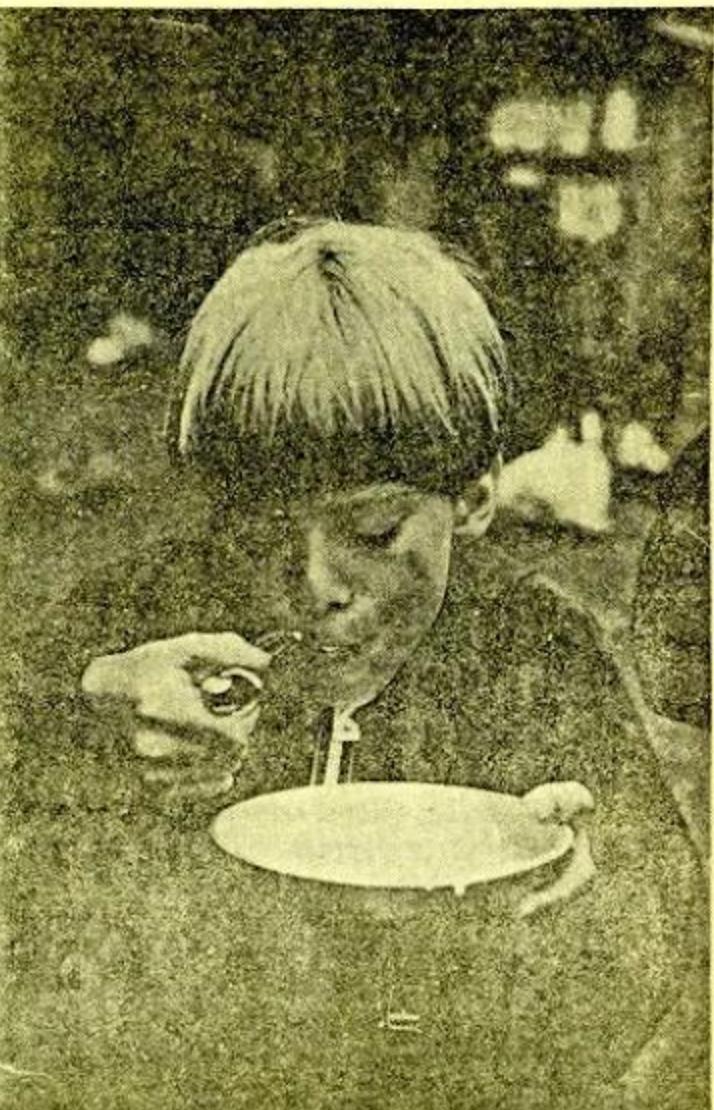
* Nicolas BOMETON was a cub scout for 2 years in the six wild beasts of the Kipling Pack. He made his promise on December 11, 1983. His father having been transferred as a judge to Noumea, Nicolas left us during the year 83/84. He resumed his functions in scouting for a quarter at 10 years old and a half, he is a sizenier in the Scouts of the Pacific.

In his new "homeland", summer is starting to show its nose, and the summer holidays are fast approaching (December to March). Nicolas will leave for a 2-week camp at the seaside, let's bet that he will rise to the occasion and that he will not forget his scout friends from Valence!

Happy hunting, modest babine!

...ANTIPODES

from Nicolas, our special correspondent in Noumea.

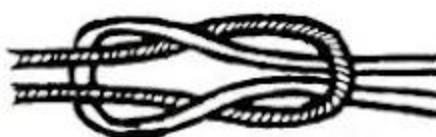


L.S.

** In Valencia, we don't like to cut into a tree without reason, it's always a lack of respect towards our Mother Nature.

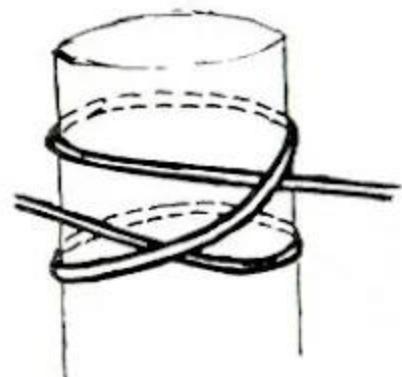


THE 4 KNOTS



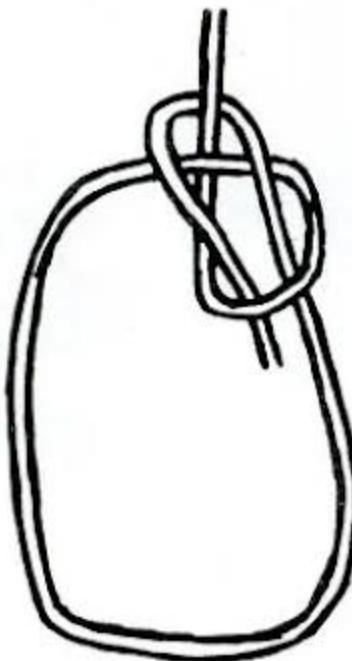
FLAT KNOT (or straight):

Used to connect two ropes that are not too thick and of the same thickness. It is also used to finish a package or a... bandage.



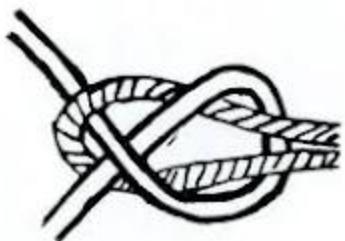
CAPSTAN KNOT:

Used to attach a rope to a branch, stake, etc.



SINGLE CHAIR KNOT:

Used when a strong loop is needed (e.g. safety when rappelling, hoisting a boy or an object, etc.).



LISTENING (or WEAVER) KNOT:

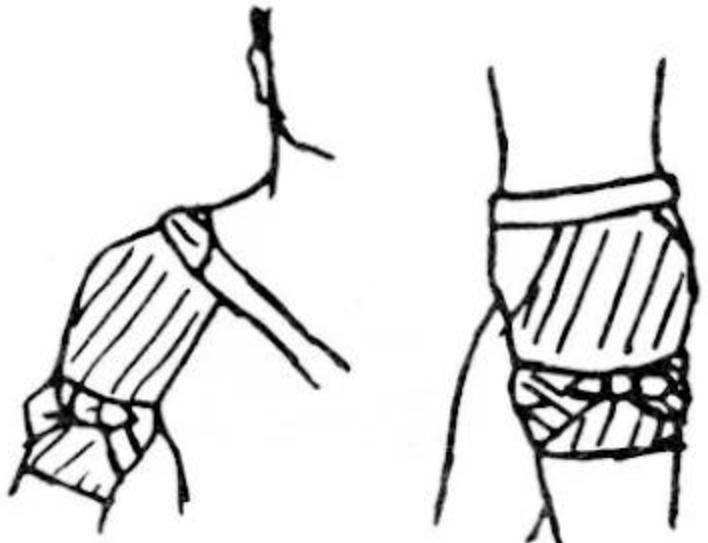
To attach a rope to a loop (eg: sending colors) or two ropes of different thicknesses.

TWO GOLDEN RULES:

- You learn a knot by tying it.
- We make a knot on a rope and

First aid

We don't go on a weekend with only theoretical knowledge taken from our first aid manual, we train beforehand!!



SHOULDER AND HIP

Wrap the tip on a string. Place the tip on the top of the shoulder and tie the string under the opposite armpit. Then pass both ends under the arm and tie them on the arm.



ELBOW AND KNEE

Apply the long side over the joint, pass the two ends under the limb and attach them to the limb below the joint.



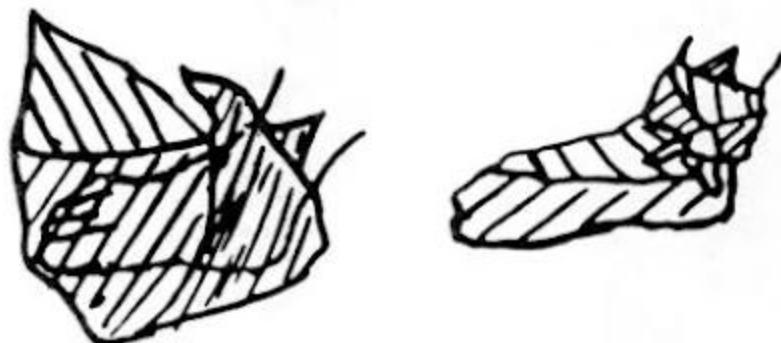
R.G

BANDAGES

TRIANGULAR

And if a boy in your patrol were to get injured next weekend, would you be trained enough to help and rescue him?

Your scarf is your most valuable ally when dressing a boy. Here are some ways to use it.



FOOT

Place your foot on the scarf, toes towards the tip. Bring the tip up to the ankle and tie the ends after going around the ankle.



HEAD

Apply the large side to the forehead and tie the two ends behind the head over the point.



MAIN

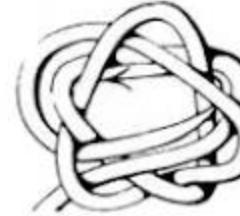
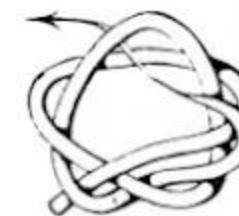
Place your hand on the scarf, with the tip towards your wrist. Fold the long side over your fingers and tie the ends around your wrist once.



THE SCARF RING

The Free Scouts have decided to stop buying scarf rings. From now on they will make them themselves!

All you need is a leather lace one meter long and to know a knot, the "Turk's head" knot. What, you don't know it?... Look:



So? Isn't it childishly simple?

THE SHAME IS NOT TO FALL BUT TO STAY ON THE GROUND.

Goethe.

THE MYTH OF THE HORSE



A belief that seems anchored in the memory of all peoples originally associates the horse with the darkness of the world, whether it emerges like blood in the veins from the bowels of the Earth or from the depths of the Sea, it is the son of night and mystery. It is an archetype that carries both death and life. It is above all a lunar, initiatory figure.

He is the mount, the vehicle, the vessel, his destiny is therefore inseparable from that of Man. Between them intervenes a particular dialectic during the day the horse is guided by the rider, but at night, when man becomes "blind", the horse can become a seer and guide. The traditions, the rites, the myths, tales and poems that evoke the horse only develop the thousand and one

possibilities of this subtle game of alternation.

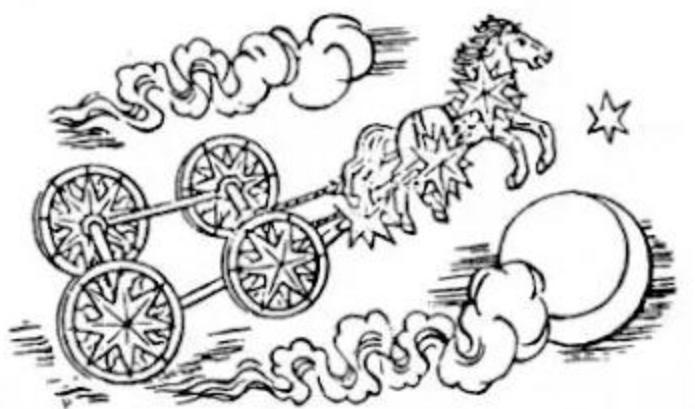


The horse "instructs Man" it represents intuition enlightening reason. The chivalrous initiation of the West makes it the mount of the spiritual quest (see the deed of King Arthur). Its prototype is the fight against the chimera led by Bellerophon riding Pegasus, or St George, on horseback, mastering the Dragon.

In Ireland, during a summer solstice ceremony, after all the peasants

Here is a study, in a somewhat new form, of a totem. We will deliberately not specify whether it is courageous or lazy, funny or sad, sympathetic or boring. We prefer to tell you how the various peoples see the horse through their myths. It is up to you to "feel" what qualities or defects result from it, and to apply this totem, without breaking Tradition, to such a scout, to such a patrol.

And if you find "horse" a bit bland, there are many words that sing to cover the same symbol: Tarpan, Mustang, Andalusian, Lippizan or... Sleipnir. Open a dictionary, an animal encyclopedia or a book of mythology, you will find many others.



had jumped over the embers, a wooden construction appeared with a horse's head at one end and covered with a white sheet hiding the man who was carrying it. He was greeted with a loud cry "the white horse, the white horse!" The mask jumped over the fire and set off in pursuit of the spectators. When I asked what the horse represented, I was told "all the livestock" (i.e. abundance).

It is interesting to note in passing that there are two symbolic acceptances of the black horse in Russian poetic poetry: sometimes considered as the steed of death, it can become the incarnation of youth and triumphant vitality. This is again its initiating and lunar aspect, death and life.

Since prehistoric times the Sun has been represented on a chariot to signify its movement, pulled by horses. This chariot will become that of Apollo. Mithra ascends to the sky in the chariot of the Sun; Elijah rises on a chariot of fire; all pulled by horses. The Indian horse ASHA literally means "the penetrating one". Its penetration is that of Light. The horse-headed Ashvins embody DHARMA (the law) and Knowledge.



In Buddhist texts as well as in those of India and Platonic Greece, horses are above all symbols of the senses harnessed to the chariot of the Spirit, guided by the self which must be master of the chariot.

When it is white, a symbol of majesty, it is most often ridden by the one who is named faithful and true. All the great messianic figures ride such steeds. Thus in India KALKI will return on a white horse. It is on a white horse that the prophet of Islam MOHAMED is expected during his new advent. The white horse is the mount of BUDDHA for the Great Departure. Represented without a rider, he becomes Buddha himself.

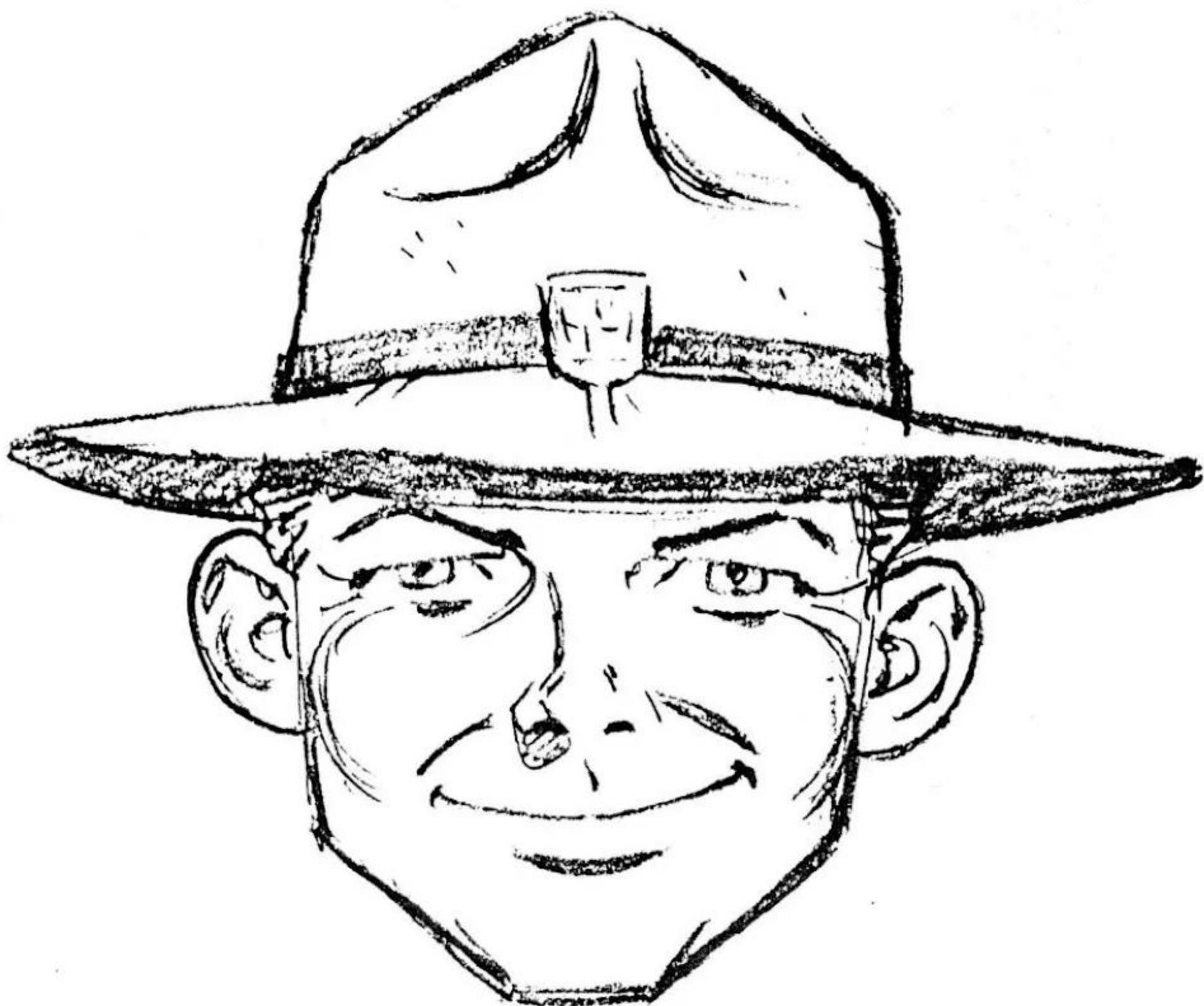
In Japan, the horse is linked to notions of protection and longevity, immortality, like the Chinese dragon horse.



Instead of thus unifying itself into a single mythical figure, the horse-dragon pair can be split into two components: the horse then becomes the humanized face of the symbol, and the dragon the beast within us that must be mastered or transcended. The myth of St. George, emblem of knights and scouts, is an example of this.



We received...



...a friendly dedication from Francis BERGESE, former unionist scout, current designer of BUCK DANNY.

HELMET

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Publication Director: Mireille MARCE

Editor-in-chief Bruno PERALDI

Photos : Lothar SAUER, Robert GRAFFIN, Gérald DEBRUYNNE

Designs: GEORGY, Pierre JOUBERT, Jordi MAGRANER, LALA, Traditions of Europe

Contributors to this issue: Akéla Meute des Grottes Froides, Babine Modeste, Barde An Alarc'h, Fennec M., Fennec S.d.L., Museau Turbulent and Ourson F.

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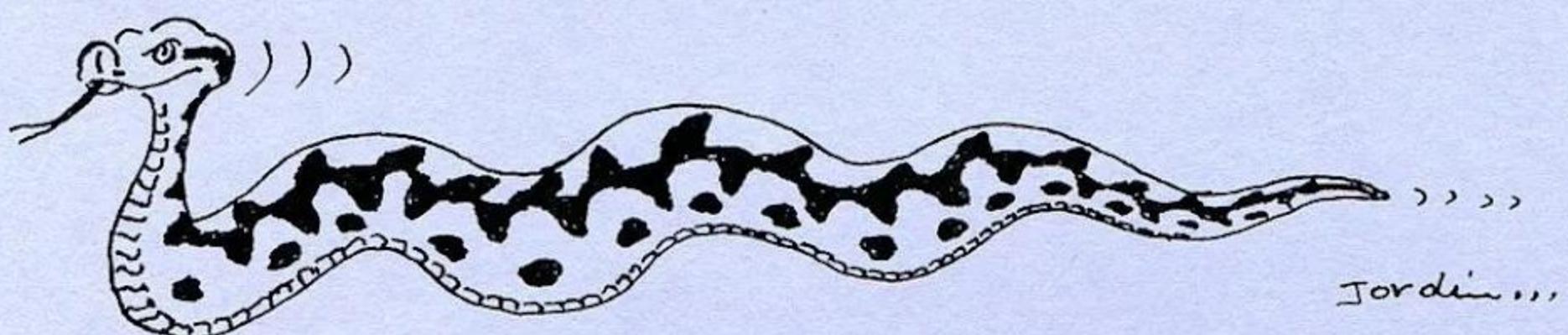
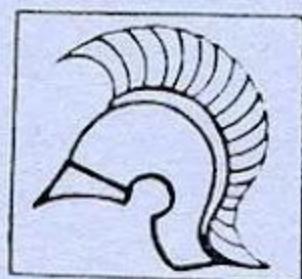
Legal deposit December 84

Joint Commission in progress.

HELMET

Quarterly

#6 — Dec. 86 — 10 F



The Scout is self-controlled, he smiles and sings in difficulties.

MORE IS IN US!

There are kicks to the c..thing that get lost! What nonsense do we not hear from the mouths of our brave young people? Take, for example, a few words caught on the fly between two CP.:

- Saturday, I was almost at the premises and what do I see at the end of the street?.... So-and-so, Whatsit and So-and-so; and there I was, in my uni and everything.
- Wow! Talk about a ticket!
- Quais, I just had time to hide. They didn't see me, but I was close.

I don't guarantee word for word, but the gist is there.

And it's serious! Our boys are ashamed of being Scouts. What a shame! No, but tell me, what's the point of that?

That one is ashamed of being disheveled, unwashed, caught red-handed in a lie, convicted of cowardice and other infamies, we can understand. But what could be the perverse reasoning that leads them to be ashamed of claiming to be frank, loyal, helpful and courageous? Could it be that we have reached such a low point that in our society the inversion of values is completely consummated? And even if it were so, is it a reason to follow the movement?

There are some kicks that really go to waste! I should have taken a run-up and kicked one of his shoes off... I lacked reflexes.

You idiots! Think about it: in the morning, are you ashamed to put on your uniform? Surely not, and you are usually rather proud to display your insignia (ah, how pretty those two white stripes on the left pocket are!). You made a promise that you believe in, otherwise you would not have been among us for a long time. You are happy to live on patrol, happy to live with your brothers, in accordance with your ideal. So, for heaven's sake, why should we deny all that?



<<The Scout is pure in his thoughts, words and deeds>>>

This also means that not only is he not ashamed of being as he is, but that he is not afraid, if necessary, to assert himself against the tide of a world that is making itself ugly at will. What are you to let your behavior be dictated by those who represent what we are trying to resist with all our might? Words like those reported above constitute, I weigh my words, an act of desertion. Such cowardice is unworthy of you and must be absolutely prohibited.

It is not a question of parading around in disreputable bars in short pants or engaging in childish and sterile provocation. It is simply a question of completely accepting the fact that one is a Scout and its implications. It is a question of being proud of what one thus manifests. It is a question of naturally accepting being recognized as such. If some people find themselves irritated by it, they will get over it.

If one is not ready for this, what are one doing here? Shamefully playing with accomplices as furtive as oneself? Why not found the Scouts Anonymous?

Funny! You have the good fortune to belong to an elite whose only fault is to be too few in number; do not be ashamed of it. It is true that one can sometimes see, in high school, dunces imposing their law; is that a reason to comply with it willingly?

It is probably dangerous these days to have your head sticking out a little. Does that mean you have to live on your knees?

There is more in you, be proud of it!



SCOUTS AND FREE!

Some live on courage, loyalty, friendship; others wallow in bovine apathy.

When we know that half of our fellow citizens like the lair that serves as their mind, it takes a lot of willpower to avoid falling into the pit of ease.

We are not advocating the search for difficulty in everything, far from it!

We only propose to show that one can be capable of effort and perseverance. We know only this method to emancipate ourselves and assert ourselves as we are.

It is not easy to be a man. Today people are only sheep in the hands of which Panur-ges? Beware of drowning!

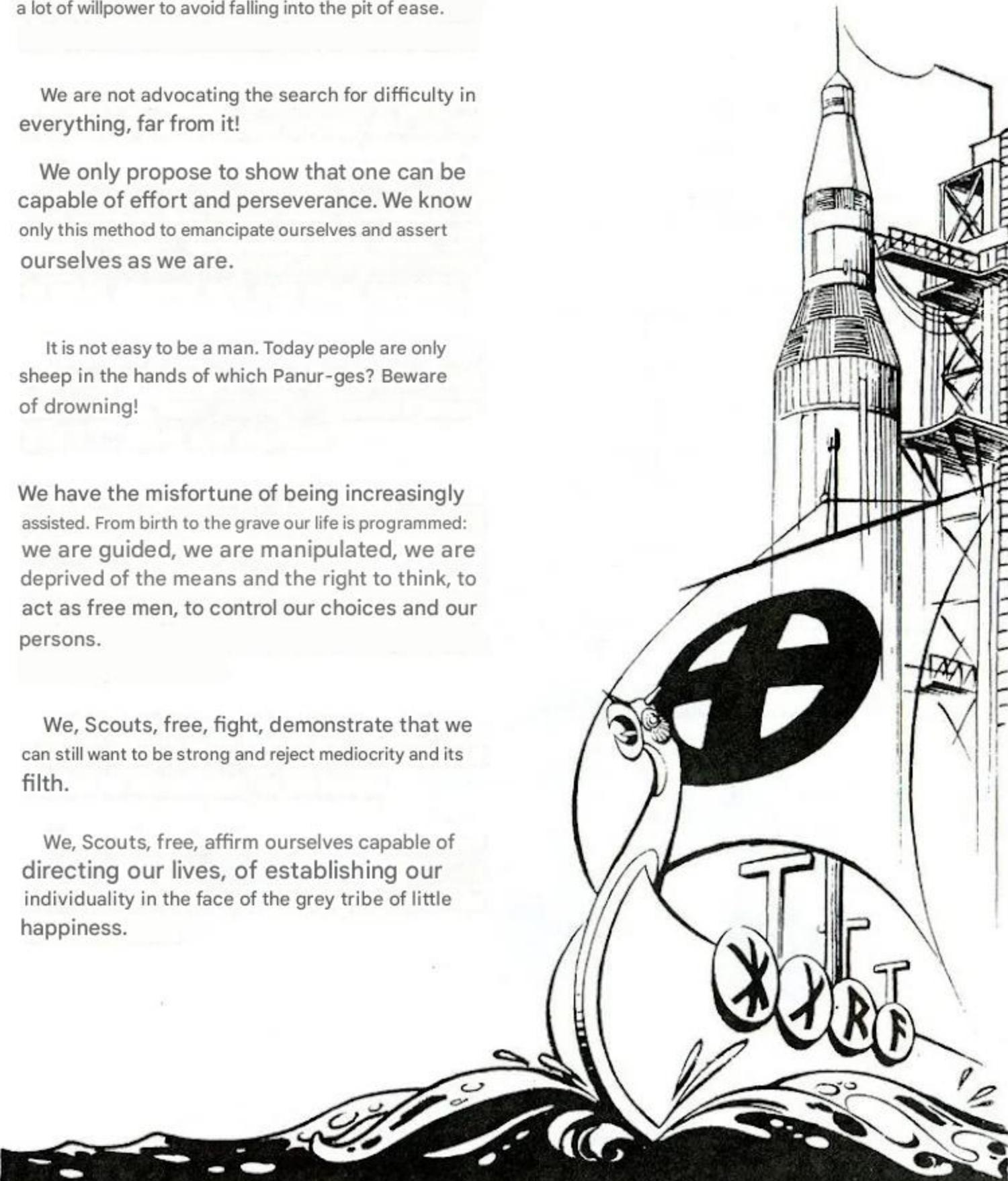
We have the misfortune of being increasingly assisted. From birth to the grave our life is programmed: we are guided, we are manipulated, we are deprived of the means and the right to think, to act as free men, to control our choices and our persons.

We, Scouts, free, fight, demonstrate that we can still want to be strong and reject mediocrity and its filth.

We, Scouts, free, affirm ourselves capable of directing our lives, of establishing our individuality in the face of the grey tribe of little happiness.

So, for more to be in us, let us become masters of our destiny, our youth and our spirit!

EAR F.



AT ANY TIME...

Good evening, Fennec. Are you here for a long time?

Fennec Hi, Rene. No, just a few days. What brings you here?

A. — I'm here to do my homework, as usual.

F. How's high school going?

A. — Like that... note, I made progress in spelling, I even got a 14.

F. — Congratulations. At least that proves that we're not wasting our time giving you rehearsals at the local... Who's taking care of your French?

A. It's Puma, my CP. I get dictation every evening!

F. Gee! He takes things to heart. And do you like going out?

A. It's a lot better than La Meute.

F. Ah! What do you mean!

A. — Well first of all, we are freer. We have less bosses on our backs... There are also pat's weekends. We can do whatever we want.

F. To a certain extent: your CP must give Fennec M., my eminent namesake, an activity plan before each departure and, just between us, he had better stick to it!

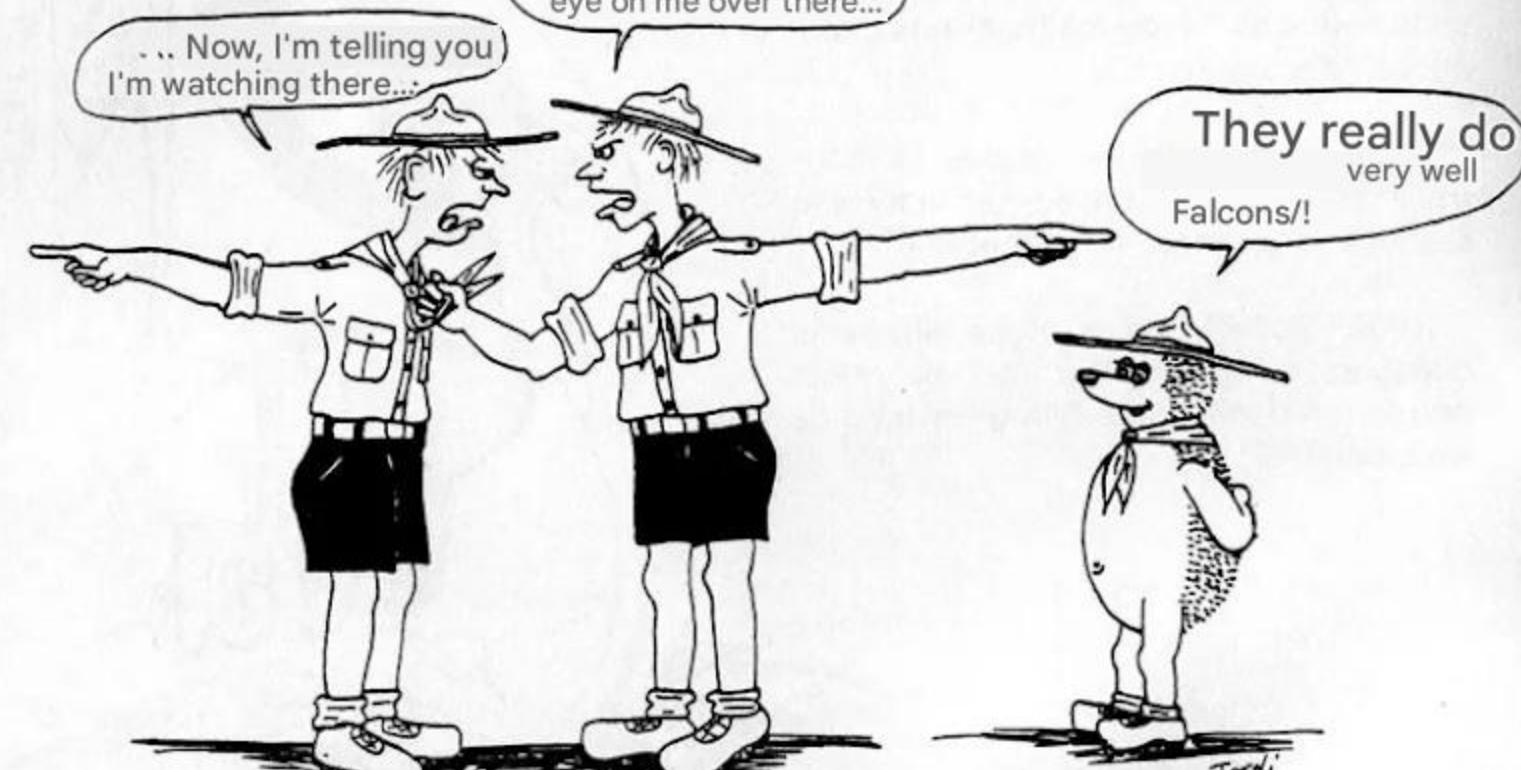
A. Yes, but still, we are freer. And then, the games, the activities, all that, it's not at all like at the Meute.

F. And what are you among the Cheetahs?

R. Well, pat's ass, come on!

F. Yes, but you do have a function, right?

...I tell you to keep an eye on me over there...



...we played smugglers...the Falcons were
the dovanians

A. I'm an assistant cook and, for the moment, my job is naturalist... By the way, the other day, during the troop weekend, we found an asp viper. It was Norbert, my S.P., who saw it first.

F. How did you know it was a viper?

A. I was told... but I could have recognized her born if I had looked carefully, because of the slit pupils.

F. —What did you do with it?

R. Fennec caught her, her jaw was half dislocated by something she had swallowed. He put her in a bag and we took her back to Jordi who kept her in his terrarium, but she died after a few days.

F. Surely not for lack of care, Jordi is an excellent herpetologist. And what about the games?

A. Not bad. Hey, the other day we played smugglers. We had to carry our papers into a cave. The Falcons were the customs officers. There were three of us who got through.

F. Bravo! They didn't see you?

A. Well no, they were fighting... they were arguing about who would watch which side! I was very lucky though.

—F. So, overall, you're happy with the change.

R. Rather! And you know, now, when I see the Cubs, it makes me feel really strange. What —do you mean? F

A. —Well, I don't know... I have a hard time imagining myself like them. They seem so childish.

F. Be careful, you'll get wrinkles, aging so quickly.

A. I don't know; in any case it's not the same anymore... Ah, the other day the bosses came to see us on a weekend away. We fell all over them at the garruche. What did they pick up!... Mind you, I had sore thighs too, at the end. F. Healthy living, in the open air, you know.

A. —Like you said. Overall, I feel like it'll be harder physically. The raids, all that... it can't be easy. But on the other hand, it's really great!

F. —hope you'll tell me.

—R Sure! I like talking to you, you

F. know... you're nice.

—???

—R Yes... you still publish in Casque. huh?

—F I haven't been kicked out yet.

R —All this stuff we're talking about, are you going to write it down?

F. —Maybe, I don't know yet...

A. It would be a shame not to do it, everyone says your articles are really good.

F. Let's not exaggerate...

A. Yes, yes, I assure you.

F. Let's say it's readable...

R.... You know, it's starting to get really cold huh... And I can't walk around with my Cub Scout cap. What would I look like? Of course, at your —age!

A. —Note, I have already started saving up to buy myself a four-humped hat...

F. It's exciting, but I've already had to deal with the copyright issue.

R. You're not there at all. Who do you take me for? F Sorry, it's true that such duplicity is not in your character.

A. —No... I just thought you were going to have to buy yourself another one soon and that maybe you could pass the old one on to me.

F. I don't see why I should change my hat!

—R. Well... now that you've got a big head...

IT'S MORE OF A RATA

I often have the honour, the joy, the delicate pleasure of being invited to share the meal of a patrol or a pack, or even a mastery (yes, it also happens that the chefs do the cooking...). It is always an experience full of surprises which have, it must be admitted, a certain rustic charm.

I get along quite well with embers in soup, and I find that a pinch of ash makes the stew more digestible. There is one thing, however, that I will never be able to get used to, a horror that attacks my senses refined by experience at the best restaurants, and that is sticky rice! Ugh!...

Aware of the negative side of an exclusively critical attitude, I will explain to those who are still ignorant of it the correct technique for cooking rice.

First of all, you shouldn't be stingy and skimp on the quality of the product: a few francs can make all the difference between a treat and the worst fiasco. So you'll buy good quality long rice, it's the only one that you have a chance of making in large quantities, on a wood fire.

Then, measure out the desired quantity (about a glass or a glass and a half per person) and wash it to remove the talc used to glaze it. When the rinsing water is clear, pour everything into a pot containing plenty of cold water and add a good handful of salt (not a shovelful!). Bring to the boil and let it boil, tasting from time to time, until the rice is almost cooked, but not quite; it should still "crunch" a tiny bit.

Empty the water and drain briefly then put back on the heat over low heat! covered.

After a few minutes, your rice is ready, cooked to perfection, its grains well separated, and you have won at least two points in the cooking competition.

If the heat is a little too high, the bottom may brown a little. Don't throw it away! Slightly caramelized rice is a much-appreciated delicacy and has absolutely no taste of burnt potatoes.

There you go, you know everything.

Send your invitations to Casque, who will forward them.



Lucullus

REPAIRING A TENT... IT'S POSSIBLE

Ah! The charm of long winter evenings when, chatting by the fire with a few chosen friends, one devotes oneself to those domestic tasks which lull and soothe you... What joys will you not experience, nice and warm in the workshop, repairing those tents that you have, in your virile ardor, somewhat mistreated during the year!

"But we don't know!" you might say, dismayed... never mind: first lesson.

THE VERY SMALL HITCH

Straight up,

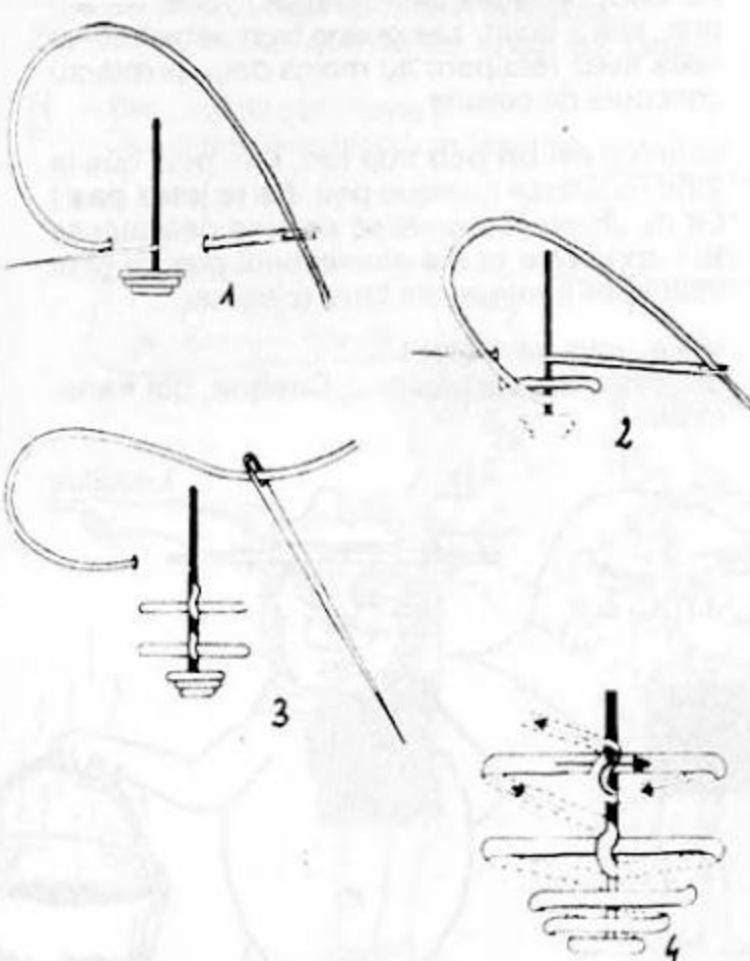


not square,



it does not exceed 2 to 3 cm. ATARUG

You can do without putting a piece in it and just "make a videlle". You sew from right to left starting from yourself and moving towards the outside exactly as shown in the drawing.

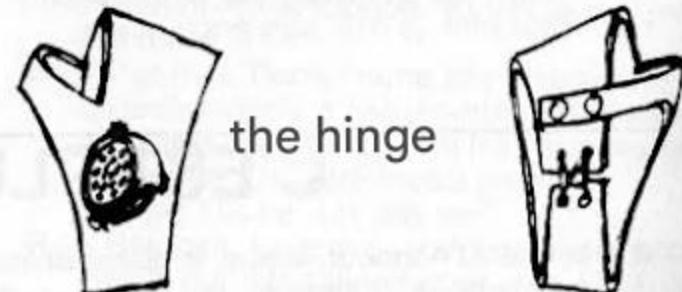


"Yes, but what do we sew with?" you will exclaim, eager to drink from the sources of inexhaustible knowledge... here it is:

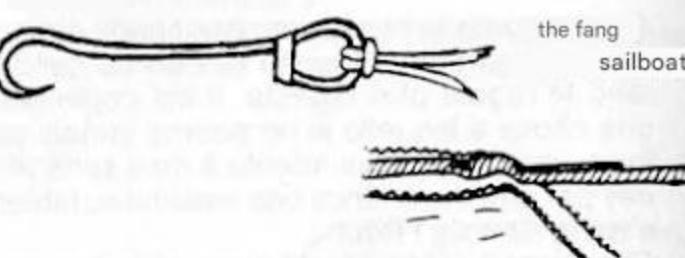
THE INSTRUMENTS:

Unless it is a really strong canvas (more than 300 gr/m²) of a marabout or "community" type tent, we use "gut needles" from racing bikes (on sale at your bike dealer). If necessary, we will use "sailing needles" no. 17 or 18. We use cotton or tergal thread (sailing thread) that we rub beforehand on a piece of beeswax to prevent it from making knots while sewing. We always double the thread in order to fill the hole made by the needle.

To pass the needle through (it is sometimes difficult when sewing several layers) it is useful to have a "hinge" which prevents you from taking yourself for St. Francis (the stigmata!).



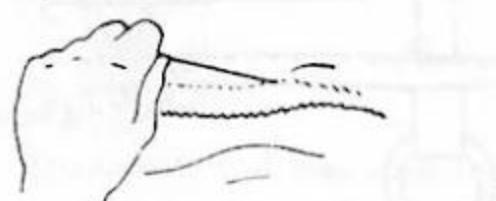
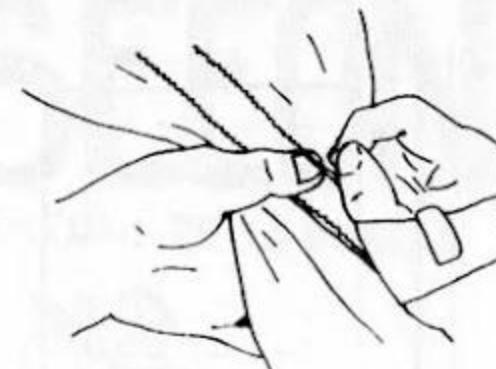
The ultimate in stretching the sail across your knees is the "sail hook", but experience shows that you can replace it, or do without it by getting help from a helping hand...



"That's good, but... how do you sew, and what, and why?" Ah, your impatience delights me; rest assured, I won't delay you long in your desire to do well:

THE TAILORING THAT FALLS OUT

Redoing a seam is really not rocket science, but it is better to start as soon as possible: 10 cm is fine... 3 meters, hello cramps!

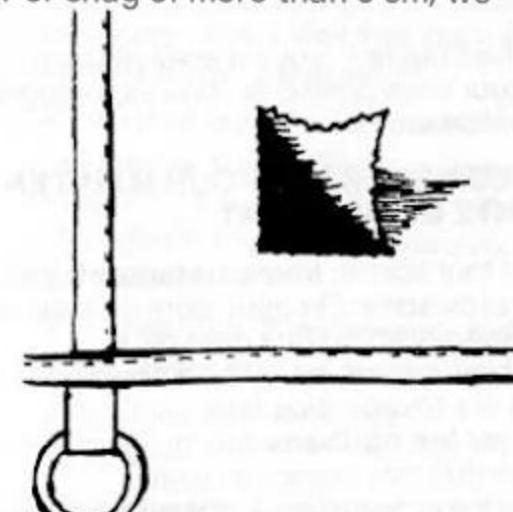


We stitch just above the undone seam, crossing the thickness of the canvas to the second thickness (the one on our knees). We lift the needle slightly to release it (we should hear it come loose with each stitch). By pushing with the palm, we bring the needle out on the other side of the seam (through the multiple thicknesses). It should be noted that the left hand is simply used to present the canvas flat and not to hold it; this is done by the hook.

"And when there's a hole, what do we do?" First, we kick the culprit's ass. Then we provide him with tent canvas with the mission of:

INSTALL A PART

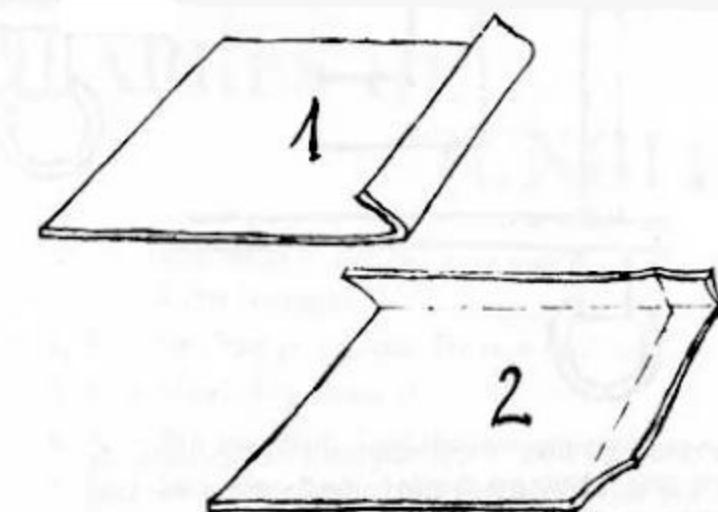
It all depends on the extent of the damage. For a tear or snag of more than 3 cm, we



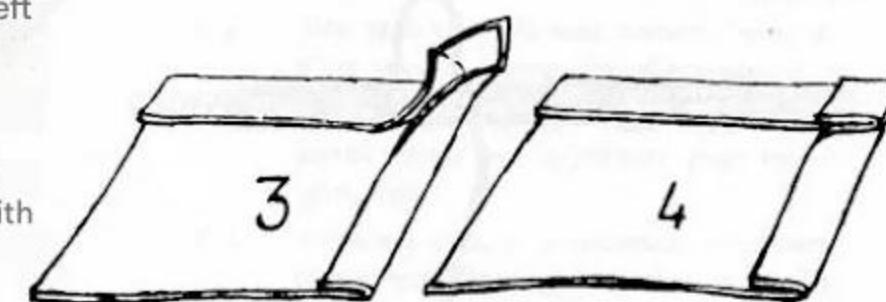
Start by sewing the edge to edge delicately and without gathering the fabric. If the tear is not too big, the videlle stitch is perfect, otherwise a slightly taut overlock will do the trick.



Once this first operation is done, you can place the piece on the outside of the flysheet or tent. To do this, cut out a rectangle of canvas, if possible of the same weight and color, which covers the tear fairly well (about 2 cm in all directions). Then prepare the piece by folding its edges so as to form a hem all around.

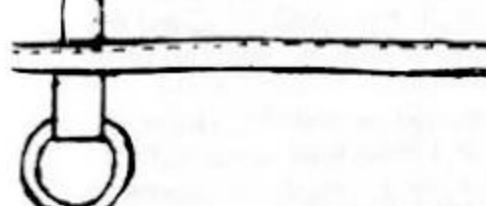
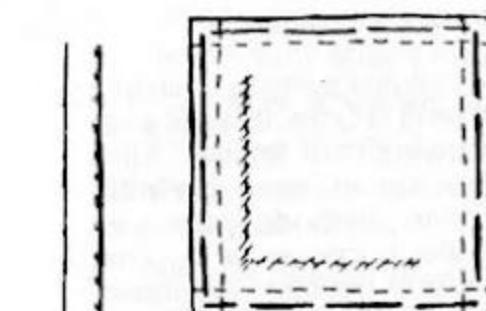


Be careful to fold the corners carefully!



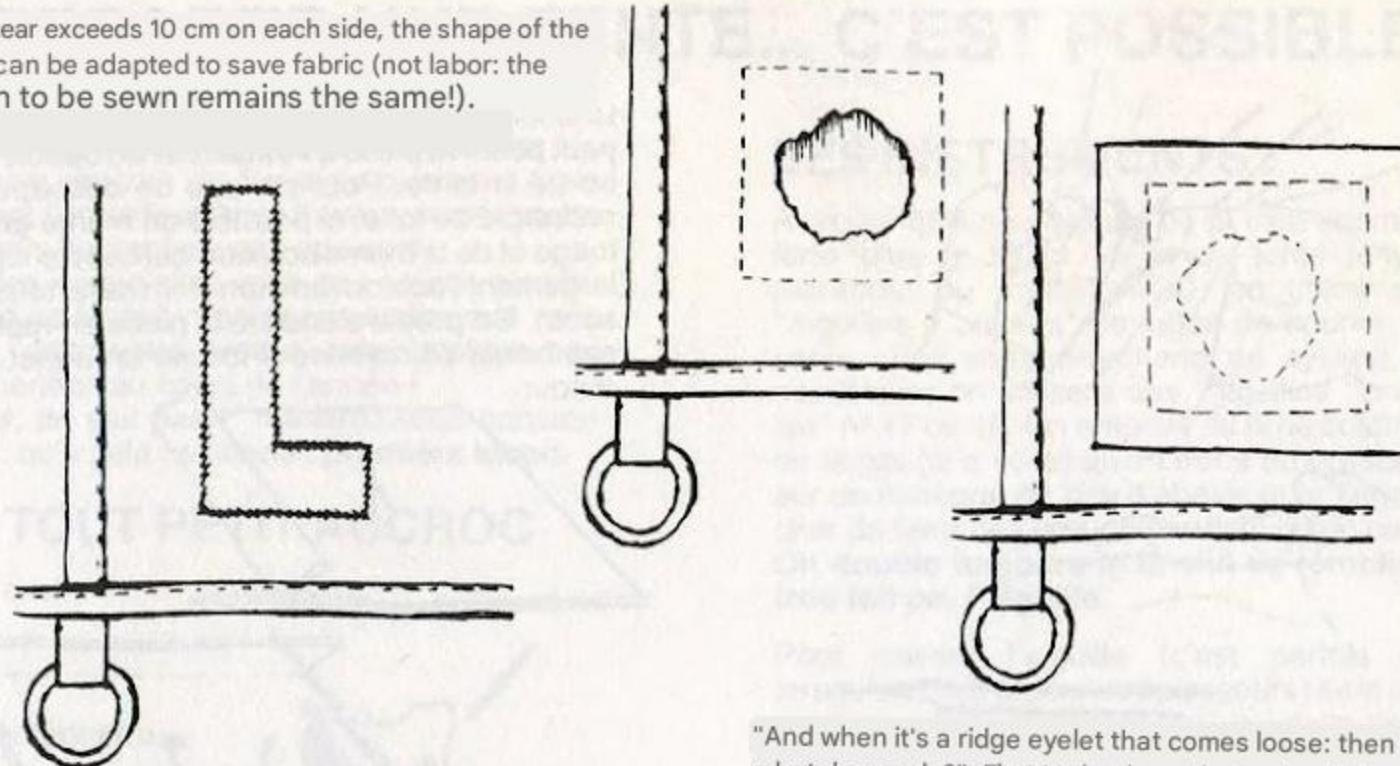
For this operation, it is strongly recommended to use an iron so as to mark the folds well with steam or a damp cloth. Then position the piece by overcasting it with large stitches.

Make sure the piece is straight in relation to the other seams of the tent!

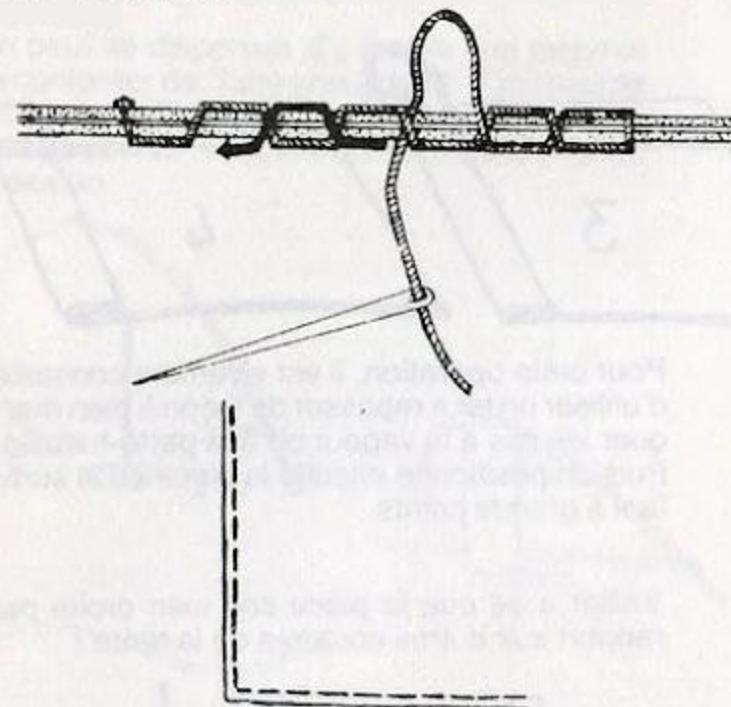


Then sew as explained above.

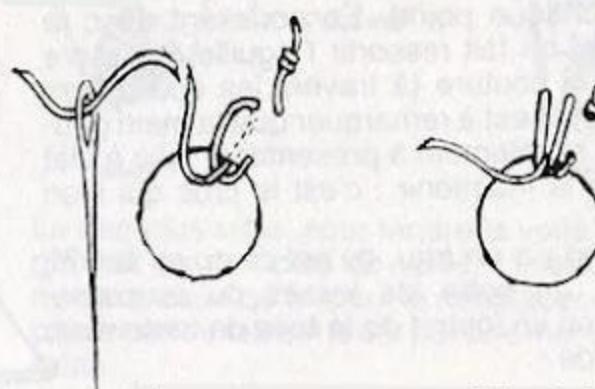
If the tear exceeds 10 cm on each side, the shape of the piece can be adapted to save fabric (not labor: the length to be sewn remains the same!).



In such a case, it is often necessary to make a flat seam, so as not to compromise the mechanical strength of the canvas: such a seam must be made very close to the edge of the piece. Make stitches of about 4 to 5 mm.



"And when it's a ridge eyelet that comes loose: then what do you do?". First I take down the tent and the flysheet and I make a temporary repair with very strong thread, doubled of course, I make an eyelet using the ad-hoc stitch: evening



Then, as soon as possible, I place a piece where I will have riveted a metal eyelet.

Now let's get to work!

– Oh, I almost forgot: you no longer have any excuse for walking around with half-sewn badges.

GENERAL TIPS FOR MAINTAINING A TENT IN GOOD CONDITION

– Stop any snags immediately, even temporarily. This can be done using adhesive tape or Leucoplast.

– When we repair, we do it thoroughly so we don't have to come back to it later.

– Change the shrouds as soon as they begin to show signs of wear.

– Untwist the sardines each time you go out and put the equipment away.

– Own a mallet (or two) and use only that one instrument.

– Always carry a maintenance kit containing thread, needles, a piece of wax, a hinge, a sailboat hook, a little tent canvas, a tube of textile glue and, possibly, a photocopy of this article.

The ultimate tip for a perfect result is to glue the piece before sewing it. There are special textile glues for this purpose. They must be used on perfectly dry fabric. A good way to ensure this is to heat the area of the tear with a flask or bottle previously filled with very hot water.

"And when a piece is missing?" It's usually because some idiot made a fire too close or "upwind" of the tent!
"Yes, but what do we do?" We start by placing a thin canvas counter-piece on the inside, which will then be covered on the outside by the piece itself, which must be much larger.

SEEONEE JUNGLE JOURNAL



Agile-Language – Hello Old Wolf.

Old Wolf Hello, little Wolf. What brings you here?

L. A. Well, Akéla told me that you wanted to see me I was the ... again. Y told me to tell you that new agile language.

V. L. I see... it's true that the old man has joined the troops. Well, I'll have to get used to it. Come closer, and see. Hey, ... you've gotten a tan since the camp!

L. A. Well, that's normal, we went to the Ardèche, with my parents.

V. L. – And was it good?

L. A. – Great! I slept in every day!

V. L. – Drive out the natural...

L. A. What?

V. L. – Nothing.

So, did you enjoy your vacation?

L. A. Well, yeah. Obviously, it wasn't the same as camp, but it was good too. And then, I went to the movies, it was great!

V. L. – And what did you see at the cinema?

L. – A. Science fiction movies: "Starstreck", "Tron" I would have liked to go see <<Cannibal Holocaust", but my mother didn't want to.

V. L. I understand! I wonder what attracts you to these horrible stories.

- I like being scared. L. A.

V. L. – WOW!

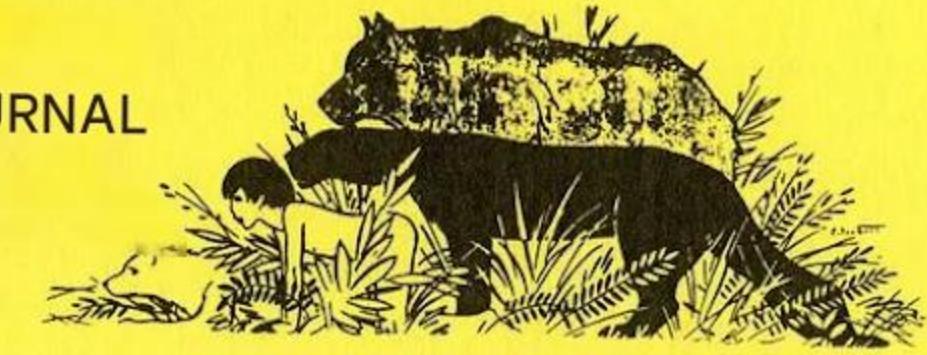
L. A. – Not like that. I like it when there's blood everywhere. Have you seen "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre"?

V. – L. A classic! No, I didn't have the courage to go there. Why, have you seen it?

L. – A. No, but I have friends who told me about it. They saw it on tape.

V. L. – And secretly too, I suppose. ...

- L. A. You know what would be great?



PALABRAS OF JUNGLE

V. L. No, but I feel that I will soon be informed.

L. A. – We should make games about it.

V. L. – Huh! To the pack?!

L. A. – Well, yeah, what. Everyone would like that.

V. L. – Sure. I can see it from here: the Six of the Living Dead, Pack of Ghouls, based in Düsseldorf!

L. A. – I don't understand anything you're saying.

V. – L. Not only are they perverse, but they have no culture. Where are we going?

L. A. Say, I may not be tall, but you shouldn't take me for an idiot, eh. ...

V. L. Forgive me, I was joking. Besides, you know very well that I am not mean. A You stupid sometimes, maybe ... are how age, already?

L. A. 8 – and a half years old.

V. L. – And you are still with the Whites?

L. A. – Yeah... say, did you like the camp?

V. L. – A lot. I hadn't planned to come, but I was very happy to participate in the end.

L. A. Do you remember how we chased you, the chiefs, to the pond?

V. L. Yes, and do you remember how we threw you into the water?

L. A. Say, why didn't you dress up as Indians like us?

V. L. Imagine the effect we would have had in the village when we went shopping, dyed ochre!

L. A. – Yeah, and in a loincloth, too!

V. L. – It must be said that with the torrential rain of the first week you were more comfortable like that.

L. A. I really liked the canoe. Why didn't you come?

V. L. I had a really bad cold, I wasn't going to go frolicking on the Loue!

L.A. You missed something. We had a good laugh!

V.L. - Yes, I was told that.

L.A. - There are plenty that have desalinated.

V.L. - Not you?

L.A. - Um... just a little bit. But it wasn't my fault.

V.L. - Of course.

L.A. - Well,... not completely.

V.L. - I know, that damn river keeps tripping up the unfortunate canoes.

L.A. - Yeah, well... And the exploit up to the waterfall, that was good, huh!

V.L. Ah! the sources of the Loue. Their waterfalls. Their cheese factory ...

- L.A. And the refreshment bar where we ate pancakes!

V.L. - At the expense of the mastery ...

L.A. - Yeah. Hey, why didn't you come back down with us right away?

V.L. Well we had ... important things to discuss.

L.A. The restaurant menu, for example?

V.L. What are you looking for there? It's not because you're a belly with legs...

L.A. - It's not just me, anyway!

V.L. - No, and besides I must admit that, if you eat like gluttons, you also cook.

- Sometimes we were still late... L.A.
- Yes, but it had its charm V.L. ...

L.A. - That didn't seem to be Akela's opinion. What a groan he was!

V.L. You know, Akela, he grumbles like that, but deep down, he is very happy with his pack.

L.A. Oh?

- Perhaps I shouldn't tell you this, but he was particularly pleased the day I brought a scouting patrol unannounced to visit your camp. The only tent in disarray was mine! V.L.

L.A. - Shame!

V.L. - No, I had to leave very early. On the other hand, the scouts were left gobsmacked. Especially since they were far from perfect. It really hit them hard!

L.A. - So we're good??

V.L. - Let's not exaggerate anything. ...

L. - A. You should know what you're talking about. Tell me, is it true that you're going to write all that? In "Casque"?

V.L. - It could be. ...

L.A. - Don't you have any candy?

V.L. - Not on me, but... if it can wait ...

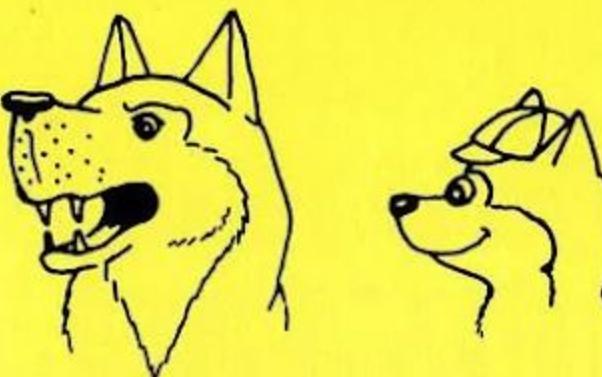
L.A. - Yeah, but not too much, eh!

V.L. - ?????!

L.A. Well yes, what about copyright!



JUNGLE PALATES



L.A. Hello, Old Wolf!

V.L. Hey! Hello, Agile Language. How are you? I'm glad to see you again.

- It's going well; except that here, it's getting **colder and colder**. We even had snow! - Brr... I realized it. That isn't it too hard, during outings? No, we move around... where it gets hard is for the toilet.

- Yeah, I guess the surface area exposed to the elements decreases as the temperature increases. Oh -no! But we're going faster.

- So, tell me a little bit about what's going on, will you?

- Well, what do you want to know?

- Everything! If you have fun, if you eat well...

- Oh yes! Since he's the new Akela...

- New; the new Akela... Yeah, -well since it's the new Akela we eat better.

- Coming from a belly-with-legs of your caliber, such a compliment will please him. I will not fail to pass it on to him.

- And we had lots of accidents!

- Huh! And you seem to find it exciting.

- Well, it wasn't really serious: the firefighters arrived right away. Oh come on!

- The first time was Croc Tendre, he fell on his back.

- Yes, I was there if you remember-nir. The x-rays confirmed that same evening that there was no injury. And the other one? - It was during the Toussaint camp. Celestial Body got a rock on his head. It was bleeding. Bagheéra was the one who called that time.

- Of course, Akela can't leave his pack... and besides, as a certified first aider, it's better that he's the one who stays with the injured person.

- Then the firefighters came to get him with the siren and everything. It was great! - Yes, it's fun... We could organize that for every outing.

- Finally, we sewed the skin on his skull back together. Nothing was broken.

- I thought I read in a report that you too...

- Oh yeah. But it wasn't serious; I fell while going to get water. Are you still -camping?

- Now it's too cold, we go to shelters. But we camped as far as the Toussaint camp.

- Well, you must have been freezing! - Not too much, we all crammed into the Pack tent.

- I can imagine the uproar!

- Well no: Bagheera was with us.

- Obviously... although, knowing him, it doesn't seem like a foolproof guarantee to me.

- It was more the weekend before: there, it was first the girls' tent that kept making noise and then, at the end, the two sixes that were in the Meute tent ended up getting rung.

- Of course, you were among the restless ones. Are you crazy? I was trying to sleep. That's what night is for, right?

- Yes. Or to nibble on the provisions you store in your sleeping bag to ward off late-night cravings...

- Meh... In the end, Akela made Truffle get up Smiling and five or six others and he took them for a little walk "to calm them down" he said.

- Did it last long?

- I don't know, I was sleeping when they came back.

- It's true that you're a heavy sleeper. - I even fell off a bunk bed once and didn't feel a thing. I didn't even wake up.

- I heard you went to Baume Cornillane?

- Yes, but the waterfall was dry. There was only a tiny trickle of water left. But we had great slides! Was there snow?

- But no! That was before. We slid in the woods, on the dirt and the leaves, It was...

- Great! I know. You must have come home in pretty good shape after wallowing in the mud like that.

- It wasn't mud; it was just dirt and some wet leaves. Obviously...

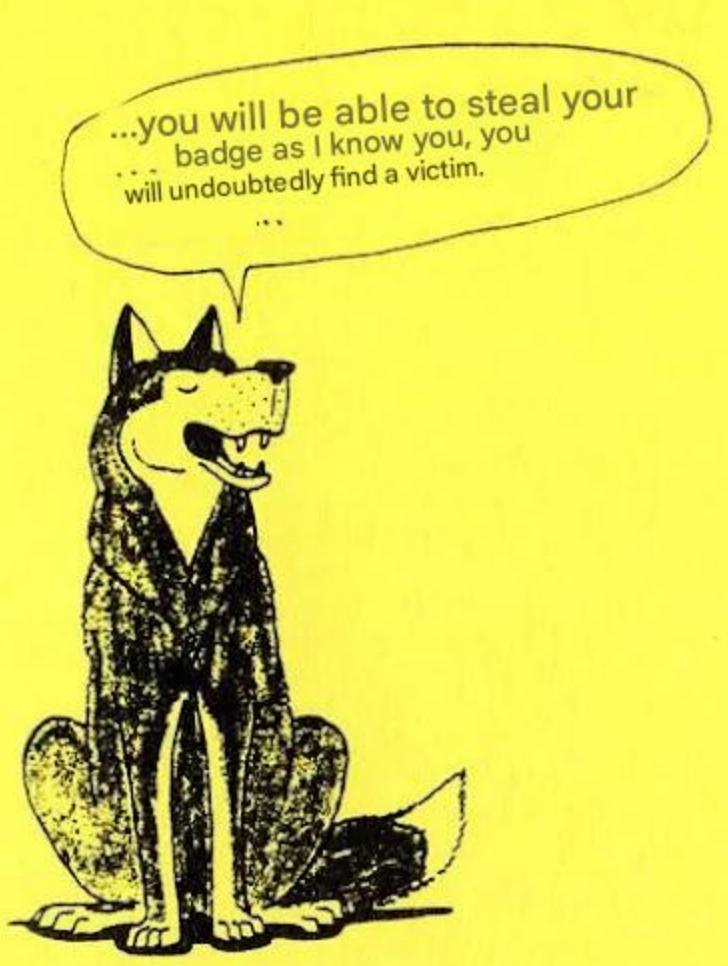
- And then, I made my promise!

- Ah, that's important. Were there others with you?

- Yes, there were three of us, me, Ear servia-wheat and graceful hair.

- You'll be able to sew your badge. I -don't know how to sew.

- It's learned. And since I know you, you'll probably find a victim.



WE WANTED, WE COULDN'T

Because of the excessive chatter of our national Fennec S.d.L., we have been forced, because he absolutely refuses to cut anything from the superabundance of a speech that he persists in considering as inspired by the greatest wisdom, to postpone until the calends of March a certain number of articles that we, ourselves, judged to be perfectly indispensable. Bowing before such admirable obstinacy and driven by a certain respect for his state (who spoke of senescence?) we have therefore cut:

- Our plant friends
- Wild mammals (in Seeonee)
- Les Echos where we were to tell you about the national CP training camp that has just ended, a celebration of a winter solstice, news from the leaders who are trying - at all costs - to maintain real scouting in Geneva, news from the Free Scouts of Marseille and the brand new Free Patrol of Cabriès, new Casque projects, etc.

So see you at number 7 for all this... See you soon and happy new year to all!

Helmet

- ... By the way... Fennec M. told me that you wrote a great article for Casque Ah?

- Yes, on sewing... it seems you're a champion!
- Checkmate in three moves!
- What?
- Bring your cap.

OBSERVING WILD MAMMALS

(continuation and end)

ON THE LOOK

Stalking is the search for contact with an animal by a stationary observer.

Even more than the approach, the technique of the hide requires an excellent knowledge of the biology of the species that one intends to observe. A hide is in most cases oriented towards a specific species, which does not prevent surprise contact! In the hide, the observer anticipates the appearance of the animal: "THE OBSERVER MEETS THE ANIMAL".

Stalking is practiced at a fixed point that is regularly frequented: burrow, feed, run, wallow, pass, salt stone, feed trough, etc.

Each species requires a specific hide, depending on its biology and behavior, but the principles remain the same:

- respecting the rules of "good wind" (or perching very high), remaining
- still and silent, using slow movements, finding a
- comfortable position will avoid cramps... which
- seek a clear view.
- blend in with the landscape.

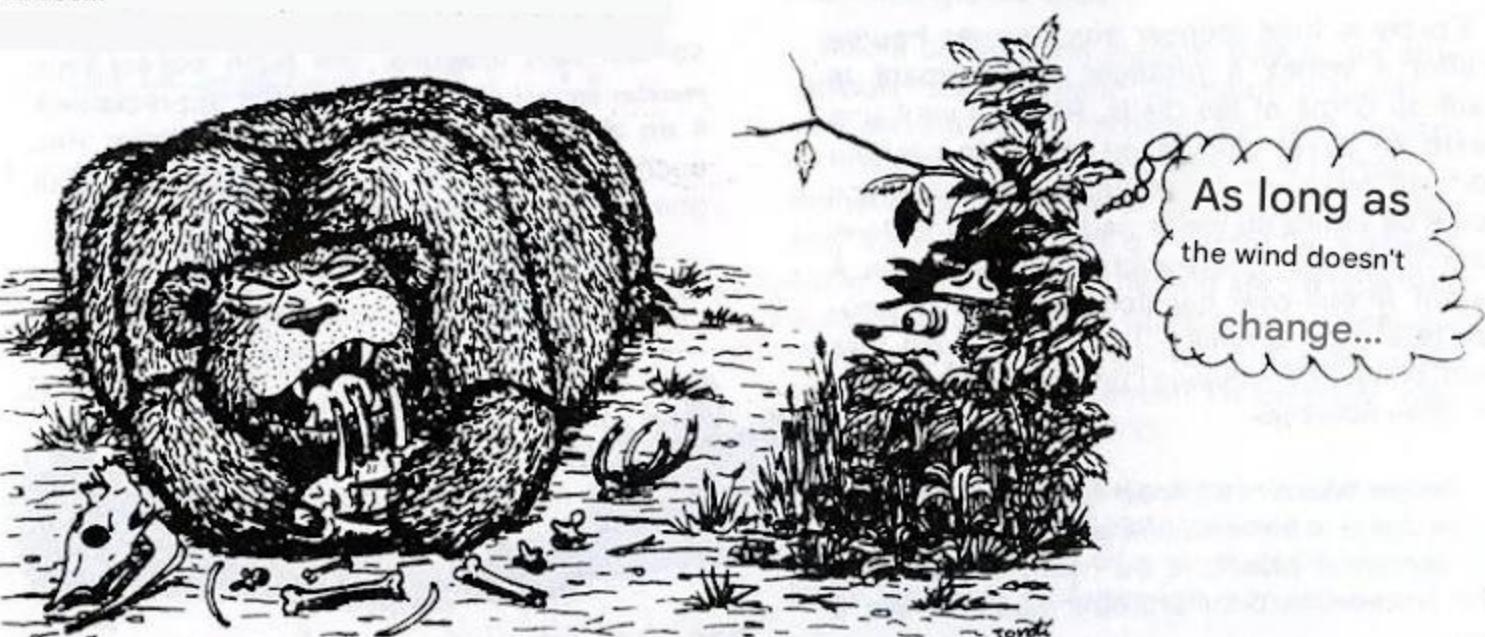
In the forest, the hide is often set several meters above the ground (at least three meters) for visibility reasons, but also to solve the problem of "good wind". A comfortable branch is used or better, a watchtower, of which there are a multitude of models (fixed and mobile) traditionally used for hunting. These perched hides are used on feeding grounds, in swales, on coulees...

At the burrow, provided that you are in a good wind, and here the condition is imperative, the hide can be done on the ground. It is not necessary to use any particular camouflage but simply not to stand out against the usual scenery of the animal. You can perfectly lean against a tree trunk (sitting or standing), or crouch down near a block of rock. Provided that the wind does not betray you, the badger that comes out of its burrow in the evening at dusk will not notice you, even if you are a few meters away. leaning against a tree trunk, facing it and dressed in a red sweater! But it will quickly turn back if it smells you, even if you are carefully camouflaged behind a bush, in "leopard" outfit and 20 meters away.

A band of 4 mouflons approached us at 10 meters in a cleared forest while we were 6 scouts standing, exposed and motionless like the trunks that surrounded us. It was only at this incredibly short distance for a wild animal and probably because of the wind that had changed, that the escape was triggered.

All wild ungulates, the fox and the badger, are readily observed on the lookout. For the former, on their feeding ground, their run or near the pits, salt stones and feeders. The fox and the badger sharpen their skills>> in the burrow.

Unless you know the lodging - in which case you practice a hide for mustelids, hedgehogs, squirrels and leporidae - most contacts are "surprise" contacts made during a walk, an approach or another hide....



To conclude this invitation to observe mammals, it is necessary to add that, if it provides unforgettable moments, it also reserves failures and multiple blanks. Only true nature lovers take a liking to it.

EQUIPMENT

THE OUTFIT

Without looking for the leopard outfit, we will avoid light colors that are too flashy; the scout uniform is perfect for this type of activity.

Navy blue, brown, green and grey are also the most suitable colours. The shoes and the backpack are nothing special and do not differ from the classic models used in scout units (but pay attention to the colour of the backpack).



...Cold weather attire. ...

Against the cold (think about the long hours of waiting...) make sure to protect your upper body and feet effectively. Nothing beats a down jacket with a compartment, which you will take care to cover with a canvas jacket, such as a combat jacket or an old parka without lining, to protect it from branches and brambles. Failing that, the uniform sweater and an old anorak will do the job perfectly (if it is very cold, put a big thick wool sweater over the uniform).



"Nothing is more unpleasant than passing the night at are lottar."

Short pants remain ideal in all weathers! Imagine 4 hours of waiting with soaked pants... the discomfort, the humidity, the cold, will be all obstacles to patient and calm observation.

In the snow, waterproof knickers will be appreciated.

Gaiters that protect against snow and water are essential. They should be taken with a side zipper, which allows them to be put on or taken off without taking off the shoes.

The 4-humped hat is appreciated against the sun and the rain (it is essential for glasses wearers to avoid raindrops dripping down the lenses).

In bad weather, you will also appreciate the balaclava or balaclava which only leaves the nose or eyes showing and which can be worn rolled up as a hat.

We will finish equipping ourselves with a pair of woolen gloves.

THE BIVOUAC

Since mammal observation is often a nocturnal activity (dawn and dusk), the observer will frequently use the bivouac which allows him to be on site. The equipment must be chosen with care and be of excellent quality. Nothing is more unpleasant than spending the night shivering.

The sleeping bag will be made of partitioned down, Sarco-Norwegian shape, with a bivouac cover (goretex). Since summer in our region is hot, this type of bag will then be used as a blanket.

On frozen ground, in wet terrain, or when the ground is very uneven, a foam mattress type groundsheet provides valuable services. There are many models. Space-saving, it insulates against humidity and cold and smooths out the roughness of the ground.

Always remember to slip a plastic or coated nylon cape or waterproof poncho with a hump-back into a pocket of your backpack to also protect the backpack.

It is also possible to use a hatas, which is relatively easy to hang in the forest and takes up little space.

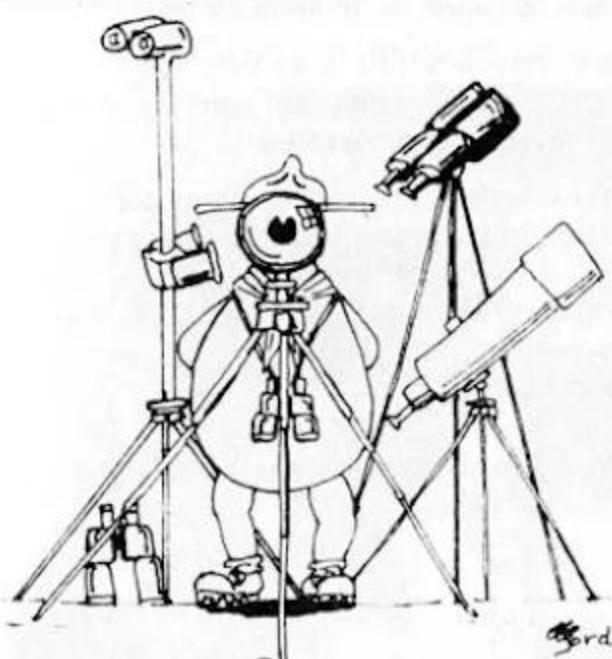
You should also have the following accessories:

- a plate compass (Sylva-Recta),
- a flashlight (flat case or torch) or better a headlamp mounted on an adjustable elastic band, headband type, which frees both hands and allows complete freedom of movement,
- a knife: the Opinel with ferrule is perfect for the job,
- a survival blanket takes up little space and you never know!

OPTICS

The observation of mammals (apart from micromammals) is inconceivable without the aid of optics. It would be as surprising to see a "nature scout" go to observe mammals without binoculars as it would be to see him practice cross-country skiing without poles.

We are amazed by most of the hunters who go hunting ungulates: they do not have binoculars.



THE BINOCULARS

Everyone has their own preferences in this matter. A beginner chooses a pair of small binoculars, with medium magnification and an objective lens not exceeding 50 mm in diameter.

Take a magnification of 7, 8, 9 or 10 times.

The lens diameter will be 35, 40 or 50 mm.

Example formula: 8 x 40, 10 x 50 ...



SIGHTING IS PRACTICED AT A FIXED POINT THAT IS REGULARLY VISITED: FOR EXAMPLE, A MANGEDIRE...

Choosing a good pair of binoculars is a difficult art, beyond the scope of this article.

Some brands can be chosen with relative confidence: Zeiss, Leitz. Depending on the models used, their price will vary from 150 to 5500 francs, for the most common types.

Binoculars with a 7 x 50 or 8 x 50 formula (low magnification / large objective diameter) are very bright and facilitate observation at dusk or dawn, but their bulk and weight limit their usefulness in our opinion.

The 9 x 35, 9 x 40, 10 x 35, 10 x 40 formulas seem to be ideal for multi-purpose binoculars (mammals, birds, etc.).

THE TELESCOPES

A complement to binoculars, they can in no way replace them as basic optical equipment.

Less used in mammalogy than in ornithology, they nevertheless provide valuable services in the observation of species in open environments (chamois, marmots, etc.). Currently, KOWA and MIRADOR seem to be the two brands that offer the best devices for naturalist use. The straight type with 25 x 50 x zoom (which offers a magnification varying from 25 to 50) and a 60 mm objective, must be currently the ideal instrument (weight: about 1 kg 200).

The choice of the stand supporting the spotting scope is at least as important as the choice of the spotting scope! GITZO offers equipment of excellent quality and perfectly manageable.

TERRESTRIAL, AERIAL AND

MICROMAMMALIAN

TERRESTRIAL MICROMAMMALIANS: VOLES, MOLECULES, SHREWS...

Their study is a matter for specialists. Discreet, nocturnal animals, their observation in nature is delicate.

Determination of the species is difficult, if not impossible, without measurement and/or examination of the dental formula.

Contacts are often "surprise" contacts made while waiting for another mammal or bird.

The study of a population of micromammals requires precise knowledge and is carried out using trapping or analysis of pellets released by nocturnal birds of prey; barn owls in particular.

(A pellet is a ball formed from the digestive residues of raptor prey: hair, bones, feathers, essentially. Raptors regurgitate them daily through their mouths).

AERIAL MICROMAMMALS: BATS

Their study is even more delicate than for terrestrial micromammals (capture very difficult, precise measurement and examination of the dental formula in certain cases).

Bats are very fragile, and many species have become so rare that they are at risk of extinction.

Any mistake in observation, any untimely handling, any prolonged disturbance (very serious during the observation period) will lead to disastrous consequences. Observe them from a distance and carefully.

A full article will be devoted to them in No. 7 of "Casque".

Fennec M.



... Stalking is the search for contact with an animal by a motionless observer...

BECOME WHAT YOU ARE!

- Have you seen your socks? That hurts!
- What? You don't even have "nail"?
- I'll never wear this jersey, it looks too peasant!
- Wow, that guy! He's got some class!
- But my word, they are "churches"!....

This is what we hear regularly around us. We no longer judge people on what they are, but on what they appear to be.

Clothing is a perfect example of today's "superficiality". Woe to the poor bell that has the fault of dressing according to his own tastes and for himself, and not according to the good will of fashion. Attracting the smiles of commiseration of the horde, he quickly understands that today we no longer speak of dressing well, but of dressing "well".

Remaining in this state would quickly become untenable!

Unfortunately, the clothing industry is not the only one affected by this lack of depth.

If, in fact, the conformism imposed by religion has considerably faded, that of its secularized variant, the consumer society, has taken – over. The crowd remains the crowd with all the stable needs that result from it. If we cannot ask it to lose the superficial element that characterizes it, we can escape it or, at least, try, provided that we have the sincere desire.





Why all these puppets who display their inner emptiness on the outside?

Why are all these young people desperately bored in arcades over a Coke?

Have they lost their imagination, their taste for life?

They are free to make the race for money their ideal. We live for ours!

They are free to quench their thirst for adventure in the cinema. We quench it on the ground!

They are free to remain indifferent to what surrounds them and only worry about themselves. For us, solidarity and community are not just words!

They are free to live their life as an accident. We want to live it intensely, truly and always standing! ...

No, definitely, their happiness is not ours.

Marten I.

OPEN LETTER TO SURPRISED PARENTS

It has often happened to us! to be accosted by half-hearted parents who came to complain about the behavior of their offspring:

— You tell me he's a great Scout! Well, I mean, it's obvious you can't stand him at home!

Then follows the enumeration of the misdeeds of this bad guy (the jewel, however, of his patrol!):

— We can't tell him anything; he takes it in a... tone!

— There's no way to make him do anything!

and so on, and so on... slipper, the list is long and the indictment, in general, impassioned. From all this it emerges, in the end, that the leaders are not really doing their job and that if Scouting leads to such a lamentable result, one might as well spend one's leisure time in front of the TV.

It therefore seems necessary to us, in order to avoid too many repetitions of this type of scene, to clarify a little the goals that we are pursuing and the methods that we are using.

Since its creation, Scouting has been committed to training responsible, and therefore free, boys. Within his unit, the Scout is surrounded by companions who, while they expect a lot from him, treat him as an equal and trust him absolutely. This trust also implies that one can, without shame, make mistakes for which the fiasco that one has thus caused is the most effective punishment. There is also a discipline and the obligation to obey rules and leaders that one has freely chosen. One then accepts with good grace, if necessary, the kick in the butt that one knows one has deserved.

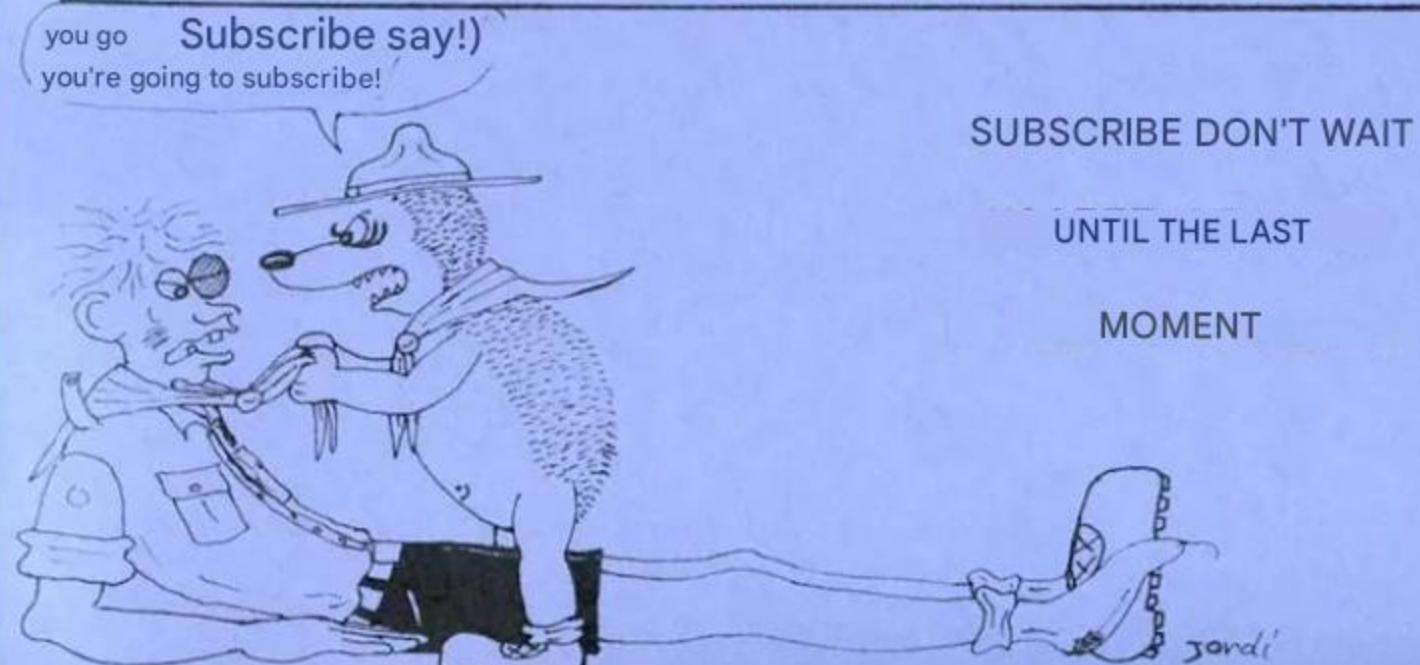
It is even permissible to express one's discontent if one feels wronged or unfairly penalized. Moreover, one can from time to time openly defy the authorities and fall head over heels in Homeric battles where, although the only authorized weapon is a rolled-up scarf, one has the opportunity to let off some steam one's desire for violence and anarchy.

In such conditions, only natural authority, born of experience and a true understanding of those in one's charge, allows one to lead without clashes or coherent unity. We therefore form, as best we can, a framework that meets this requirement and that is already a lot. We do not want our leaders to replace the parents of their Scouts. That is not their role, even if they are often called upon to give a helping hand with school work. It follows that the boys' relationship with the mastery has nothing to do with what exists between their parents and themselves. If this were not the case, not only would we no longer be Scouts in name but we would also be the target of justified reproaches, those of the parents whose place we have usurped.

If, once back home, a wonderful boy turns into an insufferable brat, it is indeed because something is wrong... at home. It may then prove useful to discuss it with his leader: it is possible that in this way one will be able to identify the problem and glimpse a solution. All that remains is to make the effort to implement it, which is far from always easy; but it is useless to hope that, from the outside, the leader of the troop will work miracles and transform the dear offspring into a model of filial virtues.

Everyone has their own job.

FENNEC Sdl.



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UNTIL THE LAST

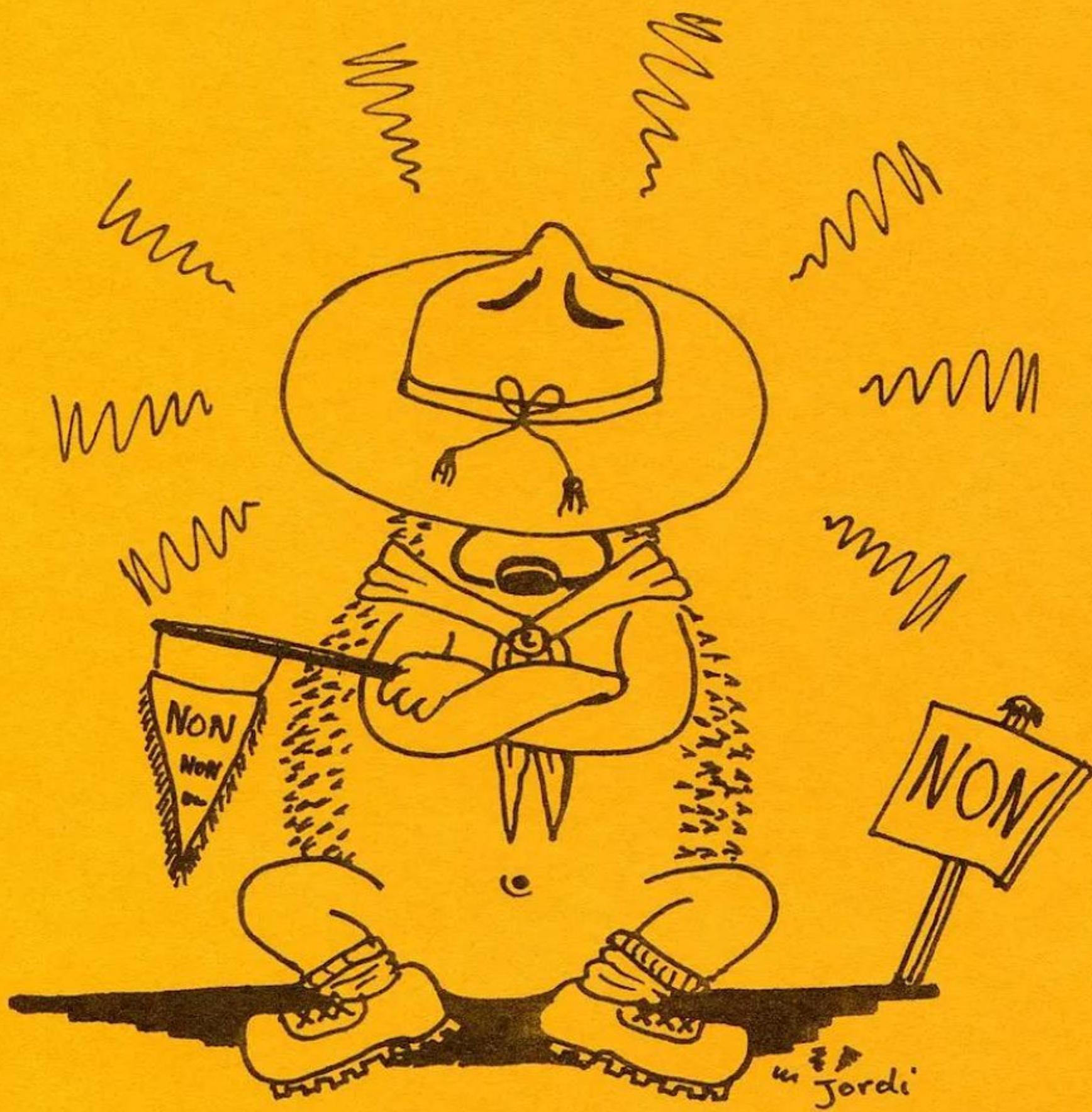
MOMENT

HELMET



Quarterly

No. 5 - Sept. 85 - 10 F



THE SCOUT OBEYS WITHOUT REPLY AND DOES
NOTHING BY HALLOWEEN MEANS

More is in us!

Some have expressed their surprise at the general tone of Casque: some articles (let's not name anyone...) are considered too difficult. However, it just so happens that this is a deliberate bias on our part. We want to be logical to the end and having, once and for all, defined our objective, we try to achieve it by all the means at our disposal. To be clear: the Free Scouts propose to encourage everyone to discover the best of themselves in all areas.

If we treat our boys, whenever it proves practicable, on an equal footing, it is not to consent to consider them in writing as minus habens. Certainly, our JUNGLE pages are not written like those intended for the elders, but we strive to express our ideas as accurately as possible by using the most adequate vocabulary. A dictionary sometimes proves necessary? Those who have taken the trouble to consult it will have gained something that goes well beyond linguistics: the habit of seeking to understand. Are the ideas expressed too serious? May those who claim so be kind enough to indicate to us by what means we could well fight against the stupefaction so well organized everywhere else.

More is in us!

Thunder of Zeus!!!

F. S.d.L



MELANCHOLY

Camp ends...

"Civilization" is catching up with us with its barbaric customs, its hamburgers and its detestable Coca-Cola.

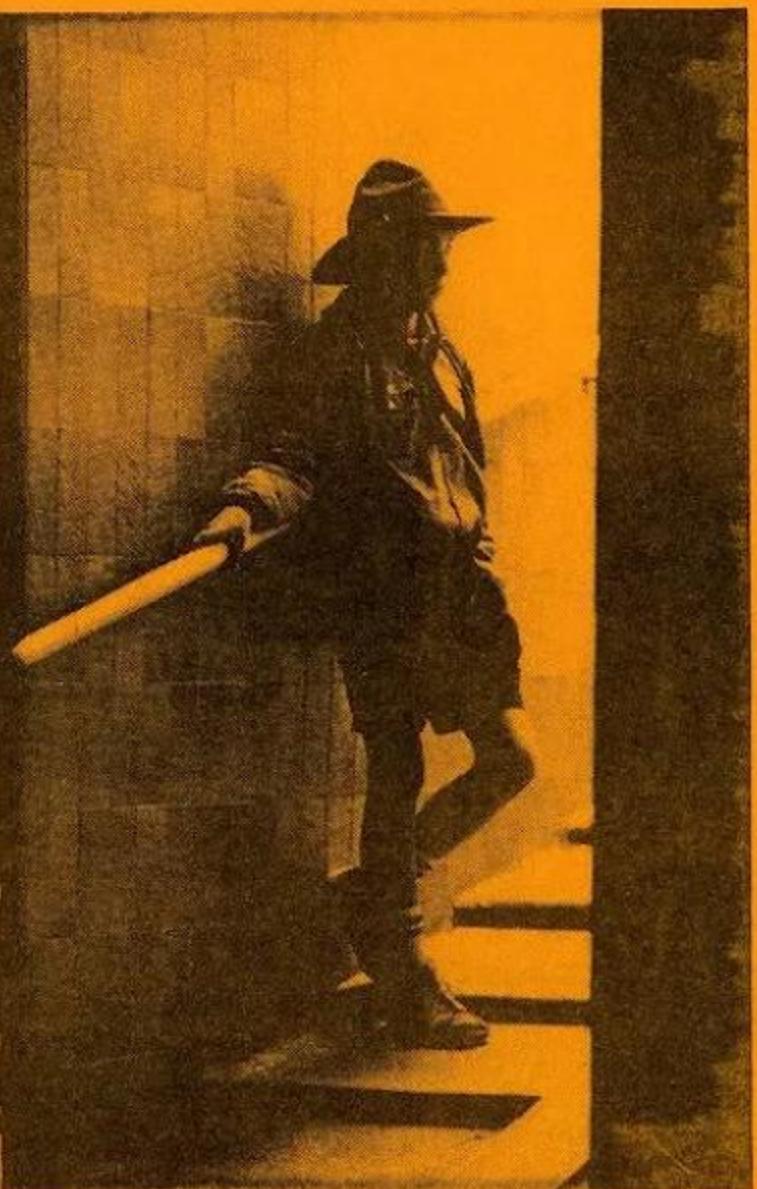
Sadness...

The camp, with its hard times and not always favorable weather, brought us together as one family. Our community lived for 24 days in the healthy rhythm of nature and then... the train separated us. Despair...

Despite everything, the memory of the good times of the camp is forever engraved in our memory. And then, our family will be reborn in September, carrying all our hopes, ready to face the darkness that, little by little, will regain ground until the long night of the Winter Solstice where the old Gods and us, for the time of a rite, will be one. We will then be able to celebrate the return of the Sun and resume, together, the path to the next, and long-awaited, summer camp.

I may not be there, but, by Odin, I know that you will be even more united, stronger, more European, more scouts...

And the camp will end, once again...



Ourson F.

SCOUTING: EDUCATION OR LEISURE?

In general, if you ask the parents of a scout what Scouting is, you will be told that it is a leisure activity. This is worth noting because it explains certain reactions that would otherwise remain difficult to understand. For example, which C.T. has not been accosted by a mother who was scandalized by the fact that the dear little boy had come back from camp more tired than when he started?

Yes, if Scouting equals leisure, it must inevitably follow, given the prevailing conception of said leisure, that Scouting must equal idleness. However, everyone knows that this is not the case, at least not within a normally managed unit.

Scouting and particularly our Scouting is a physically tiring activity. How could it be otherwise when it is entirely based on effort and surpassing oneself? But it is extremely difficult to make mothers who are sometimes a little too preoccupied by the aches and pains of their dear treasures admit that a temporary weight loss or a few days where sleep becomes heavier are not negative. It should also be noted that, in the vast majority of cases, the complaints do not originate from the children's complaints but rather from the idea that their parents have of their supposed suffering. And we then find ourselves in the presence of this paradoxical situation where the child is, for his own good, deprived of these scouting activities, so harmful to his too fragile health and, at the same time, plunged into the sorrow of having to leave what, very often, constitutes the best part of his existence.

This is, for anyone who has experienced scouting even a little, a totally scandalous fact. Where are we going to turn now that we no longer have access to this universe where friendship and adventure are real things? With what are we going to fill this void left in an existence now cut off from what could have made it exhilarating?

Let no one tell us that life is not limited to scouting and that there are many other exciting things. We know, from experience, that a child who does not leave his pack or troop of his own free will keeps a wound that never completely disappears.

That such a statement can raise a smile proves that we have cut ourselves off from the world of childhood and its absolute vision of the moment. What is a month, a year for an adult? For a child, it is an entire existence. And it is indeed one of the merits of Scouting to fill this existence with projects and adventures from day to day. Why, parents, do your children wallow, hypnotized, in front of a television screen or a pile of comic books if not to try to give a semblance of life to these deserts of boredom that are the hours of solitude?

Of course, there are other activities than Scouting and we encourage them as much as possible, but we maintain that Adventure, the real thing, can only be experienced within a group united by something other than a shared taste for a sport. What adults condescendingly consider to be a childish sideline is in fact a fantastic world where you can finally really live. Paradoxically, nothing is more serious than these camps and outings where you have so much fun. Very often, it is there that you will learn things that, years later, will prove essential. As for physical fatigue, it is normal and healthy when you spend your days outdoors and current living conditions are not such that a child cannot quickly recover a few hundred grams, if it is not superfluous fat.

If adults devote their time, energy and money to the supervision of Scout units, it is because they are deeply aware of the need to pass on what one has received. Scouting leaders are entirely voluntary and their only reward is the certainty of providing their cadets with something indispensable that they could find nowhere else. This is why they are sometimes distressed by the casualness with which some treat what they devote so much to. We hope that these few lines will contribute, however little, to shedding some light.

FENNEC S.d.L.

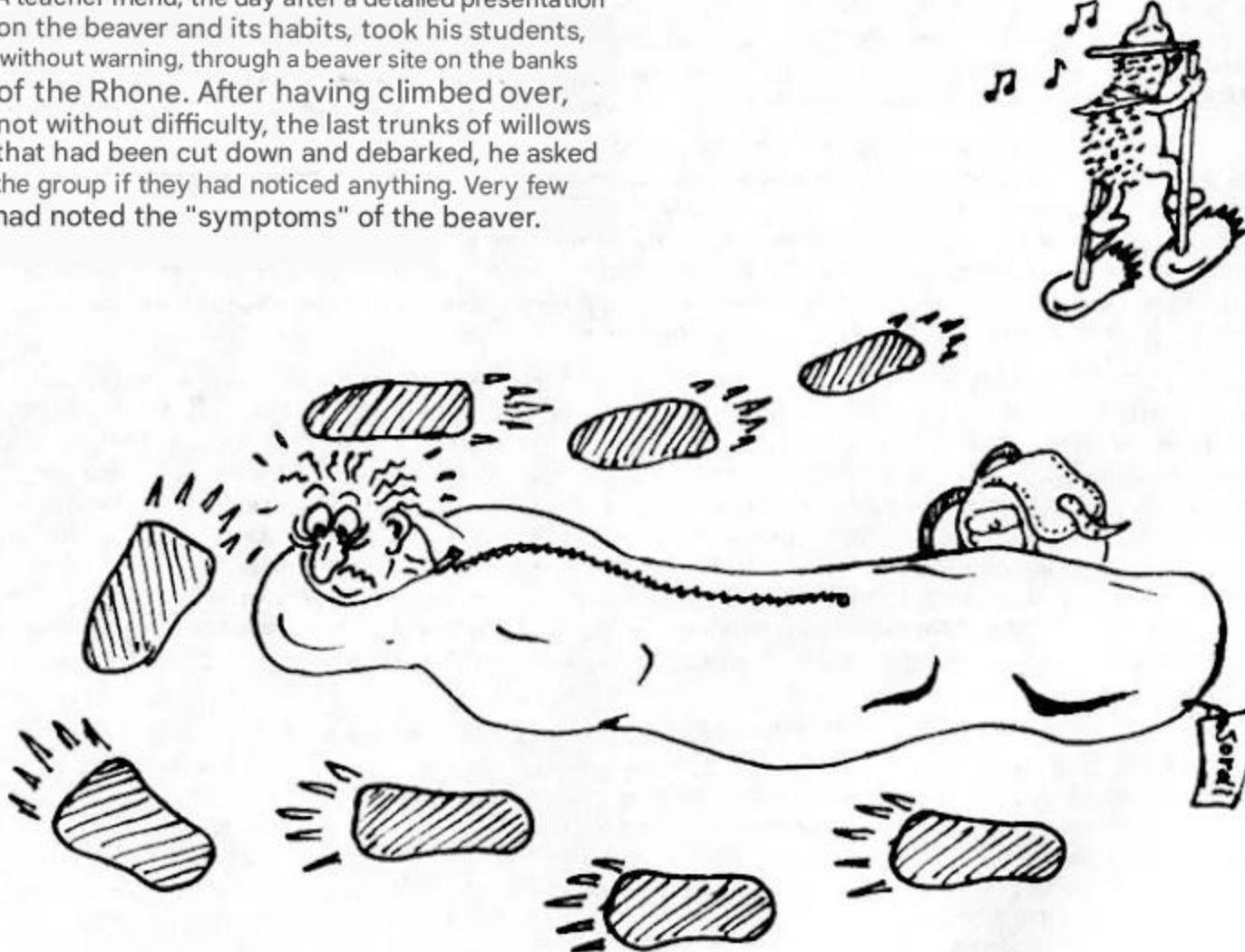
OBSERVING WILD MAMMALS

(1st part)

When we return from outdoor scouting activities, we are always struck by the state of surprise that some parents show when we list the animal species that we have encountered. They cannot imagine that we can meet all these mammals that live so close to their homes or in their walking areas. It is common for these same astonished (or even skeptical) parents to turn out to be great fans of hiking in a natural environment.

In 1977, we interviewed a lumberjack from Vercors (still working and thirty years of service), about the fauna he had encountered during his long career in the woods. When we asked him if he had ever seen martens, a relatively common and forest mammal par excellence, he gathered his memories with difficulty and announced that perhaps he remembered having once seen a brown animal, the size of a cat, with a big bushy tail and that it could well be a marten...

A teacher friend, the day after a detailed presentation on the beaver and its habits, took his students, without warning, through a beaver site on the banks of the Rhone. After having climbed over, not without difficulty, the last trunks of willows that had been cut down and debarked, he asked the group if they had noticed anything. Very few had noted the "symptoms" of the beaver.



These three examples taken from users of the natural environment show that the observation of mammals requires a particular method deduced from their biology and applied with a minimum of taste and sense of observation.

The living conditions in our industrialized societies, where the abundance of food and the methods of production mean that we no longer hunt but buy, have dulled the sense of observation. This sense is incomparably more developed among primitive peoples forced to survive in nature and exploit all its resources with a minimum of means.

Fortunately, we still have a bit of observational faculties, which have become insufficient to survive in the virgin forest, and to become a field naturalist.

BIRDS + MAMMALS

Walking along the Drôme River in June, the walker cannot fail to observe the coming and going of egrets and night herons, the round of black kites and herring gulls. The spectacle is permanent and one only needs to open one's eyes to enjoy it. The same walker will have to make an effort of observation and call upon his knowledge of naturalism to detect the presence in the same environment of beaver, badger, fox or rabbit. In the most frequent case where the walker has no notion of the tracks, he will have the impression of having crossed an environment totally devoid of wild mammals.

A comparison between certain ethological characteristics of birds and mammals will allow us to better understand. Faced with Man, a common predator, the bird has the enormous advantage over mammals of being able to flee while being sure of not being followed! This ease of flight gives the bird an assurance that seems to condition all its behavior towards Man. (See table).

BIRD	MAMMAL
Ease of Escape	Difficulty of escape
Daytime activity	– Nighttime activity
– Reduced escape distance	– Often poor vision, very sensitive to movement, little to shape and color.
– Short range alert behavior	– Long escape distance Long distance alert behavior
No sense of smell	Highly developed sense of smell and hearing
–	–
– Excellent view, – good view	



From the analysis of these two behaviors, which oppose each other point by point, we can deduce the five main points of the general method of observation of wild mammals:

- precise knowledge of the BIOLOGY of the species sought,
- observation at DAWN, DUSK or NIGHT,
- Move in SILENCE with SLOW GESTURES,
- Imperative search for WIND DIRECTION, always approach with a good wind,
- Search in CAMOUFLAGE (very sensitive to what contrasts with the landscape).



SEARCH OR LOOKOUT

Contact with the mammal is made using two techniques:

- The observer is in motion, it is research,
- The observer is motionless, it is the lookout.

RESEARCH

Research is the attempt by a mobile observer to obtain "contact" with the animal (visual, auditory and... olfactory contact).

The principle is simple, it is the one that all predators apply: **DETECT WITHOUT BEING DETECTED**. The observant man will add a second one that is specific to him and which he will have to make a golden rule: **DETECT WITHOUT DISTURBING**. A strict rule that every scout must force himself to respect in all circumstances and whatever happens.

In our regions, research is the technique most often used to observe wild ungulates.

Searching for a specific contact

In this case, the observer seeks contact with a particular species. This technique requires a good knowledge of the biology of the species and a search for all the "symptoms" that could betray the animal and provide information on its activity (prints, droppings, smears, soils, etc.). The observer will be dressed in discreetly colored clothing (green, brown, the traditional scout uniform is ideal), very little or not at all noisy (avoid nylon). The walk will be against the wind (any approach with the wind at your back is in principle doomed to failure). All the senses will be alert.



...the march will be against the wind..."

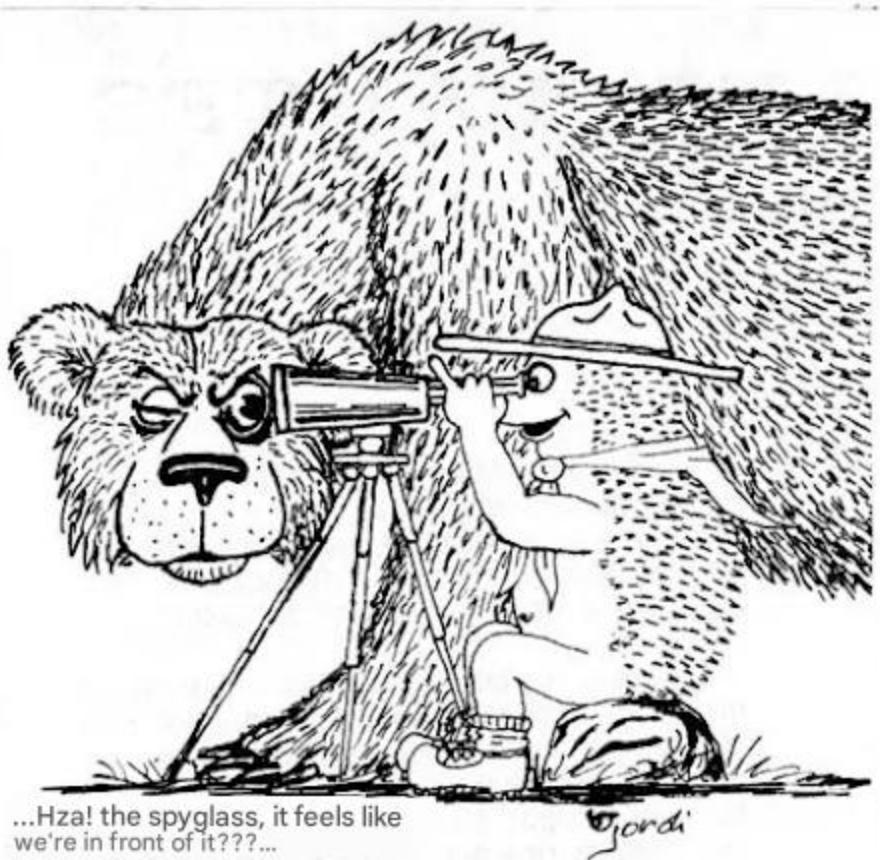
"Detect without being detected..."



The choice of route is very important and the search becomes difficult, even impossible on a path or in an undergrowth invaded by dead branches or dry leaves that crackle at the slightest movement. Logging trails offer excellent search routes in the forest. The success of a search is made very unlikely when the wind is constantly changing, spreading the observer's scent in all directions. In the forest in particular, beginners are advised to carry out very slow searches of around 500 m per hour. At each suspicious detail (cracking, growling, rustling, smell, movement of a branch, etc.) the observer must stop and scrutinize every detail of his environment; either with the naked eye or with binoculars, both methods have their supporters. A stop of a few minutes will be systematically made every 50 or 100 meters in order to listen and take a look around with the naked eye and with binoculars. At each step, the foot will be placed delicately. Habit instinctively allows one to avoid the dead branch that cracks or the rolling stone on the ground. All the movements made during the search will be slow (adjusting a backpack, clothing, bringing the binoculars to one's eyes, etc.).

It is advisable to abandon the rigid soles of mountain boots for searching in the forest and to use lightweight shoes with more flexible soles.

Training, but above all better knowledge of the area, allows for faster searches, interspersed with passages in normal walking (but in silence...) or even in certain cases with the wind behind (when, for example, the expected contact must be obtained laterally).

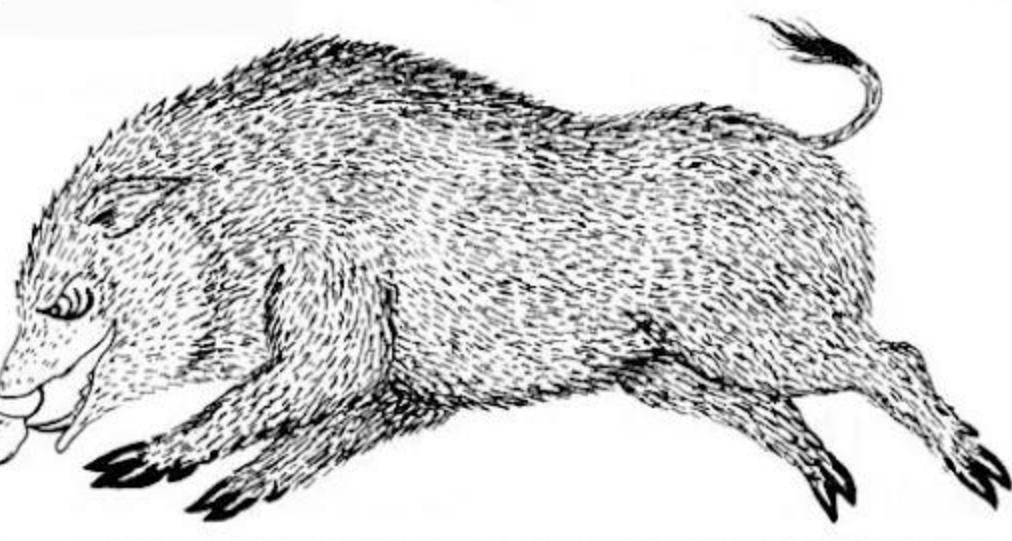


...Hza! the spyglass, it feels like we're in front of it???

Once the animal has been located (the isolated individual or the group), the observer will pay particular attention to the animal's reactions of concern or alert (ears pricked, cessation of all activity, fixed gaze, etc.). The observer must remain completely still until the animal has returned to normal behavior. It must be remembered here that a long observation at 200 meters with binoculars, of a calm animal, behaving naturally, is by far preferable (and more interesting) than the fleeting vision of a disturbed animal that runs away when surprised a few meters from the observer.

The approach itself

It is mainly practiced in open terrain, when the animal has been located at a great distance (frequent case for the Chamois). The observer then tries to attempt an approach under cover, often making a hook and paying close attention to the direction of the wind. He regularly checks if he can the absence of any reaction of anxiety from the animal and its movement. The use of a telescope (magnification 20-40) allows observations of excellent quality at several hundred meters.



"...do not pursue the animal under any circumstances..."

meters, without risk of disturbance and provided that backlighting is avoided. The approach is much more difficult to practice, in a forest environment where the first contact with the animal is most often made at a short distance. Only the case where the contact made was only auditory, and an obstacle prevents observation, justifies the approach made by a covert hook.

This maneuver is delicate and failures are frequent. In this case, it is better to wait for the animal to move, hoping that it will come out of the cover into the right wind.

Research at "la billebaude"

This term is borrowed from the hunting vocabulary. We hunt in Billebaude when we hunt without a specific goal at random encounters. The observer then analyzes all the symptoms discovered (droppings, footprints, etc.), tries to identify each noise, each movement. This research subtly associates inspiration, chance and deduction with the key, often the surprise contact: we contact a deer while trying to follow a stream of badgers...

The technique used is the same as for specific research: silence, walking into the wind, slow gestures...

One last rule should not suffer any exception: when by mistake or by chance, an animal is disturbed, the observer must remain silent for a long time, motionless and in no case pursue the animal in its flight.

Deer, roe deer, chamois, mouflon, wild boar are commonly observed in search. The rutting period during which the animal displays great activity, often nocturnal and diurnal, facilitates contacts. This period is particularly important for the species (whatever it may be) and repeated disturbance by a clumsy approach will harm reproduction and can quickly endanger the future of a population.

In the next issue of "Casque" we will conclude this article by discussing the lookout, equipment and micro-mammals.

F.M.

OUR FRIENDS THE PLANTS

GARLIC

Latin name Allium sativum
Liliaceae family.



White or pink, this vegetable condiment must be kept dry in a ventilated place. Fresh cloves contain a volatile oil (Allyl), albumin, silica, iodine, sulfur. It is an antiseptic and energetic bulb, a general stimulant, particularly in the respiratory system.

Popular fervor consecrates it as a preserver against contagious diseases, scurvy, cholera, typhus, intermittent fevers. In addition, it helps fight against asthma and whooping cough, chronic catarrhs (bad colds) as well as rheumatism. Its action activates circulation and fluidifies the blood, softens the arteries by dissolving the crystals that may be found there.

It promotes digestion, stimulates the appetite, prevents fermentation, expels worms... so many reasons for this ingredient to be found in the patrol pharmacy as well as in the cook's herb box.

There are few contraindications: some skin diseases, and the breastfeeding period in women (an unlikely case in a scout patrol!).

Don't be afraid of its smell. To reduce it, you should crunch on parsley stalks (try it, it's very good) or anise seeds.

Other uses:

- in your aromatic vinegar, in
- poultice and ointment,
- garlic is topical and rubefacient like mustard,
- against insect bites and styes (rub a clove of garlic cut in half), against corns, calluses, warts: apply a clove cooked in the oven (emollient) for several days.
- Against scabies: a raw clove crushed plus salted butter for several days on the skin,
- it facilitates diuresis (evacuation of urine): garlic juice with lemon juice in a horseradish infusion against albuminosis, dropsy, intermittent fevers.

How to make garlic vinegar? One part garlic to twelve parts vinegar, or 30 grams of peeled garlic per half liter of vinegar. Maceration ten days.

In the eighteenth century it was called the "vinegar of the 40 thieves". It is used at a rate of 5 to 20 grams of vinegar in 30 to 100 grams of herbal tea.

Finally, remember that oven-dried and ground garlic is a good substitute for pepper. Garlic braids in seeds keep weevils and other insects away.

The Botanist

Self-control is three-quarters of the character.

Baden Powell "The Road to Success" (page 111).

SEEONEE

JUNGLE JOURNAL



PALABRAS OF

JUNGLE

V.L. Stop I feel like your tongue, as agile as it is, is beyond your control. No?

L.A. Sorry.

V.L. Okay, let's start again. You're going to join the Troop. That means of course that you're going to leave the Pack, but also that you're going to find something else. First, you're going to find the old cubs Closed Mouth, Courteous Snout, and even Alert Muscle. If I remember correctly, you were really good friends, weren't you?

L.A. Yeah, but I don't know if we'll be in the same patrol.

V.L. That will depend mainly on you. A leader only separates his friends if he feels that they will form a block and navel-gaze.

L.A. What?

V.L. Being friends is good. But being jealous, rejecting others, setting yourself apart, is extremely harmful and a pain for a patrol.

L.A. - We're not like that!

V.L. - I hope so... You SEE there is already hope!

L.A. - Well...

V.L. - And then, now, you are an excellent cub, a most acceptable sizenier you know almost everything there is to know in the Pack; you have even learned to teach it to the others. That is why you have to leave.

L.A. Oh?

V.L. Yes... the Pack has nothing more to teach you and another needs to become a sizenier to finish his

Continued on the last page of
"Seeonee"

L.A. You'll have a hard time. And I don't care about your speeches...

WILD MAMMALS

The Hedgehog

Its habitat: Open environments with scrub, bushes, forest edges, rarely in humid places and forests.

Observations: From May to September, in the early hours of the night, sometimes during the day for the young. In suitable environments in dry weather (the hedgehog does not fear the light of an electric lamp).

Food: Mainly invertebrates (beetles, slugs, caterpillars, earthworms, etc.) but its voracity leads it to also consume small vertebrates (e.g. reptiles), eggs, etc.

Annual litter of 3 to 7 young between July and September.

Rut: March to August.

Longevity: 8 to 10 years.

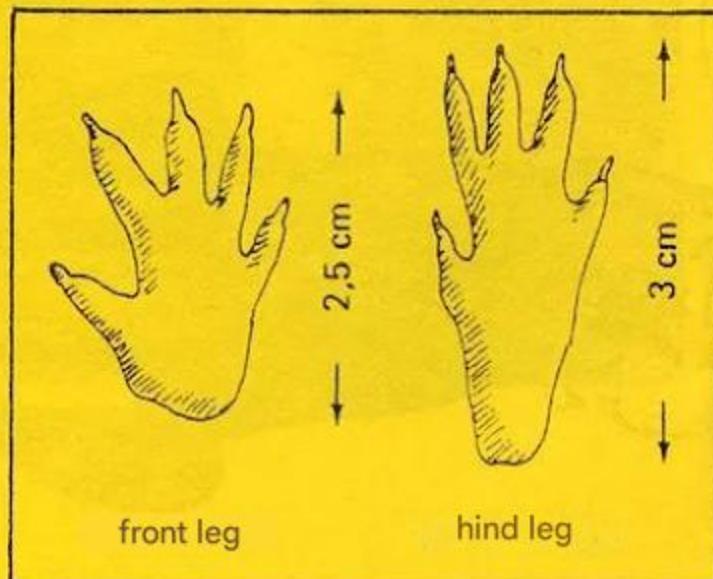
Length: 25 cm.

Weight: 800 gr to 1200 gr.

Comments: "Curling up" reflex at the slightest noise or sudden movement.

– Before you take this charming creature in your hands, remember that its spines (be careful, they hurt...) are free of a multitude of unpleasant parasites: fleas, ticks, mites, etc.

– can be tamed very easily by someone who is not afraid of parasites (...) or who can get rid of them (with Tidal). In this case, you can feed it with hard-boiled eggs, which it loves.



← footprints →

The Marmot

Its habitat: Open terrain in the mountains, from 800 to 3000 meters above sea level.

Observations: In summer all day. Discreet approach.

Food: Vegetables.

Litter: Annual of 2 to 4 young, in May-June. It seems that females only reproduce every 3 years, because the young stay with them for two years before emancipating themselves.

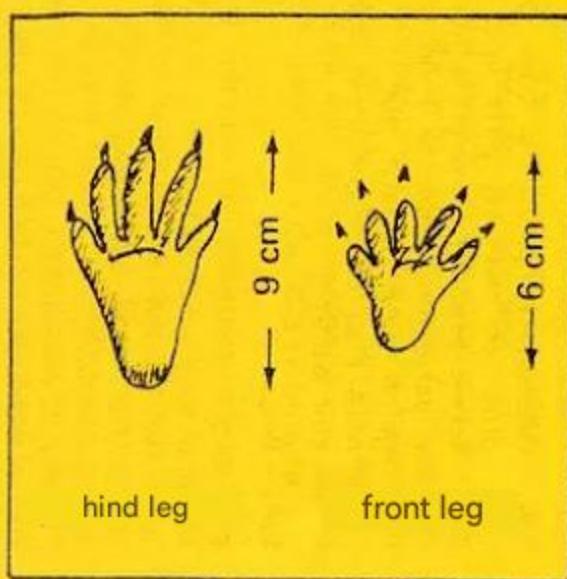
Rut: Autumn before hibernation, and spring.

Longevity: 15 to 18 years.

Length: 66 to 89 cm.

Weight: 5 to 7 kg.

Remarks: strictly diurnal life.
shril alarm cry (similar to a hissing).
lives in colonies. total hibernation from October to the end of March, although very different from the squirrel which remains active all winter, the marmot belongs to the same family as the latter, the Sciuridae.



time usefully, in beauty, like you.

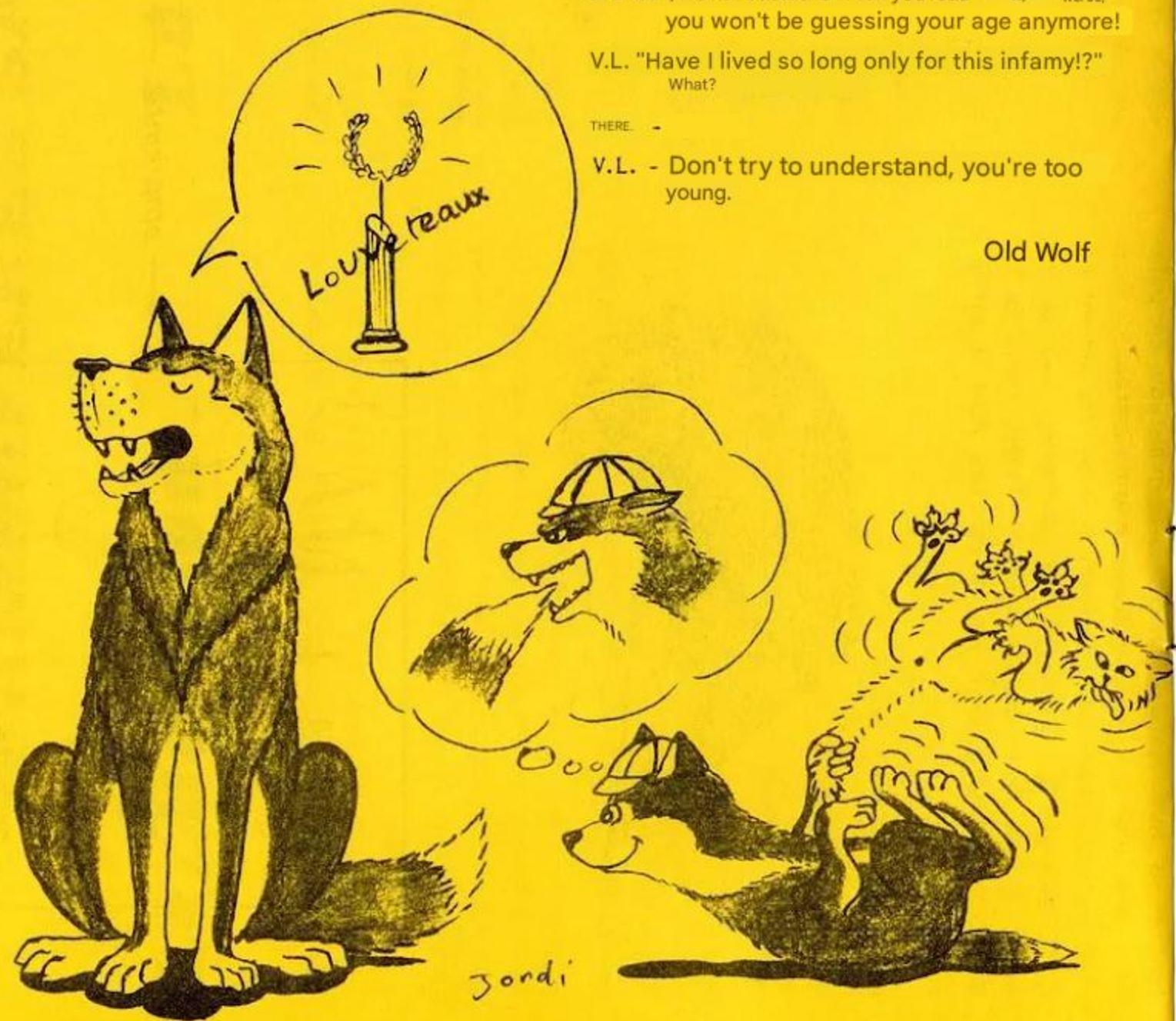
L.A. Yeah, but still... it's hard.

V.L. Yes, it's hard. But, if it can console you, it's much harder for Akela and Baloo.

L.A. There you go!

V.L. - Absolutely not... Do you think it's funny to see a little wolf that we've trained for several years, that we've patiently trained; a little wolf that we love as much as if he were our own; do you think it's funny to see him leave?

L.A. - Well...



V.L. Well no! It's not funny at all. But if we have a bit of common sense and if we really love the little wolf in question, we're still happy to push him out of the den. You're leaving, Agile Tongue, but you're going to become strong, courageous. You're leaving, but it's to learn and grow. And then, one day, you'll come back to the Pack and the little wolves will call you Akela. And we, the Old Wolves, will have won!... Do you understand?

L.A. I - think...

V.L. - That's all I ask of you... and also, to come back and tell me about your adventures at the Troupe.

L.A. - Are you going to write them too?

V.L. I - don't know anything about that.

L.A. And then, how am I going to have to call you?

V.L. - Fennec, if you don't mind.

L.A. Yeah, it's not bad... and when you read it, worse, you won't be guessing your age anymore!

V.L. "Have I lived so long only for this infamy!?"
What?

THERE -

V.L. - Don't try to understand, you're too young.

Old Wolf

QUESTION OF OPTICS

Service and Scouting: two concepts that are impossible to separate, which intertwine and become entangled to merge into a whole.

Guessed or felt at the scout age, the Service appears clearly on the Road by becoming one of the main goals.

But also a means. A means to progress, to always go further in the scout ideal. Because Scouting does not stop after the scout period: it continues with the Route and throughout life; it is not only an outfit, but above all a state of mind. A boy can have a shiny uniform and behave in complete moron. Another may know nothing about Scouting and have the most scout-like behavior...

Coming back to this scout service, it would be good to immediately deal with the images of Epi-
nal that lie dormant in us, it is very rare that we are led to help an old lady to cross the street. Not that on occasion it should not be done, but it is appropriate to free ourselves from this kind of cliché, let's say it, a little simplistic of the service.

To give oneself body and soul, to invest all one's energy in the creation of a work which will bring only immense inner satisfaction is decidedly not yet fashionable today.

To provide assistance for the intensity of a few days or to build something definitive that will serve the others is certainly much more tiring than playing steaks on the beach.

It is better to come back from your vacation with your heart full of joy than the tanned body. Like peeling skin, the holidays will leave no memory engraved in the heart of the superficial being who will have insolently stolen a part from the regenerating kiss of the Sun to the earth...

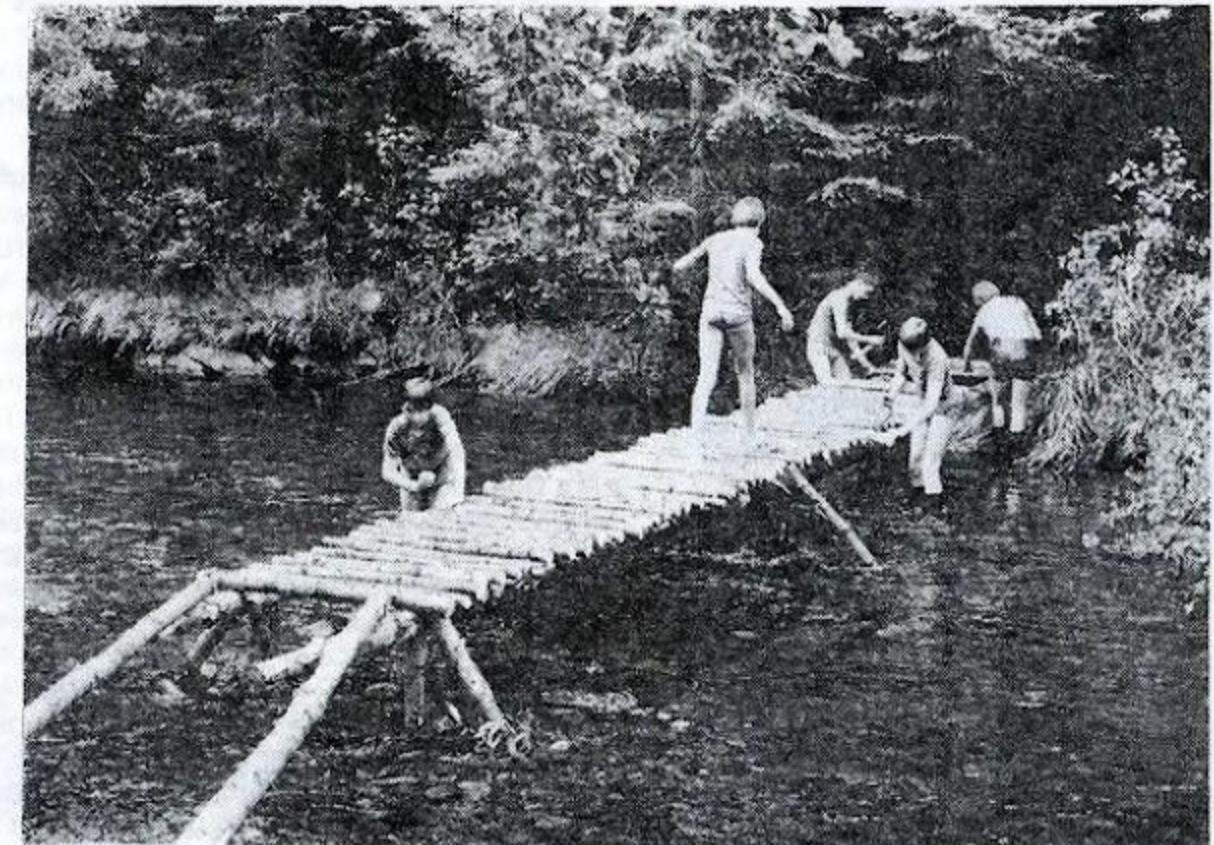
But if Service is so depreciated in our time, it is because the law of least effort reigns, the myth which transmits to men - but a pseudo-possibility of doing nothing and to be rewarded for it: "I am admired because I managed to cut out all the chores!" Everything actually comes from the state of mind in which we place ourselves.

By choosing Scouting, we are resolutely committing ourselves against the state of mind of this 2nd part of the 20th century that tends to make Man a sub-man. Doing as little as possible, that is the goal to achieve. We work for you, we build leisure activities for you, we think for you...

This is what makes a summer construction site possible felt like slave labor... or like a big game.

Question of optics...

Erik - truck driver



HARD, HARD... LIFE ON PATROL!

Yes, we talk a lot about friendship, brotherhood, family, but in reality, relationships are often marked by a harshness that, in order to be "manly", often borders on frank brutality. It wouldn't be serious if it were only about the jabs, heckles and petty scuffles that, by force, punctuate in a very healthy way the life of any boy who is comfortable in his own skin. No, the brutality that we sometimes deplore is moral; all the more dangerous because it sets in imperceptibly, in line with the relationships already established in high school and comes, if we are not careful, to poison our scout life.

The symptoms of this poisoning manifest themselves progressively: the tone of conversations rises more and more often, and not only under the effect of excessive fatigue. The "rants" of the C.P. multiply. Rivalries set in, testifying that selfishness is being given free rein with less and less scruples. Finally, at the end of a slow process of degradation, we arrive at "no longer being able to stand each other". When we have reached this point, even a vigorous intervention by the management has great difficulty in restoring the balance. This is not the place to analyze the deep causes that lead to such situations, but it is possible to suggest ways of avoiding them.



We all need each other, and it is prudent to recognize from the outset that this need is not only in the material realm of mutual aid and helping hands. We need to establish relationships with those around us that involve many elements. While some of these elements seem obvious to us:

- need to transmit information ("the weather is nice"; "it costs a hundred bucks") need to ask for information ("how much does it cost?") desire to express one's opinion...
- others are much less so and in the majority of cases we have practically no awareness of them. In particular, we need to establish "harmless" relationships, that is, we deeply aspire to surround ourselves with people with whom we can "let down our guard", show ourselves as we are without fearing that our weaknesses will be taken advantage of to dominate or humiliate us. This is what true friendship implies.

One of these "weaknesses" that most surely condemn us, in the free-for-all of our colleges, to the contempt and brutality of others is what is commonly called "the need for affection" and which is nothing other than the thirst for simple relationships devoid of aggression. Unfortunately, it is not possible to change anything about it externally, but it is absolutely essential to remedy it at home. This does not mean, however, that we are going to try to establish a "sophisticated" scouting dripping with sentimentality. Simply, we should try to avoid a certain number of behaviors:

- that we joke, that we "tease" each other gently, it's perfect; but be careful that the little "joke" does not become the stab that will hurt the sensitivity often much greater than we realize



thinks of the friend. ("I don't know what's wrong with him; I just teased him a bit and he starts to cry!")

- In a previous article (Casque n° 3) we mentioned the all too frequent language gaps. In addition to the deplorable effect on those around us, the use of such vulgar and brutal vocabulary can only lead to behavior that is itself vulgar and brutal and, consequently, to a **mental attitude devoid of any consideration for others**.
- If it is a truism to say that we must fight against selfishness, it is perhaps not useless to recall that it manifests itself automatically as soon as we stop imposing on ourselves to think of others first...

In addition to being careful to avoid such attitudes, you will have to try to develop a positive, open mindset. This is not something that can be achieved straight away, but it is a goal that is well within the reach of an average patrol, provided that you are motivated by a real desire to achieve it. This implies that everyone considers themselves as directly concerned by the difficulties of others and sincerely tries to remedy them (taking part of a buddy's load in your bag can be an excellent start). It also implies that you are not ashamed to show kindness, to have those little attentions that lift your spirits because you feel that you matter to others. Similarly, it is good to accept the kindness and thoughtfulness of friends naturally.

The CP in particular has an important role here because it is he who sets the tone for the patrol and it is he who ultimately determines

the atmosphere. Patrol leader, yes, but not only "leader", not only concerned that "it works" from a technical point of view. Patrol leader, but also **buddy, friend, even big brother**. Patrol leader, but also confidant and sometimes why not? -shoulder to cry on. Because there are times, like that, when everything seems to be going wrong; when everything is dark; when you really think you are all alone. C.P., if your guys are ashamed to confide their miseries to you, you can question your competence.

Feuuc S.d.L.



potholing



A FIRST

After some reconnaissance, the Balder Troupe (Valence) sets off on a caving exploration. From a scialet and a resurgence, unexplored because unknown, the Troupe will attempt to uncover the underground and hydrological secrets of a small massif in the south of the Drôme.



The Adventure promises to be exciting, although a bit long. The "first" in caving requires many precautions and long-term work (unblocking, siphon to "shunt", topography of the explored galleries, study of minerals and hydrology, equipment of wells and other difficulties, protection of fauna, etc.) The result may be slow in coming, but this kind of exploration never tires. And, although the site is particularly promising (many active and perennial resurgences, limestone massif with many losses...) our "caving scouts" are not at all certain of what they will find. We will see...

However, they have secured some support with Roland THEROND (see "Le grand raid" A²) who will bring his expertise in difficult times, the Departmental Committee of Speleology of the Drôme which will provide part of the equipment with the French Speleology School and the friend Pierre RIAS, who, as national director of the French Speleology Rescue, will be regularly kept informed of the progress of the exploration. In addition, Pierre will bring his excellent advice (let's not forget that he was one of the pillars of the exploration of the "Jean-Bernard") to this Troop who already knows him well (he has already received us for some winter camps at the National Speleology Center).

Finally, to top it all off, if the adventure meets our boys' expectations, a short film could be made by a professional filmmaker.

So, watch this space... and good luck to the new troglodytes.

ROAD SERVICE

The participation of the Odin Clan in the organization of the 8th International Speleology Film Festival was very, very much appreciated by its leaders. Now in La Chapelle en Vercors when we say "Free Scout" everyone understands: "efficiency, competence, confidence".

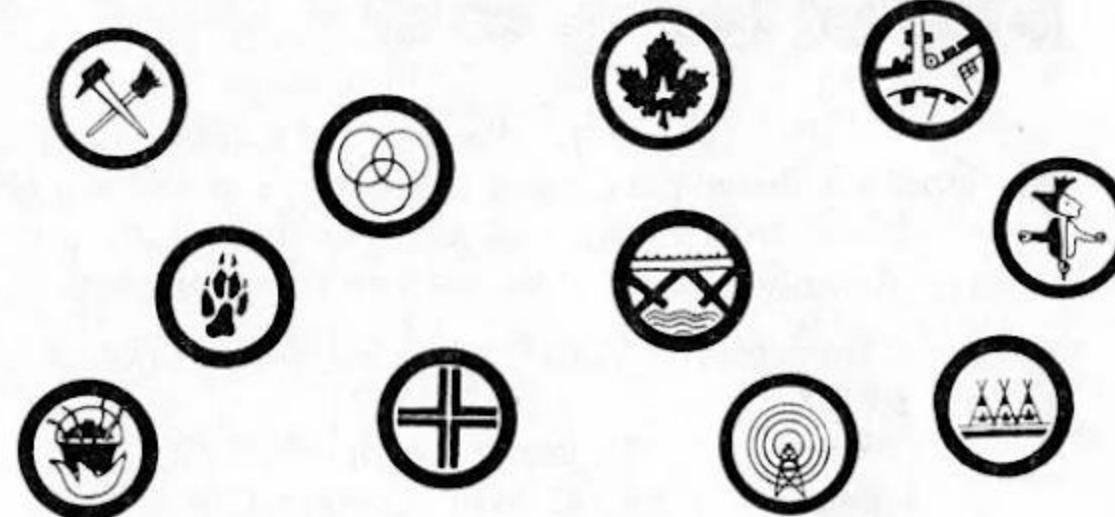
Three weeks of hard work, dedication, in short... service have shown that real Scouting still exists, is alive and well and is not turning in on itself.

A great operation, and all the congratulations and thanks from "Casque" to the members of the "FIFS 85" expedition.

See you next year...

TWO NEW CERTIFICATES FOR FREE SCOUTS

Scouts could already obtain the following specialties: patents among the 11 Transmission, Topography, Camping, Cooking, Pioneerism, Craftsmanship, Naturalism, Infirmary, Sports, Exploration, Expression,



Here are 2 new ones to complete our

"fan".



The text of the tests concerning them will appear in the next edition of Etapes (Eclaireur progress booklet), during October.



ECHOES... ECHOES... ECHOES...

NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP FOR C.P.

It will take place from December 27 to 30, 1985 in the heart of Vercors. All the free scout CPs are there amicably and... firmly invited as well as all S.P. aged 15 and over.

A registration form will be sent by the National Center to the boys concerned 1 month before the camp, but the dates should be noted now.

Shop

In order to help finance the association, the Free Scouts now offer, as part of "La Bou-tique", a certain number of items made by ourselves or at our request. Here is a first list:

- "Free Scout" T-shirt with our sizes: 60 F helmet (all)
- SL "More is in us" pennant: 20 F
- Metal key ring with helmet: 30 F
- Charm for SL metal pendant: 25 F
- Sticker "I am a scout, I protect nature": 3 F
- Large scout figurine with uniform and backpack in canvas: 160 F

Other productions are planned. In order to be able to establish an order in our orders, specify what interests you the most in the list below: SL tracksuit, SL sweatshirt, "I am a scout, I protect nature" t-shirt, lighter with Morse code alpha-bet, Swiss type knife with Morse code alphabet.

FREE PATROLS

We talk about it...

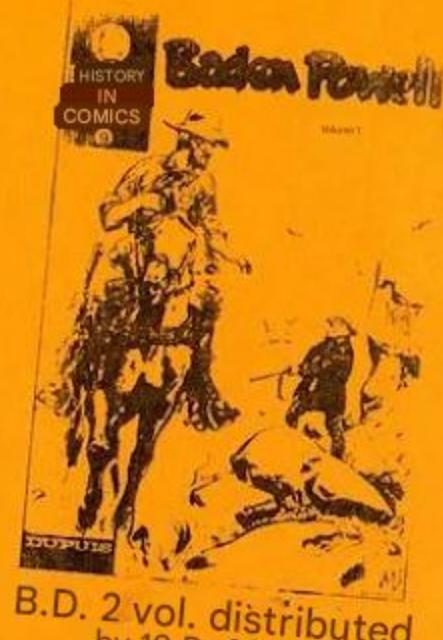
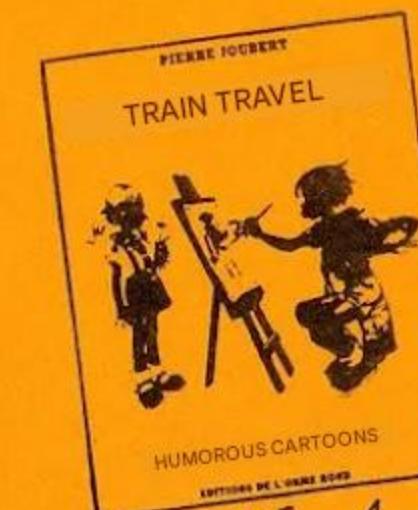
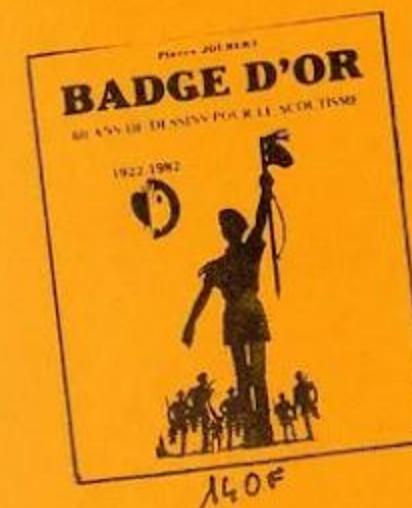
Many towns and villages should soon see the birth of these "black scarves" that terrify simple souls. Which will be born first, Tournon, St Marcellin, Cabriès, Dieulefit, ...?

The race is on!!!

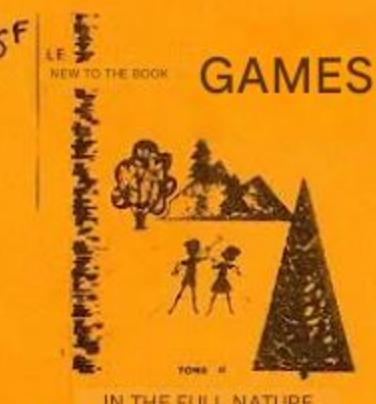
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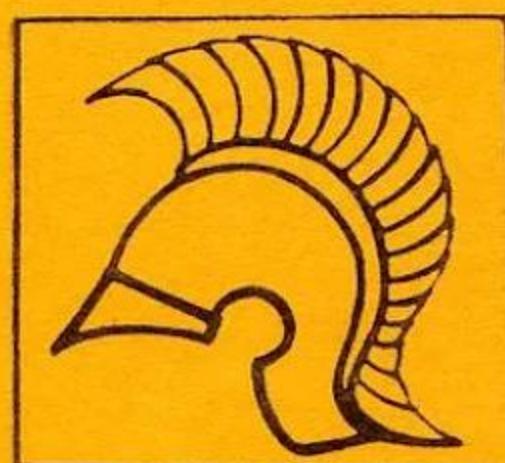


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Place your orders with your unit leaders who will pass them on.

THE LAW OF FREE SCOUTS

- 1° The Scout places his honor in deserving trust.
- 2°- The Scout is loyal to his country, his parents, his leaders and his subordinates.
- 3° The Scout is made to serve and save his neighbor.
- 4° The Scout is the friend of all and the brother of every other Scout.
- 5°- The Scout is courteous and chivalrous.
- 6°- The Scout knows nature: he loves plants and animals.
- 7°- The Scout obeys without question and does nothing by halves.
- 8° The Scout is self-controlled, he smiles and sings in difficulties.
- 9th - The Scout is hardworking, thrifty and respectful of the property of others.
- 10° - The Scout is pure in his thoughts, words and actions.



HELMET

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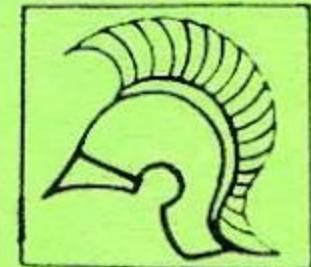
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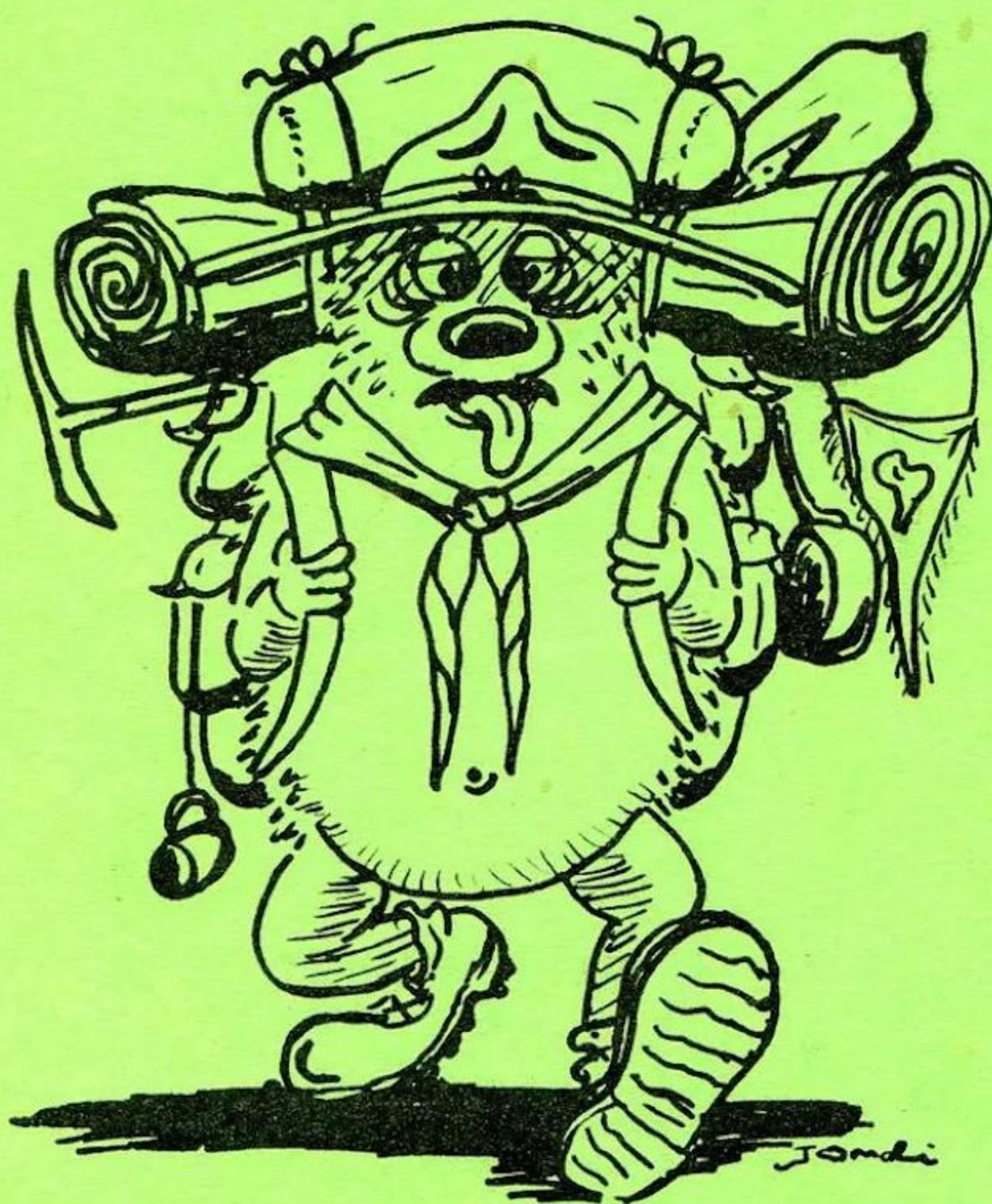
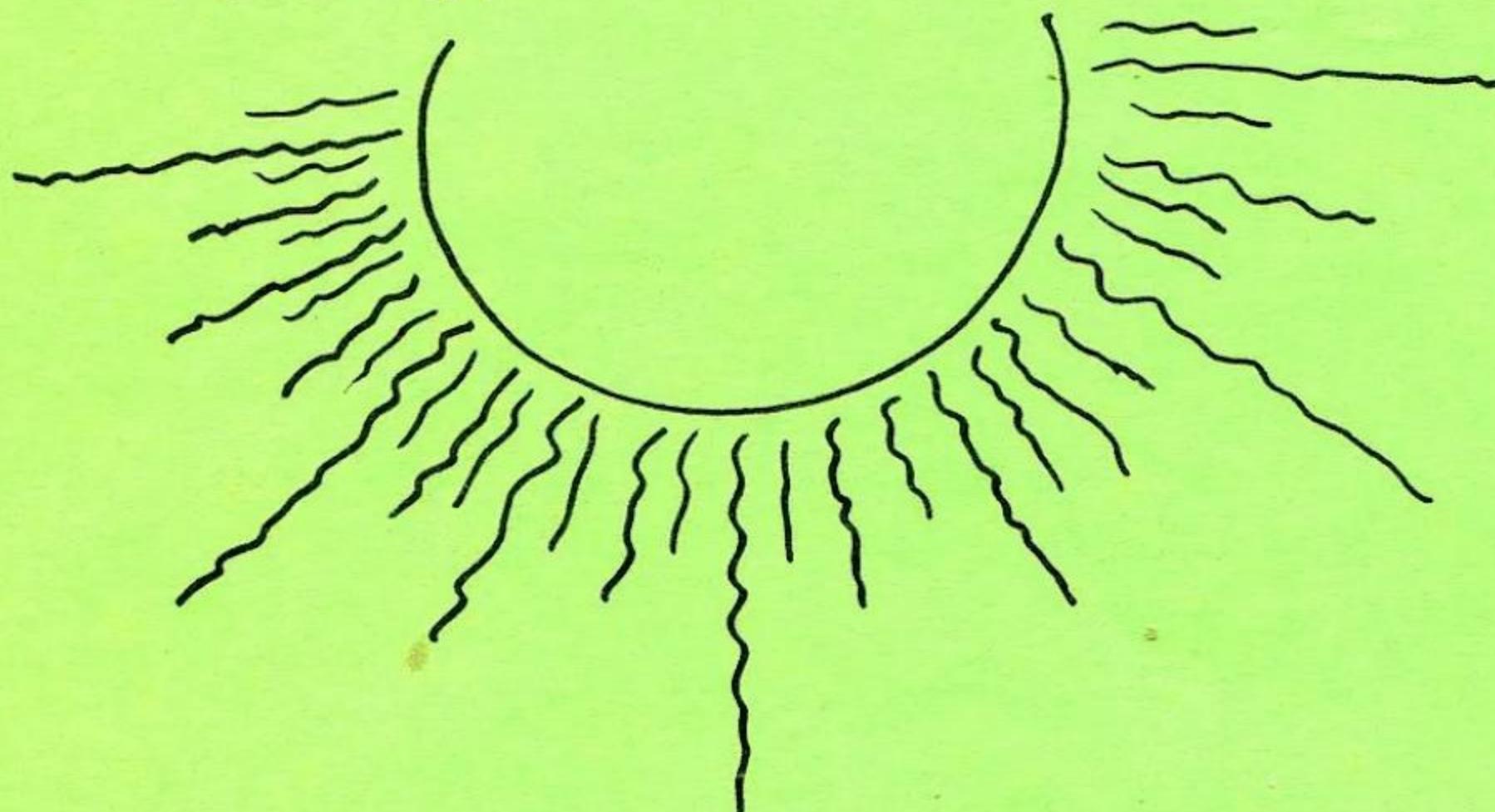
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HELMET

Quarterly

#4 - June 85 - 10 F



MORE IS IN US!

Much has been said about Scouting and in particular there has often been much invective against those forms of Scouting which claim to be faithful to its origins and traditions. Among many other things, they have been criticized for wanting to be elitist; it is to this last criticism that we must respond here.

When we talk about elite, we can mean many things, whether it is a social class, an intellectual category, or the "nec plus ultra" of certain sports disciplines. As far as we are concerned, we believe that it is the vision that we have of the world (things, beings, actions) that requires us to place ourselves, consciously or not, within an elite.

The Age in which we live, as beautiful and exciting as it may be in some respects, is nonetheless characterized by a clear tendency toward moral decay. In other words, while we are increasingly adept at making ever more marvelous objects, we are less and less aware of the why and how of our existence. We have arrived at that era of "science without conscience" which Rabelais said was the "ruin of the soul." It is here, it seems to us, that our Scouting can help those who claim to be part of it to counterbalance this widespread tendency to replace the lucid examination of the world in which we are immersed by adherence to ready-made doctrines or, more simply, by ostrich politics: "I want to see nothing, hear nothing,"

"I feel better like this!" You quickly get used to not thinking for yourself. It's very comfortable to feel like everyone else and to let others tell you what to do in a given circumstance.

Oh, our Scouting is elitist in the sense that it tries to react against this massification. We try to teach our scouts to stand up against all odds. We try to make sure that they form their own opinions. We try to teach them not to simply react, but to act on their own. We affirm that there is more in us than we would like to believe.

This is an arduous task, resolutely against the current of this leveling tendency which takes as a pretext pseudo-egalitarian arguments diverted from their primary meaning. We affirm that each of us is different from others and must act in accordance with his own nature. We also affirm that it is possible to have in common an ideal which cannot be reduced to slogans. We affirm that we can think and feel each for himself and find ourselves in agreement with a vision of the world sufficiently vast to respond to our aspirations.

We have to admit that this is an elitist position, but whose fault is it? Nothing would be more pleasant for us than to be in agreement with the masses, but must we therefore renounce this dignity that seems essential to us?

We will therefore continue, as much as we can, to seek this Plus, which is in us.

Fennec S.d.L.



REACT!

Already the fourth issue and no review has reached us. Others would already be singing victory and doing cartwheels, boasting of writing in a perfect magazine. This is not our case!

We wanted a magazine that would challenge; we only have passive readers. We expected articles, reviews (one word, what!); we only got a silence deeper than death.

Only a few sharp-legged wolf cubs got us out of the broom closet where you wanted to lock us.

This accentuates my idea of old age: a good armchair, a good pipe and finally good warm slippers. The easy life, in a word.

Anyway, the youth that lives within you should make you move (you get disjointed for things like smurfing).

Are we young people no longer able to fight for the faith that we consider to be right, when our civilization is on the brink of the abyss?

But maybe it doesn't say "Helmet"? In that case, good night.

To those who would not fall asleep while reading us, to those who would prefer the sun to darkness, combat to apathy, I propose to take up their finest pen and respond to me with a vengeful stroke, thus showing that they exist, that they think...

QUOT CAPITA, TOT
SENSUS (as many
heads, as many opinions)

POOR F.



moods

I was recently given the opportunity to witness a most distressing spectacle: a pack in distress was trying to erect three "patrol tent" type tents and was floundering miserably due to the deplorable state of the said tents. Not a single sardine was straight, most of the guy ropes, when they were not missing, had been transformed into knotted ropes, as for the masts, not only were they bent in various ways, but they were also not the right length. Distress of the cubs, rage of the wolf hunters, all sprinkled with a storm full of appropriateness. In short, it was the apocalypse.

"Normal," you might say, "everyone knows that cubs are too young to maintain such equipment, you should let them take care of things more within their reach."

Admirable and flawless reasoning! ... which, unfortunately, turns out to be, as they say, completely off the mark. Because these monstrosities, these infamous things, these traps for ... idiots, in the shape of tents, our cubs had just received them. Gift!!! And from whom? Come on... look carefully. Who could possibly have the impudence to let their equipment reach such a point of decrepitude?

Huh? Well, the Troop of course, our valiant scouts. But yes, but yes... it's as I tell you.

Let us cast a veil of modesty over the name of this unfortunate unity: to every sin, mercy.

Nevertheless, it seemed useful to me to reflect on the causes of the disaster. I have, for the moment, identified three:

1. The scouts do not know how to set up a tent. If they used their equipment properly, they would immediately notice that something was wrong when the "rotting canvas" was floating a few centimeters above the ground, for example.

2nd The scouts do not know how to sew. A well-made stitch at the beginning of a snag avoids many disasters. A properly redone eyelet saves hours of tribulation (Oh the fascinating spectacle of the tent gradually collapsing, pierced by its mast!).

3. Materialists deserve a kick in the... thing. No comment.



It is high time that all this gets back in order. My respectable namesake Fennec M., assures me that he is concocting an article on the proper use of a tent (Editor's note: it's done). For my part, I am going to concoct a sewing course worthy of a seasoned sailmaker to be published in the next few terms.

As for the punishments suggested above, let us leave it to the CT who feels concerned to administer them (Editor's note: it's done!).

Ah, life is full of surprises, Madame Michu. I thought I had seen it all, come on... but no, I hadn't hit rock bottom.

FENNEC S.d.L.



"Elite Scouts? My goodness, they don't even know how to pitch a tent!" Yeah! We've been there too. Besides, isn't the best way to fix it to talk about it among ourselves?

This is why here is a technical file:

The unknown tent!

THE TENT THIS UNKNOWN!

To properly pitch a tent, you need to know it well. It is not a question of pitching it anywhere, anyhow.

Conversely, it is a matter of maintaining it carefully, respecting it, taking the essential precautions depending on the temperature, possible bad weather, and the nature of the terrain.

In a word, we must give it the place it deserves, and finally consider it as a member of full part of the patrol with its own function.

ON THE MAINTENANCE OF THE PATROL TENT

The first thing to know is that a tent, a common object intended for sleeping outdoors, paradoxically, is prepared in the local, indoors!

Let's leave the lace to the lace makers, the rags to the marginalized and when we arrive at the camp, let's unfold impeccable equipment that will hold no surprises for us.

Repairs: Do not wait for holes or tears in the canvas or groundsheet to get bigger to repair them. For the canvas, sew a patch (different methods exist, our dear Fennec S.d.L. will give you some in a future issue). For the groundsheet, if possible, heat-glue the patch (in edsanyl, for example) or fix it with neoprene glue. Obviously, always choose a patch larger than the tear. We will see in a future "Helmet", how to repair eyelets.



Cleaning: Do not wash the tent, but brush it (otherwise it loses its waterproofness). Wash the groundsheet from time to time (brush detergent). Dry and talc before folding.

Storage The tent must be stored in a dry, well-ventilated place and at a height. Never on damp ground (this prevents it from rotting). Never store a tent while it is still damp, unfold it and dry it completely (it is best to do this by placing it astride two lines so that the air can circulate).

Tensioners Untangle them, test them, replace worn ones. Reattach to the tent those that have come loose. Undo the knots that prevent the "tension spoon" from sliding. In this regard, prefer metal "spoons" to plastic ones, which are unusable in rainy weather.

Pegs If manufacturers have provided 10, 20 or 30 tensioners for a tent, it is because they all have their uses, it is therefore necessary to fix them all to each tensioner corresponds to its peg!!!

Clean them, recount them, put them away in a canvas bag without holes. Straighten them. To hammer them in, use a wooden or plastic mallet and nothing else (especially not a hatchet blade and even less the heel of your shoe). There are three types: the sardine (the smallest) is used to fix the edges of the tent and the groundsheet.



* the stake is used for the tent tensioners.

* the spoon or angle iron is used for the tensioners of the double roof, it is also used for particularly unstable and soft ground.

Remember that for it to hold, a stake is always driven in at an angle. The upper part is the one that is furthest from the tent.

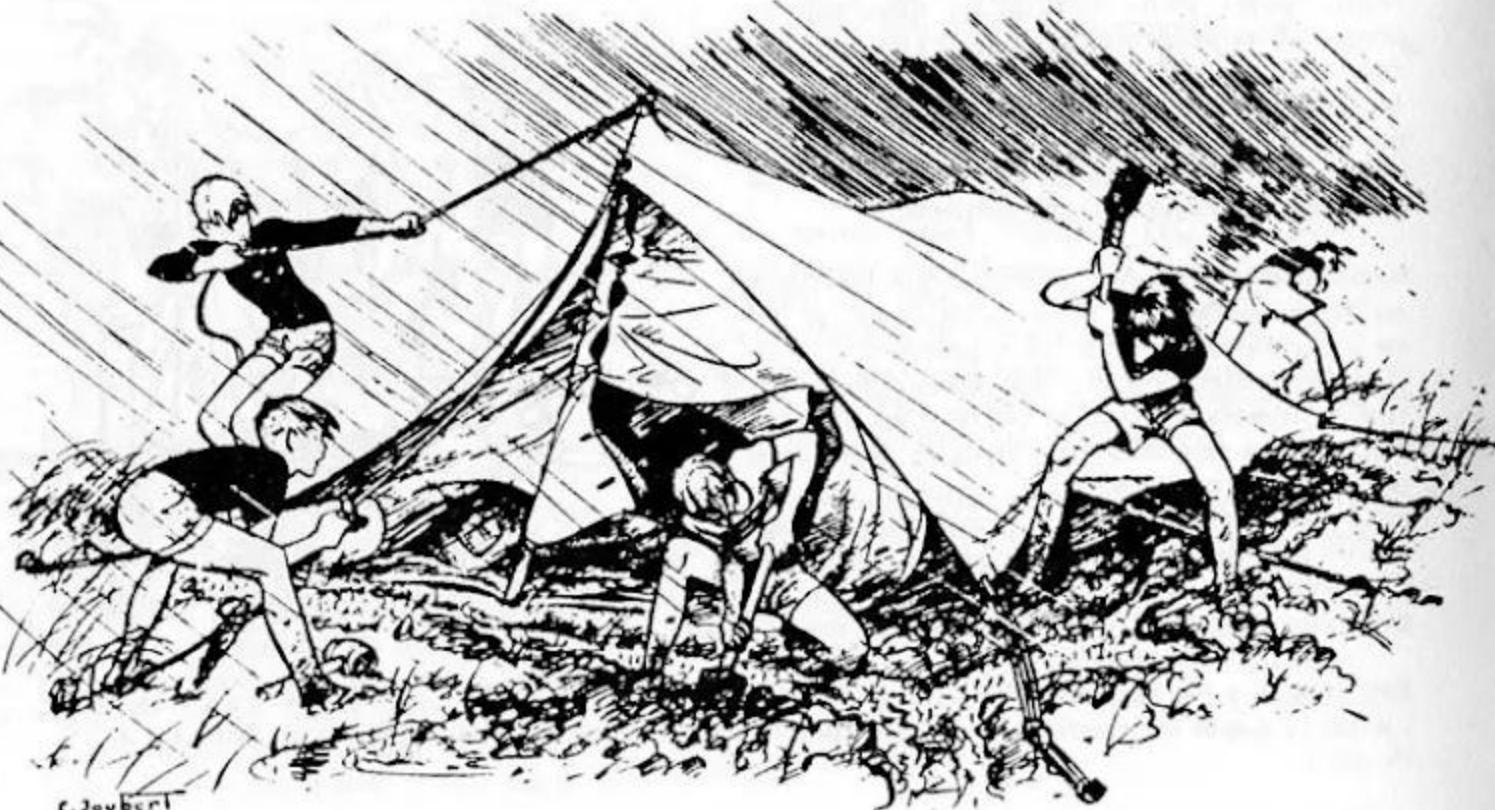
Finally, to remove a stake, slide another one into the ring or under the edge: just pull.

Masts: Straighten them if necessary (i.e. if unfortunately they have been used as a club, a fire bar, or in any other absolutely unacceptable way). Check the fittings (grease them only at the time of assembly). One trick: pass a string through all the elements of the masts or the ridge (in the right order), you will no longer ask yourself "and that there, what is it for?".

Place the masts in a strong canvas bag. Don't forget the "plates" to place the masts on the groundsheet. If not, take jam jar lids.

Tent bag It must be made of strong canvas, the best is a duffel bag. It will contain the canvas, the flysheet, the groundsheet, the peg bag and the pole bag. Patrols that walk a lot will find it useful to better distribute the equipment - to also provide a small bag for the canvas, one for the flysheet and one for the groundsheet. The whole thing will thus be divisible into four bags of approximately equal weight.

Decoration All that remains is to decorate the tent with the arms and colors of the patrol that owns it. But that's another story... (in a future "Helmet"?).



ON THE ASSEMBLY OF THE SAID TENT

+ First of all, choose a suitable location. That is to say, not in a basin or a ravine unless you plan to bring life jackets in case of rain. As a rule, to avoid swimming pools or tides, we prefer a flat, well-cleared and slightly elevated area to allow the water to drain quickly and not stagnate in a swamp.

+ Carefully clear the ground of dead branches, stones, stumps and other objects that could puncture the groundsheet.

+ Plan to orient the tent perpendicular to the wind and in such a way that it cannot bring embers from the fire that could damage the canvas. + Secure the 4 corners of the tent to the ground using pegs.

+ Install the poles in the eyelets then raise them.

+ While two scouts hold the poles, two others fix (symmetrically and by stretching them well) the corner tensioners (use pegs). The tent is standing, victory! + Fix all the side tensioners (with pegs), install the "bananas" at the end of the poles, then install the ridge (for purists, ridge bar).

+ All that remains is to cover the whole thing with the flysheet, fix its tensioners (angles) and make sure that the whole thing doesn't have too many anomalies. If, by the original configuration of its tensioners, your tent looks more like a spider's web than the honest home of balanced boys, you can ask yourself questions: "Yeah, have you seen the down-to-earth attitude of this retrograde leader who dares, in this space age, to ask us to transcend ourselves in the study of this medieval technicality... not cerebral enough!", but you can also return to the pack to the great desolation of the wolves: "Have you seen these cellars? How lame they are!".

+ Now let's come to the groundsheet. The tent is ready, we can set it up... but not completely! It will have to be laid down by folding it in two lengthwise, so we can move around without getting it dirty. You will only unfold it when it is time to go to bed.



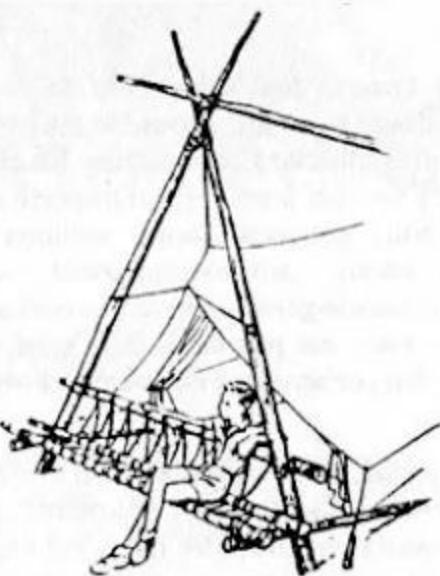
HOW TO DIFFERENTIATE

THE VC (OLD CAMPER)

FROM VP (PALE FACE) SOME

TIPS IDEAS

... RULES ...



+ Moisture makes the canvas heavier, it becomes more rigid and taut. To prevent it from cracking, or from excessively violent efforts weakening the resistance of its fibers, it is advisable to loosen the tensioners when it rains and every evening (dew).

+ If water is harmful to the tent, it is however less so than the sun, it weakens the fabric by burning the fibers. The best is to set it up in the shelter of a light undergrowth. If you are forced to set it up in full sun, never forget the flysheet (it protects, at least, the fibers of the inner tent canvas) and tighten the tensioners because your "second home" will have the unfortunate tendency to relax and thus sag strangely.

+ In the long run and despite all the love you put into maintaining your tent, its canvas will wear out over time. The best thing to do is to re-waterproof it. There are several methods, the simplest of which is a spray can, which can be purchased almost anywhere.

+ Never forget, if the weather is uncertain, to dig a small drainage trench all around the tent, under the double roof with an overflow opening onto the lowest part of the ground. It is also a good idea to avoid getting stuck in a quagmire to install a log hurdle in front of each entrance.

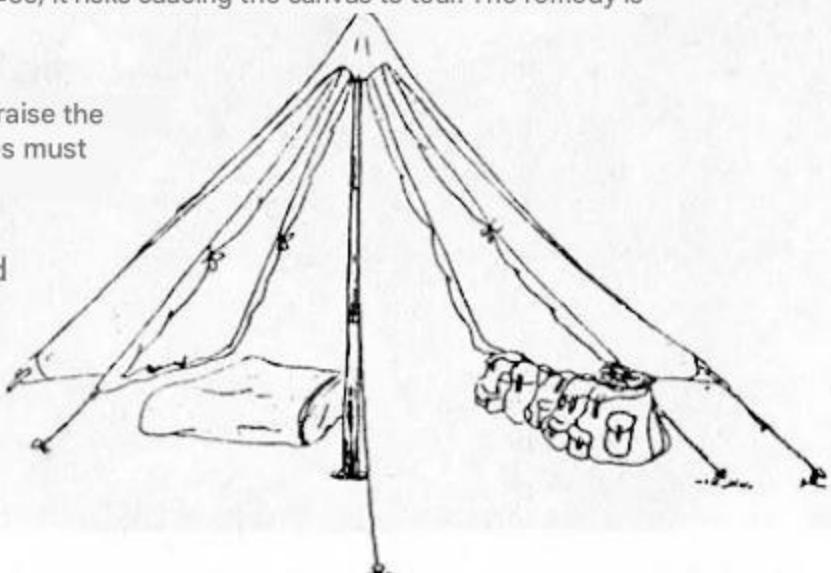
+ The "gutter" is the camper's bane, and yet it should never happen. It can happen in two ways: 1°. You have not installed the double roof, it is raining and you touch the canvas from the inside. Remedies to stop the rain..., do not touch the canvas or... install the : double roof if the weather is uncertain.

2°. You have installed the double roof, but it touches the tent canvas (no ridge, ridge installed without a "banana", tent poorly stretched, etc.). Remedy: learn how to pitch a tent (see previous page).

+ If it snows, there are two risks: the snow, as it accumulates, risks causing the flysheet and tent to come into contact and causing gutters; moreover, if it freezes, it risks causing the canvas to tear. The remedy is to remove it regularly.

+ A tent must be aired every day (roll up the doors, raise the walls) as well as the sleeping bags. The canvases must be re-tightened as well as the tensioners.

+ After airing, you can stack the duvets and blankets, surround them with the groundsheet and thus form a sort of well-lined sofa. You put the bags in front of the sofa and thus have a most pleasant living space.

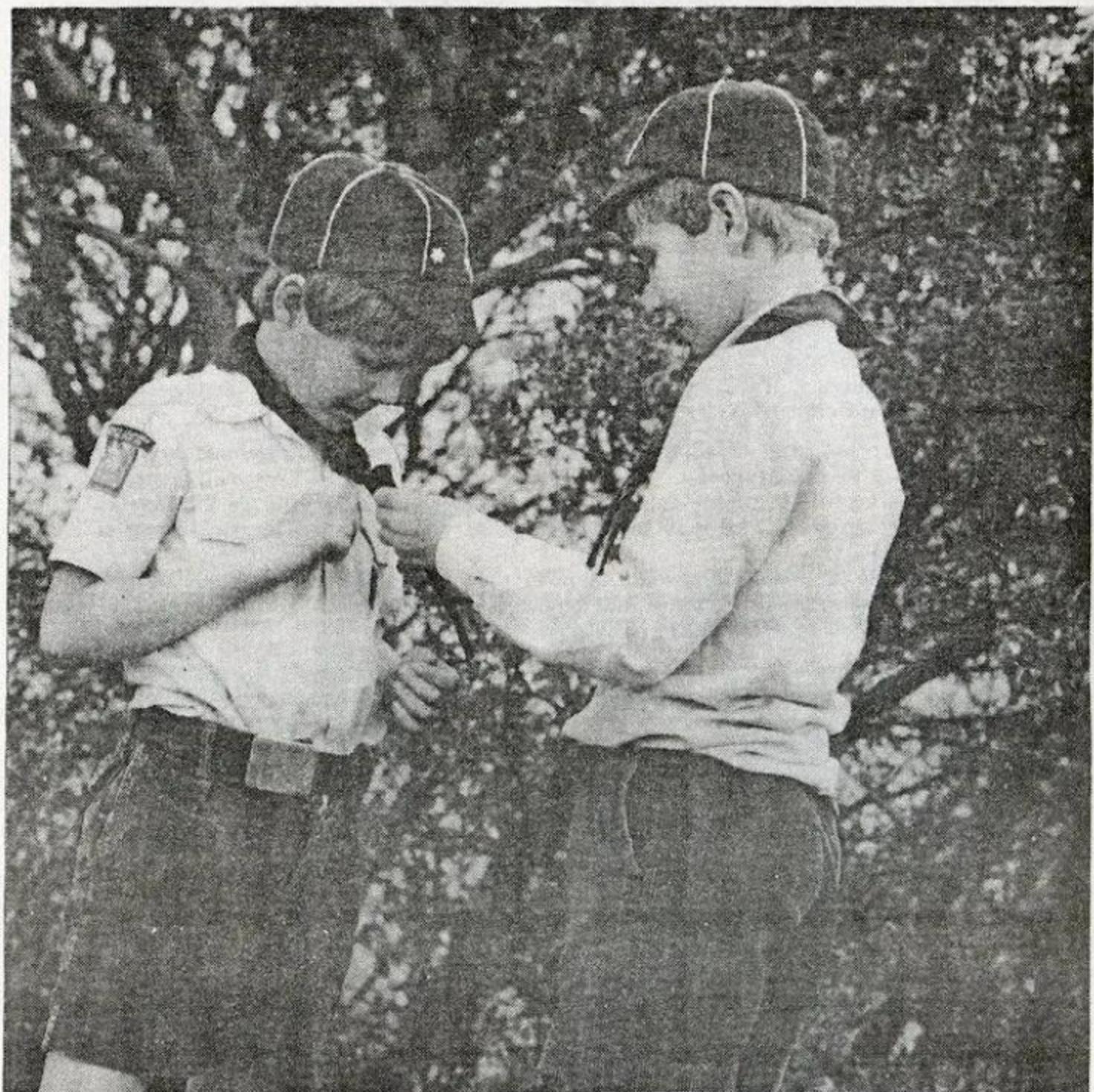


Fennec M.

"THE SCOUT IS PURE IN HIS THOUGHTS, HIS WORDS AND HIS ACTIONS"

This famous tenth article of our Law is undoubtedly the one that is the most misunderstood and the most difficult to comment on. Indeed, everyone can find almost anything in it. As far as we are concerned, we want to get away from the automatically Christian Implications that are generally associated with the notion of purity. For us, pure is that which is unmixed and it is in this sense that we understand the tenth article.

To be pure, therefore, is first of all not to be divided; it is to be in agreement with oneself; it is to know toward what one tends. To be pure is to express clearly-



ment, if one considers it useful and necessary, what one thinks, without fearing disapproval or seeking to please. To be pure is to act as much as possible in accordance with one's convictions, without giving in to the pressure of conformism or fashion.

It is difficult to be pure in this way. It is even more difficult to remain so. It requires a lot of consistency and courage. It requires saying YES or NO, never "maybe."

One is not born pure, one becomes pure. As one gradually refines raw gold, one must rid one's mind of the dross that encumbers it. Purity, in this sense, can therefore only be an Ideal that one must strive to attain in a constant effort. Here again, "More is in us."

Fennec S.d.L.

SEEONEE

JUNGLE JOURNAL



Agile Language Hello, Old Wolf!

Old Wolf Hello Little Wolf!

L.A. Did you enjoy the last weekend?

– V.L. A lot.

L.A. – Yet we had to rinse ourselves badly.

V.L. – You're right, two storms of nothing at all.

L.A. – Still, we all had to get down to our underwear to cook.

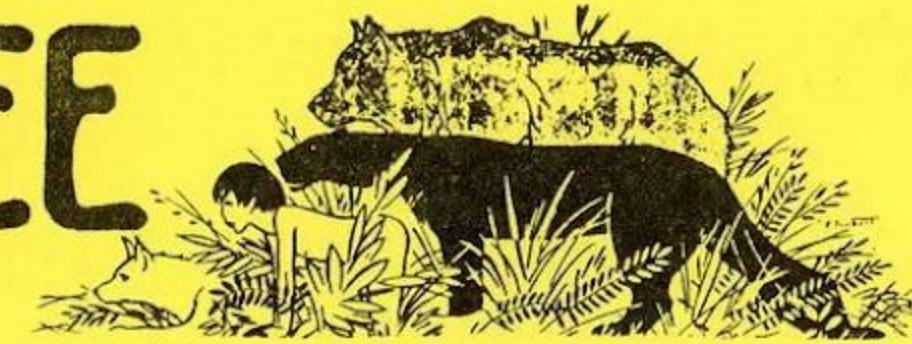
V.L. It's the only way to keep your clothes dry.

L.A. You were funny and at first you didn't seem to be hot!

V.L. – Me, you salt, cold showers...

L.A. – You still came to swim with us.

V.L. Yes, and I must say that you surprised me. To see you jump like that.



PALABRAS OF

JUNGLE

in that icy water and going back there for pure pleasure, it ended up making me want to go there too.

L.A. – Have you seen Baloo? He's not afraid of cold water either, huh!

V.L. That's right, he's almost as brave as his cubs!

L.A. It's Akela, who doesn't like that very much!

V.L. He still got a little wet.

– L.A. Yes, but not completely.

V.L. – Maybe, but for the rest, admit that we can hang on.

L.A. – Oh yeah, when he walks, we can't just hang around!

V.L. By the way, did you enjoy this walk to the Château de la Belle Justine?

L.A. Rather! But at the top of the pass, I was starting to get tired!



V.L. Confidence for confidence, also soft.

L.A. – Yet, you were the one leading the march, in the end.

V.L. I couldn't afford to slow down; what would I have looked like?

L.A. It's beautiful, the flerté! "More is in us" and all that, huh?

V.L. In a way... And then, we still ate well.

L.A. Yes. And then, the approach game after, it was really blen.

V.L. – Did it work well for everyone?

L.A. – Yeah, I got almost to the foot of the lookout tree; you know, in the bushes right next to it... twice.

V.L. I almost made it too. I think the only ones who managed to touch the tree were Turbulent Snout and Soft Fang, right?

L.A. – Yeah, but they did it by trickery!

V.L. – What do you want, with Akela in the tree, there was nothing else to do.

L.A. – Yet, with his glasses...

V.L. – Oh, tell me! I wear some too!

L.A. – Yes, but...



V.L. It's okay, it's okay... How did you find the witch game?

L.A. – Terrible!... But exhausting.

V.L. – It's not that easy, huh? I took some pictures, we'll see how it goes.

L.A. – Am I on it?

– V.L. Surely you did everything wrong for that.

L.A. – That's not true!

V.L. – No, it's not true; I'm kidding you.

L.A. – Ah, I like that better... Say, if there's one where I'm on it...

V.L. Oul, I'll give it to you... And the Château de la Belle Justine; How did you find it?

L.A. At first, when Akéla said it was dangerous and that we didn't have to go, I almost stayed downstairs.

V.L. – Yes, but you still went.

L.A. – Well, out.

V.L. – And you were scared?

L.A. – Well, you know when to climb and all that...

V.L. – But you didn't turn around?

L.A. – No

V.L. – For what ?

L.A. Because there were Akela and Baloo up there and they tell us all the time that it's not shameful to be afraid, that it happens to them too. They say that we have to train ourselves to overcome fear.

V.L. – And you overcame it?

L.A. – Quals! Even though I looked in the precipice!... flat on your stomach.

V.L. – That's already not bad.

L.A. – Well yes, I'm dizzy!

V.L. – It's not vertigo; it's the fear of heights, and that can be cured very well. Just keep going like that.

L.A. – Is that true?

V.L. – That's true enough... and after that, you ran back to camp, huh?

L.A. What a ride we had! It was really downhill!

You should have seen it on the bends! It took us 24 minutes!... Why did you stay behind?

V.L. – Let's say that I nobly sacrificed myself to accompany the few slightly weary elements of the pack....

L.A. – My eye!

V.L. – A little respect, will you?... And then, I wanted to look at the landscape.

L.A. That's it!... Mind you, you arrived in good order and everything. There's no denying it. Just a little after the snack...

V.L. It's normal, you can't eat properly: you gobble up everything that comes along without waiting.

L.A. – We're hungry, say!

V.L. – That's fair enough. If your mothers could see you devouring rations that I can't stand!

L.A. And it was good, huh!



V.L. I must say that, without having the class of a competition meal at the Éclat-reurs, it was not bad at all.... especially the peaches in syrup which.... Ouch! You don't hit a Scout oil, it looks bad!

– Don't make any insinuations! L.A.

V.L. – Plague! Your vocabulary is enriched!

mol – What do you think? I'm going out too, L.A.

V.L. But I have no doubt about it. I would even add that I particularly appreciated the way you behaved on the train and in the bus.

L.A. Tol, you're going to tell me some nasty... things again.

V.L. No, no. Really, although I was all alone to make you do the journeys, you proved to be remarkably docile.

– Yet, you seemed to say that we would see when we arrived. You even said that you didn't want to be taken for an apple! L.A.

V.L. These, my child, are the mysteries of pedagogy.

L.A. – The what?

V.L. – You will understand later...

L.A. – I'll have to wait until I'm as old as you? It's not going to happen any time soon!

V.L. Don't run so fast, come on! Wait for me!



Beautiful Justine

In their "Jungle Talks" our two protagonists evoke the castle of "Beautiful Justine".
What about it? We wanted to lift the veil.

Die is a large village in the centre of the Drôme, well known for the nectar of its Clairette vines. A few kilometers away, in the nearby mountain, stand the ruins of a castle. Legend has it that it belonged to the beautiful Justine.

This one was so ugly (a pig's head eating from a golden trough) that she had to wear a veil.

A tunnel, apparently 5 km long, connected his castle to the cathedral of Die.

It was in this tunnel that the overly curious lover who was following her, lifted his veil and fled in terror. Poor Justine, in sadness, threw herself from the top of the walls of her castle.

A hiking trail leads to this very picturesque (and dangerous, Agile Language whispers to me) site. Scouts, cubs, and others... passing through Die, don't hesitate: go and visit this poor Justine, she's waiting for you!!! If you want more geographical details, write to Casque, we'll send you a map...



Due to lack of space, we have been forced to postpone the "Wild Mammals" section to issue 5. Excuse us, dear little wolves.

OUR FRIENDS THE PLANTS

TEA

Latin name: *Thea silensis* Family *Theaceae*.

Tea is a psychic and nervous tonic. It is anti-infectious (contains vitamin C). It is stomachic (good for the stomach), febrifuge (kills intestinal worms), diuretic (removes urine retention). It promotes muscle relaxation.

The leaf infusion is drunk (infusion: soak the plant in very hot water, off the heat, for 5 to 10 minutes) but it can also be used as an eye bath.

In case of burns, crush the leaves, boil them, and apply as a poultice.



THE GREAT NETTLE

Latin name *Urtica dioica* Family *Urticaceae*.

Also called common nettle or wicked nettle, it is this plant 50 to 150 cm high, with hairy and stinging leaves that our scouts know well. It is found everywhere near inhabited places, near hedges, at the edges of roads and paths, in ruins, public dumps, gardens, railways, etc.

It is a very nutritious plant that loses its stinging principles if left to rest for a few hours after picking, otherwise it must be boiled and the leaves eaten. Nettle can also be cooked with the stems softened by cooking.

Beware of seeds, they can completely suppress urine.

It is a food of prehistoric times and famines which is also used to make fabrics, tea towels, ropes, fishing nets, paper, dye. Its sisters *Urtica urens* and *Urtica pilu-lifera* have the same qualities.



REASON DECEIVES US MORE OFTEN THAN NATURE.

Vauvenargue
"Maxims and reflections"

ECHOES... ECHOES... ECHOES...

NATIONAL CENTER: WHAT'S NEW

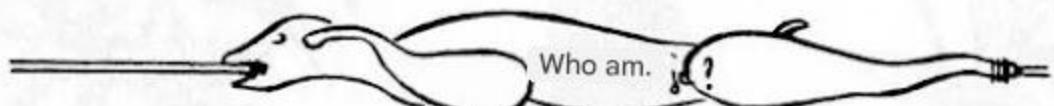
Changes in the use of premises, works, developments, are in progress. At the end of September, our "new formula" National Center should be operational: we will thus be able to work more efficiently!

ATTENTION! Our phone number has changed, for
To contact us, please now dial (75) 55.09.70. The secretariat is open
Monday to Friday from 9 a.m. to 12 p.m. and from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m., Saturday from
9 a.m. to 12 p.m., and generally at the start and finish of weekend scout
activities.

Family barbecue at the LÉONIDAS GROUP

June 2nd was the parents' and alumni's day of the Léonidas group. Despite the uncertain weather, school parties and other trinkets, nearly 90 people took over the Damian Cultural Center in Vesc (26).

Our host had done things in style, and after a "Kir-brochettes" aperitif, a gargantuan meal was served to us.



After the starters, we weren't hungry enough to tackle the sheep... and then some.

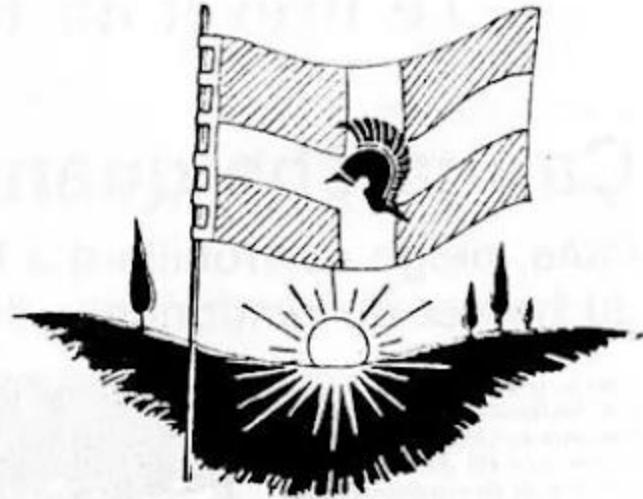
Digestion was aided by the many games and competitions organized by the scouts, a sunny fairground atmosphere that reached its peak during the parent-child football match. Out of modesty, we won't say who won...

The afternoon continued very pleasantly (bowls...), very late for some who only resigned themselves to leaving around 8:30 p.m.

A successful "first", which will be repeated next year.

SUMMER SOLSTICE

(Echoes)



On June 22, as part of the celebration of the Summer Solstice, the Balder troupe (Groupe Léo-nidas-Valence) presented its standard to the sun. Here is an excerpt from the consecration text

To the Fire which enlightens us this evening,
To the Fire which among us reflects the Sun,
To the Fire that unites us,
To the Fire that rejoices us,
To the Fire which sings here the ardor of our aspiration,
At the Fire we present our standard.

«With a Sable helmet on a Vert field crossed with Argent» Such it is
So he guides us and inspires us.

May the Spartan helmet always remind us of the incessant fight against our weaknesses.

May it be for us a sign of our determination to defend the honour and greatness of our people. May it remind us, Scouts, that one is never too young to defend the heritage of our people. age of his ancestors.

Know also, friends, that in You we place our hope. This is what the green of our flags proclaims.

The flames which today make the white cross shine only serve to restore the Sun's light.

For it is indeed He who shines on our standard. It is indeed his terrible and devouring purity which is thus inscribed at the center of our life.

Sun, by pushing back the darkness into nothingness you show us the way.
Sun, eternally exact at the appointments you set, you teach us fidelity.

Sun, center of our universe, you tell us that our life is a quest for Light.

Sun, constantly reborn, you are the mirror of the promises of our youth.

Sun, it is to you that we present our standard.

The Drôme Hiker's Certificate

It still works

Rain, snow and fog put to the test by the Drôme hiker's certificate

It was at the Chaud-Clapier chalet, with the congratulations of Mr. Pesce, President of the General Council of Drôme, that the first Drôme hiker's certificate was awarded to the 350 valiant walkers who completed the route they had chosen to do in the worst weather conditions, starting from Peyrus, la Vacherie, l'Echaillon or the Col de la Bataille.

It took a lot of courage on Wednesday 8th May to set off in this nasty rain that transformed the slightest path into a ditch of clay and mud. From the Ambel farm, the thick layer of snow made progress more and more difficult and posed new problems for hikers. Approaching the Col de l'Infernet, after unsuccessful attempts, the organisers of Corando-Drôme took the wise decision to block the passage to the Infernet and directed all participants to the clearing of Malatra where a bus service provided the connection with Chaud-Clapier. A handful of seasoned hikers were the only ones allowed to cross the passage, thus ensuring the safety of a few daredevils.

The aptly named Chaud-Clapier chalet allowed everyone to eat in the dry, hot drinks and brioches were widely distributed. After a detailed tour of the facilities, Mr. Vieux, president of the French hiking federation and Mr. Clément, vice-president of the general council congratulated all the Corando leaders for the perfect running of this hike without forgetting the valiant CBers of OMRAS as well as the volunteers of the Civil Protection who waited for hours in the cold and rain to ensure the coverage of the first patent of the Drôme hiker.



Above is an article from the Dauphiné which only imperfectly reports the terrible conditions of this day. Of the 900 registered, 550 preferred to stay in bed after looking out the window. About forty Free Scouts (many absent "small natures") who made a strong impression. The twenty kms covered by the cubs, stuck at the Pas de l'Infernet,

Present in Chaud-Clapier, in addition to the personalities already mentioned, were Mr. Cukierman, representing the prefect, Mr. Feuvrier, president of the Rhône-Alpes hiking federation; Mr. Zaret-ti, representing the departmental director of Youth and Sports Mile Carteaux, press attaché, prefecture of Drôme.

Our photos of walkers under the pilgrimage towards the Infernet. Stop at the Tubanets chalet.



was a real small feat.

Our valiant scouts and our courageous little wolves were very justly rewarded, firstly by the raffle, where fate really favoured our "delegation", then by the diplomas and medals, awarded to all our young people who deserved them.

Special mention to Ourson and Martre who completed the 27 km sporty hike with a 1700m elevation gain in record time.

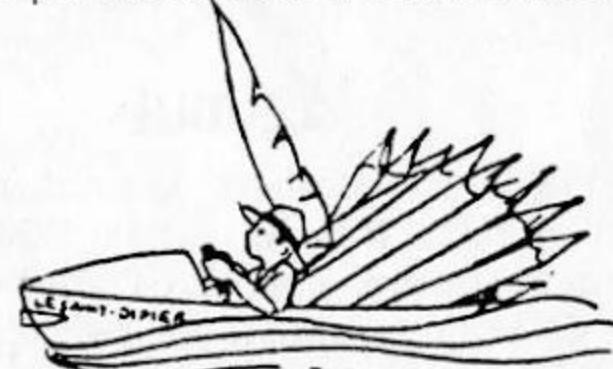
Well done to all and see you at the next edition (May 25, 1986).

NEWS FROM MARSEILLE

The Marseille Free Scout Group was honored by the local press on April 10th (having only received a photocopy, we unfortunately cannot reproduce it here). The reason is that the organized outing took place... on a helicopter carrier! A visit that greatly impressed our scouts first of all by the dimensions of the building, but also by the particular life inside

on board, that of the sailors and officers. Discipline, certainly, but also organization of community life, each person having a well-defined role.

Let's bet that last point reminded them of something...



VALENCE SCOUT LIBRARY

It has been further expanded in recent weeks. On this subject, a very big thank you to our Norman friend Gilbert for his quality contributions.

Note: "The Wild Life Manual" by Alain SAURY. The best survival guide we have had the opportunity to read so far. Every Troop library should have it. A monument!... (Editions DANGLES).

We received...

any further

Number 1 This is a magazine for young people in French. It is published in Switzerland by a former leader of the A.G.E.S (Association Genevoise des Eclaireurs Suisses). The medium is of good quality, as are the composition, layout and iconography.

In our opinion, it is rather lacking in its well-intentioned but presumptuous content. We explain a lot of things that have already been seen and "copied" from another magazine, while the promoters claim to be competent and new journalism.

One thing saddens us more: the Catholic intolerance that shines through in places and whose peak is a frankly bad article on the "rune of death". Bad documentation or bad faith, we do not know, the fact remains that "journalists" should never publish such untruths...

However, it is worth reading, and certainly helpful, a foul of youth cannot, must not lead to a definitive condemnation. We await the rest...

Azimuth

Number 18 The excellent journal of the A.G.E.S., written in part by our Friend Raksha (alias Daniel GRIN), does not give in to associative conformism and is truly committed to the rehabilitation of true scouting in Switzerland. Like it or not, but at Azimut, we don't mince our words and we express our opinions loud and clear.

By the way, a big thank you to Raksha who, in her Medical Cinema laboratory and despite her health problems, kindly composed some of the texts for this issue of Casque. Good luck and long life to AZIMUT.

The Vigil

Number 3 Bulletin of the Troop St Jean Bosco, written by the scouts themselves. Not bad at all for a journal of this type, and congratulations to Sébastien who gives it his all. Good fin-handle to you, Remora, but don't kill yourself with this work, we must also need you elsewhere.

ODIN !

The warrior's horse was walking. His confident gaze was lost, over there: Battlefields, death rattles of the dying, Sobs of women, laughter of the living.

His proud, domineering people, His united, fighting people, O ideal, strength and greatness, For his children, ad posteros.

The stranger smiled as he passed
Hero thought as he smiled One
knowing what he would be
The other living what he was.

Man of the future, sparkling.
Full of pride for your City, Hero
Man, complete Man. Who in an
exhilarating march

Led your people to freedom. Proud
Europe, winged Europe,
Revolution, you were alive,
Better than Gods, you made Men.

And you laugh, unknown old
man, Before them your eye
shines! No one notices this croaking, This
howling! Vita Victoribus!

Erik



The child approached the old man
Who was giving crumbs to the birds.
"Why do you feed these birds? They are
useless and dirty the sidewalks!

Why do you stay in the cold When
it should be warm at home? Why don't you
greet Our benefactors, tall, strong
and handsome,

Our protectors, great and brilliant,
Nummatus et aequitio? >>>
The old man looked at the child,
Then disappeared, sobbing.

HELMET



°3N — March 85

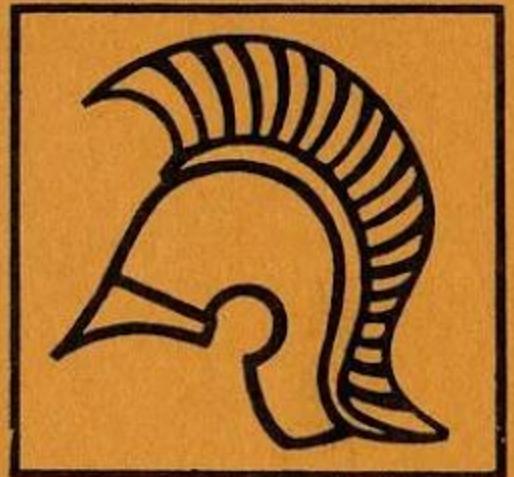
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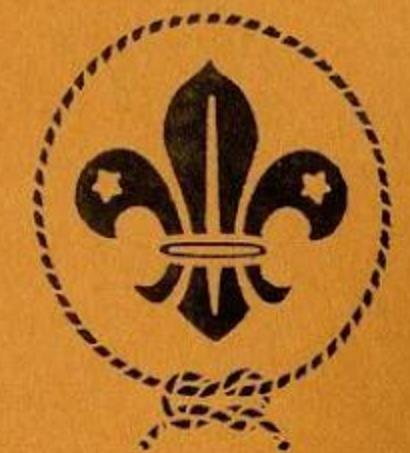
IT'S SPRING!

More is in us!

Our motto is not a simple gratuitous affirmation. More is in us, really, than we know ourselves. In a world where everything is done to level individuals and force them to conform to a uniform model, it is very difficult to know oneself and, even more so, to develop what one potentially carries of qualities and gifts that emerge from the ordinary grayness. As the impressed film only agrees to show the image that it carries, the tent, when it is immersed in a bath of determined composition, it is only in the heart of an appropriate atmosphere that the hidden riches of our character can appear. This revealing bath is what our scouting wants and can be.



There is more to her than meets the eye at first glance.



The axis of our activities is the Scout Law, whether

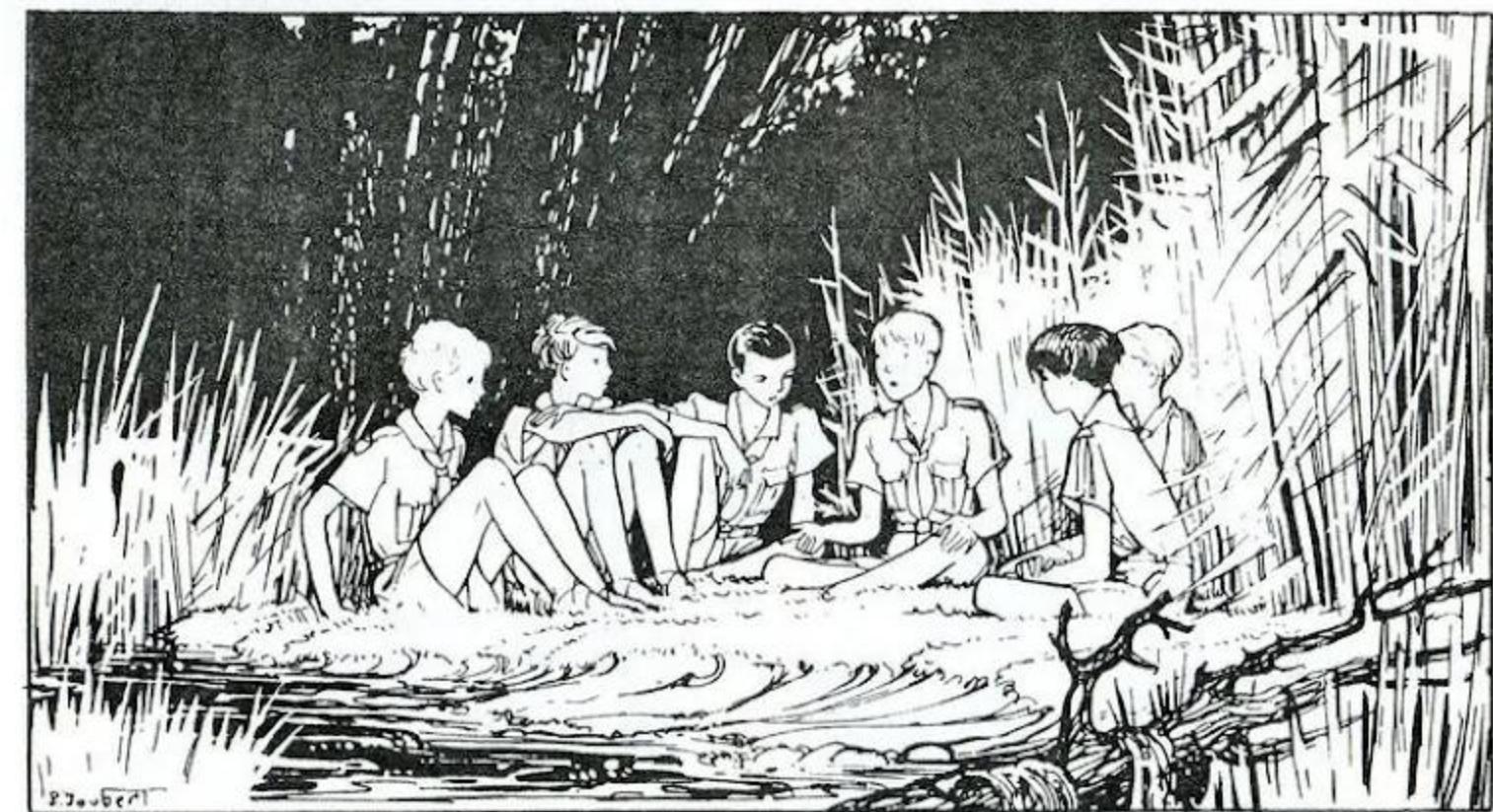
we are aware of it or not, and the role of the leadership and the CPs is to ensure that it remains present everywhere. Camping, playing, being together is good, it is good, but it cannot be an end, a goal. Activities are means intended to bring out in us what is best, most true in us. Only "right" actions can lead to such a result, and to be "right" an action must reflect a way of life, of thought, perfectly in agreement with the goals that we propose to achieve. This way of life is summarized in our Law. Let us therefore know it, reflect from time to time on the meaning of its articles, do not be content to hang it, as a local decorative sign, on the wall of our

Open letter to the why not... their parents... to Scouts and the Cubs and their parents!

Rain, snow, storm, bad weather? ... trifles! The scout laughs at them, he uses them to find ingenious remedies for the thousand little difficulties that arise then.

The big one, the only problem, the one calamity feared by every troop or patrol leader, the abomination of desolation, is "absence".

Anyone who has never spent precious time arranging the various activities of an outing or a weekend to combine them into a harmonious and balanced program, who has never distributed the tasks of a patrol with great fairness, cannot understand the despair and disappointment that one feels when, when the time comes to leave, one realizes that everything is shaky due to the defection of those on whom one had counted.



A troop is a whole. A patrol is a whole. As in any living organism, each element is essential to the proper functioning of the whole. If a boy is missing, the patrol is temporarily one-eyed, or lame, or one-armed. If the absences are too frequent, it becomes infirm, some even die.

There are, of course, circumstances where one really cannot come; if Uncle Jules threatens to disinherit his nephew if he is not present when he celebrates his fifty-eighth birthday... one can understand, one only has to warn him sufficiently in advance. But, most of the time, the reasons given when one takes this trouble are rather lacking in seriousness and border on a frank violation of the first article of the Scout Law ("The scout places his honor in earning trust")...

Also, please, a little seriousness! When we have pronounced "our promise" we should also think about what this implies. If necessary, we can explain it to our parents if they (they are excusable) do not see very clearly the realities of our scout life.

Being a Scout means, first of all, BEING PRESENT.

THANKS.

The one who must
always be present.

OUR FRIENDS THE PLANTS

Everything in Nature has been made available to us to help us live well. Our ills also come from our ignorance, our bad choices, our lack of strength towards the desire to KNOW.

Let us be cautious, but not timid. Let us strive to be humble, but attentive. Books cannot teach us everything. Let us seek, let us transmit to those who follow us for a better future.

In the city, it is quite difficult to have experience. Let's take advantage of our outings in the countryside. We have often forgotten the achievements of the elders. We must help each other, and strive for a way to harmonize our lives towards a healthy way of behaving, outside of taboos and prejudices: LET'S EXPERIMENT!

THYME

Latin name Thymus vulgaris Family of Labiateae.

It is an excellent aromatic, fresh or dried. It is tonic, good for the kidneys, and gives excellent morale (information to be transmitted very quickly to the patrol or troop quartermaster!).

Used as a herbal tea (infuse for 5 to 10 minutes in very hot water, off the heat) after a good meal, it is diuretic (helps to eliminate urine - therefore toxins).

PARTS USED: leaves and flowering tops, to be taken in full bloom.

It contains a little camphor. It can mask bad odors, keep insects away from wardrobes (and



In issue 4 of Casque we will study TEA and ROSEMARY.

SPRING COMPETITION

Camp installations deserve serious consideration for their preparation. Two reasons for this: you don't embark on any adventure without preparing it (let's say "we'll see" to the incapable); the trees must live, they are a precious heritage that must not be wasted. Two solutions: plans and models. The plan is used to establish a precise project, the model allows you to know if this project is feasible. You will thus face the same technical difficulties as during the real construction. A model must be built in wood, with small branches collected or with purchased round sticks. You will make the same assemblies as for the installation: half-wood, tenons, etc... and even the matchstick dowels. The competition: Open to all "free scouts". Simply send one or more models (fragile package) before May 30, 1985 to: "Casque" Scouts Libres Pont du Gât 26000 VALENCE. 30, rue

The best will be awarded prizes.

being diversity, nothing and no one is alike. However, great rules govern us all. Let us find these great rules among plants. What is important at the beginning is to consume them as fresh as possible, and to use them simply. Let us not trans-hormonate them too much in cooking. Knowing about plants is important. Aren't they the origin of what has become "medicine"? That doesn't mean we should ask doctors, herbalists, specialists.

We will start with a plant within our reach, which is easily found in stores, and which we all use, more or less:

backpacks!), help to preserve grapes, prunes, hams, dates, figs, cold meats, dried fruits. It is a stimulant with the same properties as wild thyme (another name for wild thyme).

They are also used to make fumigations and tonics for children or elderly people with lymphatic or atonic disorders.

It is highly sought after by bees. Thyme honey was praised by the ancients as excellent, especially that from Mount Hymettus.

The botanist.

This summer I met a gentleman who, a water and forestry engineer, assured me without blushing that replacing hardwood species with conifers would not increase the acidity of the soil, and was justified by commercial profitability.

I was then with two 14-year-old scouts, who, having their botanist badges, started rolling their eyes like UFOs.

I think they were happy to have a well-made head rather than a well-filled one (with what?).



Let me be told that school provides a certain part of the education necessary for a man's life, I am willing. I will add a small part, since until further notice it hardly allows us to grasp the "why" of man's place in the universe, nor does it lead to the world of work (how many boys and girls do we know who, with a diploma, know how to do nothing, and cannot hold any job?).

Who will tell us that school promotes the development of personality, character, solidarity? Where does the word "pigeon" come from, if not from the school environment? And where does false discipline reign, the one we flee from? The young people who



do not those who dive into drugs, pinball stupefaction, racketeering, and other such "entertainment" do so from the school environment?

I don't know of any that the scouting community has plunged into these artificial paradises. I know many that the warm atmosphere of the patrol or the pack has cured them of cigarettes, or even of "joints", or quite simply of chronic enuresis and eruption of warts.

Many scouts joined the "Compagnons du devoir" (formerly "compagnons du tour de France") to learn a trade, or took charge of themselves, became artisans or artists, creators, business leaders, after having acquired in our ranks the taste for initiative, the art of obeying and commanding, that of teaching.

Let someone point out to me a school, other than the Montessori schools, that teaches this simple thing, the art of obeying and commanding, the art of teaching? I would then be happy to make public amends.



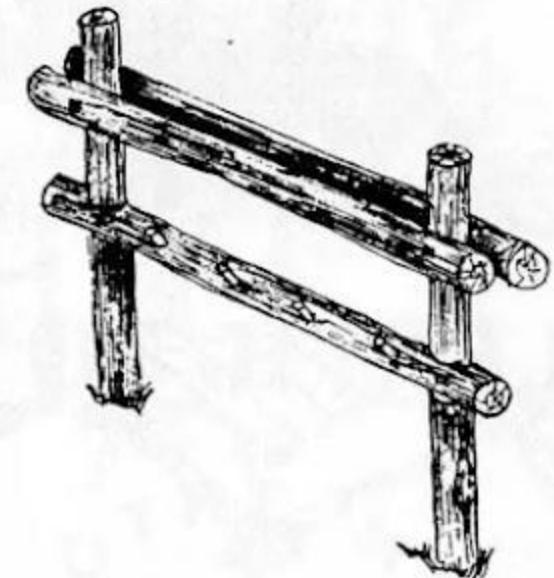
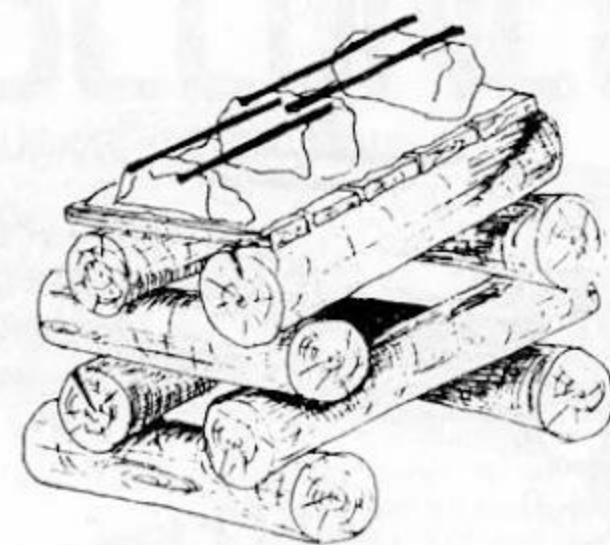
So let us leave the school in its place, which is too big for the moment, and let our cubs, our scouts, our rangers complete their knowledge and the link they must have between them within our forests, our mountains, our seas, in our scout units.

And then let's work, because nothing must ever stop, so that the school changes since, Maria Montessori who was not a scout tells us: "Scouting is what the school will be when it is what it must be."

DES IDEES...

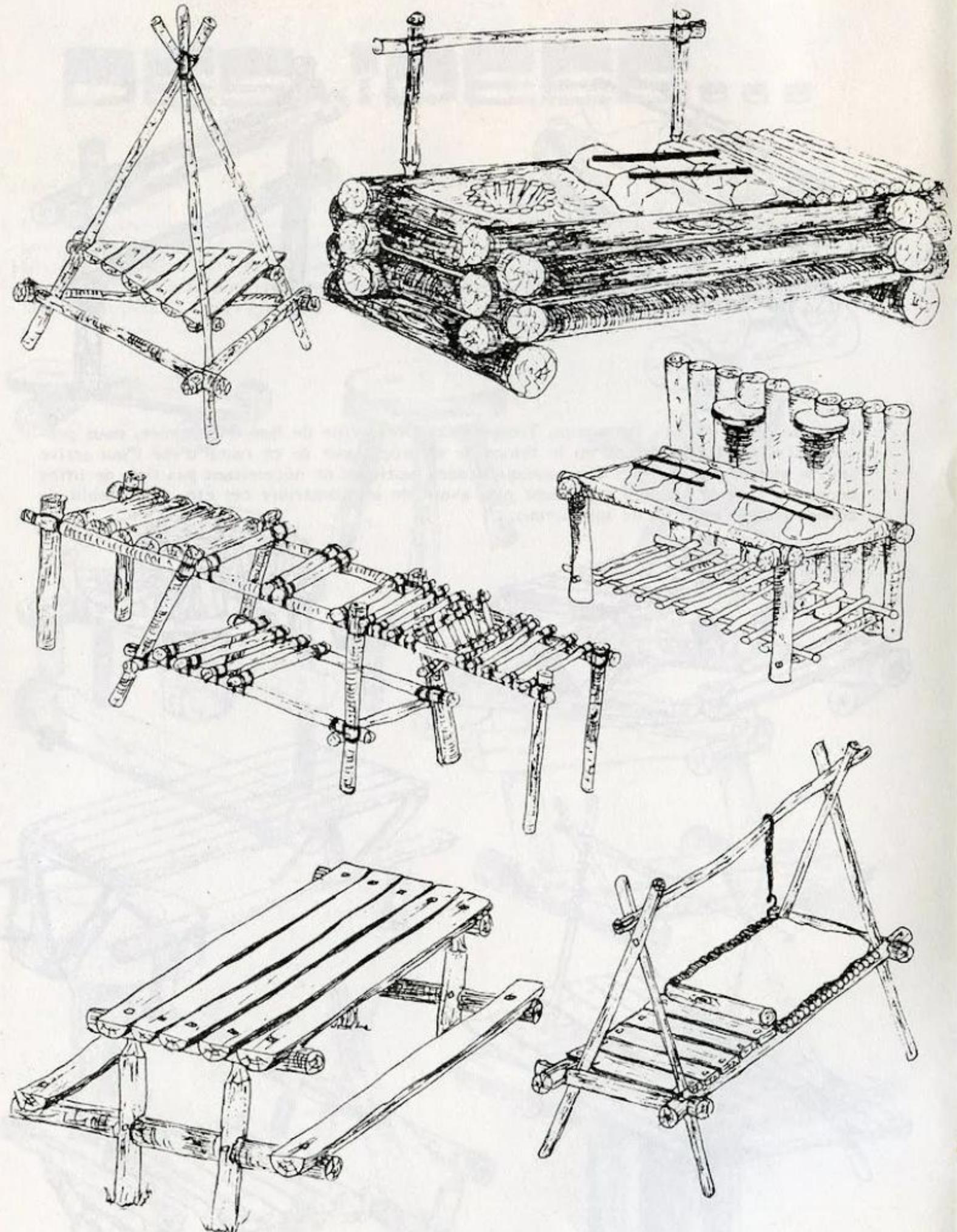
Easter camp is the big rehearsal before summer camp. It's high time to worry about the last details concerning the installations of the big camp. Each patrol has already prepared its models (aim to avoid unrealizable projects and see the difficulties and the finished set), remains to train, or at least to train the novices in the marvelous techniques of froissartage.

Let's take advantage of the Easter camp and plan to build small "quick" installations there. Here are some examples:



For the Patrouille des Paresseux, Troupe Jean Dort, Ville de Bon-le-Sommier, we think that she has not yet had time to worry about this summer camp ("which is coming so quickly my dear..."). Here are some rustic ideas that do not require too many liters of sweat. However, she should not hesitate, before building them this summer, to establish good models... you never know...!





BUT YOU WILL DO WHAT OTHERS HAVE NOT DONE BECAUSE THE GENIUS OF MAN IS INEXHAUSTIBLE. AND YOU TOO WILL REJOICE WHEN YOUR WORK HAS COME OUT OF YOUR HANDS...

Michel FROISSART ("Grey Fox of the Picardy Plains")

SEEONEE JUNGLE JOURNAL



Agile Tongue Say, Old Wolf, what is-
that he is a "National Cub Scout
Commissioner"?

Old Wolf Ben... it's me.

L.A. Ah? and what are you for?

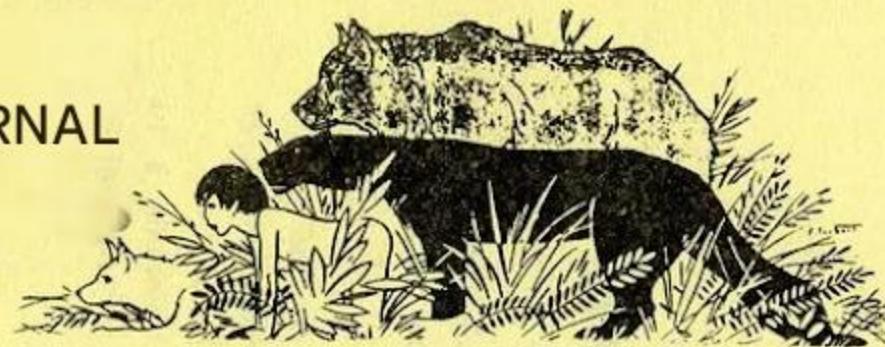
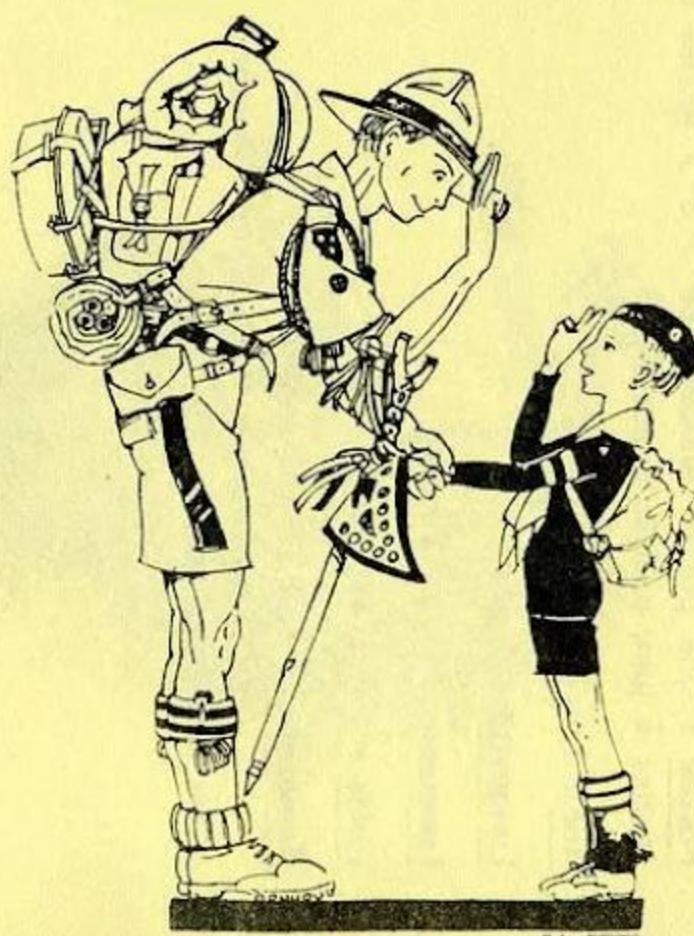
V.L. - To give my opinion when asked.

L.A. Oh yeah... and who do you give your opinion to?

V.L. To the Group Leaders, to the wolf cubs, even to
the wolf cubs, if they ask questions.

L.A. So, you're really smart, I say!

V.L. Well... I've mostly done and seen a lot of stupid
things done. Now I'm starting to know
how to predict them and even avoid
them from time to time.



JUNGLE PALATES



L.A. Are you going to go out with us?

V.L. - would like to, but I have too much to do
elsewhere. I will come sometimes when
Akela invites me and I can get free.

L.A. Hey, Akela, he's below you, so...

V.L. - !!!

L.A. Well, you're his boss, right?

V.L. - Ah no, Akela is wise enough to guide
himself.

L.A. Sure... but then what are you for?

V.L. Listen... I'm old, I have worn claws, dull fur and
loose teeth, but I can still use my brain...
Akela is very strong, but there are things
I've seen and he hasn't. I can sometimes
explain to him how to go about...

L.A. For ?...

V.L. - To avoid being eaten alive by the little
wolves of your species.

L.A. Yes, you're right, because Akela, raw, must
not be very good, we'll cook it first.

V.L. So, you will have to come and I will give
you the recipe! VOLT,

WILD MAMMALS

The Squirrel

Its habitat: Coniferous and deciduous forests.

Observations: From April to October. In the middle of the day but in summer preferably in the morning and evening. At random during attentive walks in the forest.

Food: Feeds mainly on seeds and dried fruits, and occasionally on chicks and insects.

Litter: An annual litter of 3 to 5 young from February to June, sometimes 2 litters.

Rut: January to May.

Longevity: 7 years

Length: 33 to 52 cm.

Weight: 230 to 480 g.

Notes: Makes a spherical nest.

Significant numerical fluctuations from year to year.



The Fox

Its habitat: In very diverse environments but always near forests, scrubland or groves of trees; especially in dry land.

Observations: All year round, especially from May to July. Between sunset and total darkness, and one to two hours after sunrise.

Easy observation in front of the burrow, motionless 10 or 15 meters from the entrance, on the lookout between May and July.

Food: Feeds on small rodents, fruits, insects, leverets.

Litter: An annual litter of 4 to 10 young in May.

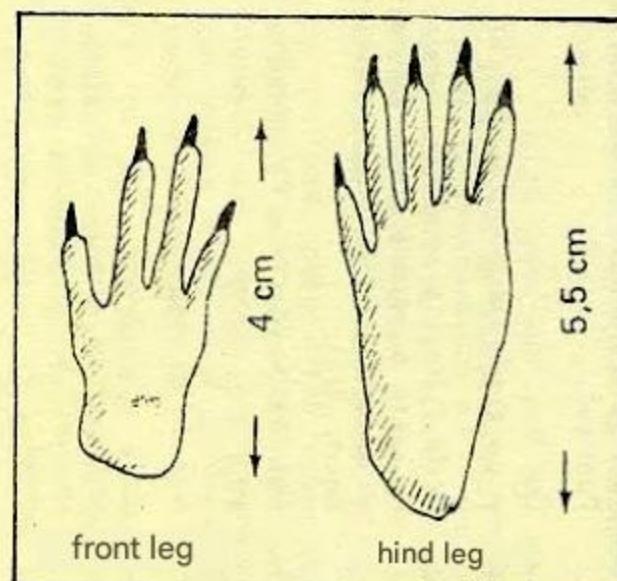
Rut: In February.

Longevity: 10 years.

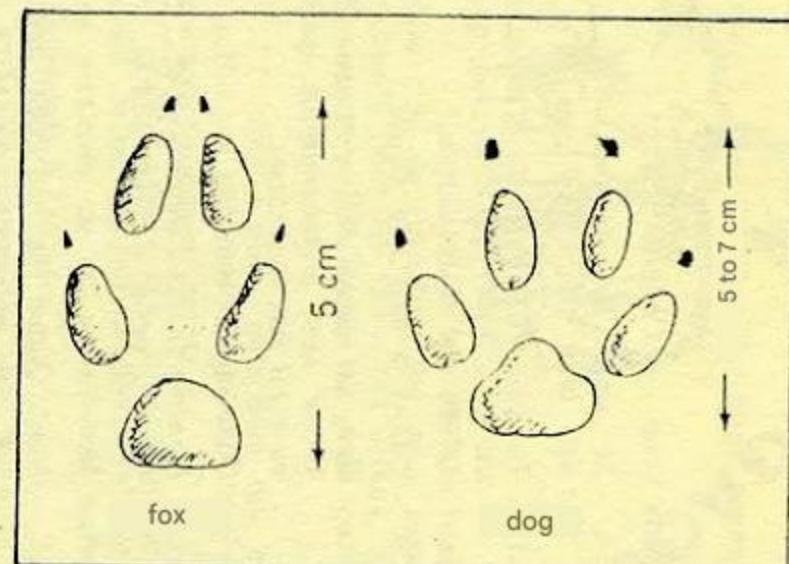
Length: 90 to 129 cm.

Weight: 4 to 10 kg.

Note: Often lives in a real burrow.



fingerprint.



JUNGLE PALATES

Nimble Tongue Tell me, Old Wolf, what's the use of a uniform?

Old Wolf, get dressed!

L.A. Don't make fun of me, come on... you know that's not all it's for.

V.L. You see, you also suspect it a little. No? ... Think about it, when do you wear it?

L.A. When I go to the Pack.

V.L. Well, we can already say that the uniform is used to recognize who is or is not a Cub Scout.

L.A. Yes... obviously.

V.L. As you say, obviously... Only, it doesn't stop there.

L.A. No?

V.L. - No. When you walk down the street in uniform, what does it do you?

L.A. I don't know... I feel like I'm not the same as everyone else.

- V.L. And you are really different from others?

- ... L.A. Well, yeah, what. I'm a wolf cub.

V.L. - And a wolf cub is better than an ordinary boy?

L.A. Of course!

V.L. - For what?

L.A. Because we learn a lot of stuff. Because...

V.L. Yes?

L.A. - Because we're doing our best!

V.L. Here we are! The uniform serves to remind the absent-minded that they are little wolves, not Bandar-logs.

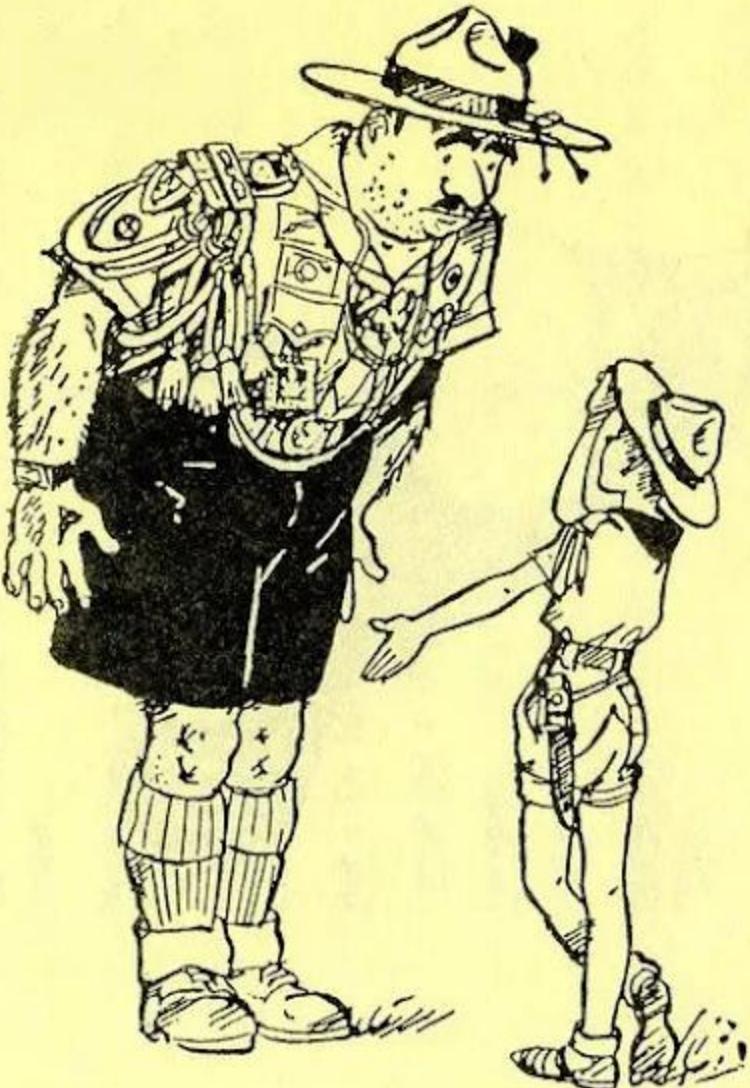
L.A. Yes, but we remember that!

V.L. All the time?

L.A. No... you're right.

V.L. - it without the uniform, or else you would have to be reminded of it constantly.

L.A. That would be great! We should have Akela come everywhere with us, even to school. You bet we'd be happy!



V.L. - We'll say a few words about it at the National Education, but I advise you not to have too many illusions. In the meantime, the uniform is the little wolf's fur; with that on your back, there's no way to pretend: either you do your best, or it's shameful.

L.A. There, you're kidding, there's not always someone to watch!

V.L. - And then...

L.A. Well...

- V.L. Well... what?

L.A. You're right, it doesn't change anything.

- V.L. Come on... hello little wolf. And good hunting!

L.A. - Hi Old Wolf... about...

V.L. Yes?

L.A. Well... that's it... I wanted to tell you...

V.L. Yes?

- L.A. Well... my prey is yours.

V.L. Thank you, thank you...

L.A. - Well... yes; because at your age, you must not be able to run very well anymore.

- V.L.!!! Wait a bit, you'll see!

moods

What a disappointment!

I saw a scout troop that was completely lacking in initiative. Yet it gave the appearance of a real scout troop, such as we imagine them in novels.

How can I make you understand that without initiative will not be able to build something you constructive.

Initiative is linked to character: without character, no initiative...

It was hard to see that this herd was made up of sheep following the orders of an overly authoritarian (or not mature enough) leader.

However, we can never say enough about the pleasure there is in seeing patrols where each boy does not hesitate to help out on his own initiative, discreetly seeking to "do" as many "chores" as possible with the sole satisfaction of working for his community.



When in a troop, the unit leader is obliged to tell the patrols that such and such things remain to be done, the mechanism is not working properly. This often comes from the fact that the CPs are not doing (or have not understood) their job.

If the boys are not observant (or courageous) enough to find the services they can provide, the second in command, encouraged by his C.P., will have to take his role a little seriously and make the boys in his charge aware of the services to be provided and the meaning of free action. Patrol life would only be improved.

But enough of the grumpy mood and let's try to meditate together on this sentence from B.P.:

"When you play, you don't wait for the Captain to tell you every time you have to go forward, or pass the ball to someone on your team; you do it all by yourself. You know what the Captain expects of you, and you do what has to be done without waiting to be told."



When B.P., in 1907, gathered his two gangs of thugs on the island of Browsea to make them scouts, he did not remain passive in the face of the youth crisis of his time.

The Dutch scouts who welcomed the Belgian refugees in 1914 were just as active.

Likewise, those who, closer to us (your father's generation) saved the victims of the Malpasset dam collapse in Fréjus.

The scouts from all countries who enlisted and died in the great turmoil of 39-45 did not remain neutral either, any more than the leaders who, for forty years, clandestinely kept the scout flame alive in Franco's Spain.

It should be noted that these scouts were not among those "leaders" who published (with what money?) beautiful glossy magazines, sold their concerts of nice quittares in churches where a plywood podium replaces the altar stone, shouting that the scout pro-mass is a fascist act or discoursing at will on spiritual mediumship.

People who acted as scouts were and are leaders in the full sense of the word, not spitting on the word, often totemized, certified, active, not ashamed of their attire, possessing faith in a certain vision of the world.

No, little brother, your scouting is not a "middle ground", a "happy medium", a lukewarm attitude. Scouting is not neutral. It is a commitment at the antipodes of neutrality.

On my honor and before our entire community, I undertake to do my best to:

- serve my country, Europe and render service in my faith.
- all circumstances, observe the scout law.
-

MOWGLI



**"A BRAVE HEART AND COURTEOUS TONGUE WILL TAKE YOU FAR
IN THE JUNGLE"**

It happens - quite often, alas - that when passing near a patrol the gentle spring breeze carries to us, in addition to the delicate scents of flowers barely in bloom, the echoes of a language that will make your ears wither. Indulgence is a virtue, but laxity is a fault that is akin to both laziness and cowardice. So it is our painful duty to make a little clarification.

No one doubts, valiant Scouts, your generosity, your bravery, your perseverance and your loyalty, all virtues that come together in an admirable bundle, a clear and always alert intelligence. We will even go so far as to praise, for those who are affected by it, your indomitable virility. But, by all the gods, explain to us a little what need you have to use such filthy language!

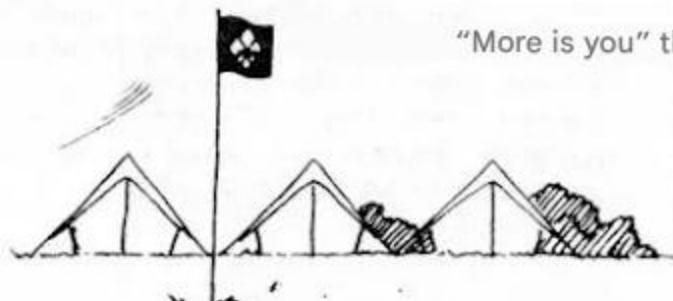
No, I'm not a bitter old kroumir. I admit that you can say "SHIT!!!" when you've let loose the axe on your foot, it's a relief. But I also maintain that enough is enough. Tell me what's the point of bringing the atmosphere of a back room of a gambling den to the camp? Doesn't this attraction to ugliness seem a bit perverse to you? Imagine what you would look like if the mud coming out of your mouths (with firm and well-shaped folds, I agree...) suddenly materialized, you would be covered in... excrement. I gloss over the thoughts that may arise in the mind of the horrified VP who happens to pass within earshot...

Because after all, we should still agree: Either you have the sincere desire to become "strong, beautiful, skillful", to show that "More is in us" and you strive for it in all areas; or all that does not concern you and one can wonder why you, in great ceremony, made a promise.

Do you think I'm exaggerating? Come on, let's be honest: are the language of the underworld and the Scout uniform made to go together?

I know that you are not entirely responsible for this state of affairs and that it is quite possible that, for reasons that there is no need to explore here, you believed that you were authorized to indulge in this laxity. Therefore, this article is not a condemnation, an anathema cast on felonious knights who have fallen from all dignity. On the contrary, it is to this nobility within you that I appeal, asking you to finally live up to what you are.

"More is you" than you know yourself.



Fennec S.d.L.

ECHOES... ECHOES... ECHOES...

Solidarity and tenderness A generous action of the Cubs and Scouts of the free scouts

What a great example the Scouts and Cubs of the Free Scouts Association are giving us. In conjunction with A.S. Services, the Scouts have started a solidarity operation to help elderly people who cannot get around and who do not receive regular visits from home helps. The scouts, who are aged between 12 and 16, have decided to devote an hour to each person, either to do their shopping or for a visit, in order to break their isolation. The Cubs (8-12 years old)

did not want to be left behind by their elders, and have launched a bird operation of their own. They have built about ten bird feeders themselves, which they have installed for the moment at Parc Jouvet. These feeders will very soon be transformed into birdhouses that will be placed in trees, or against certain walls.

This last operation will have follow-ups with the Vertebrate Studies and Research group, which will take advantage of it to study the behavior of bats in an urban environment with the Cubs.

As regards the commitment of the Scouts to the elderly, the young boys would like our readers to give them names and addresses, through A.S. Services, 30 rue Pont du Gât, in Valence (56.23.10.). Some heaters do not work

No longer able to cope with the cold, A.S. service is launching an appeal to gather replacement blankets and appliances. C. D.

Photos. — Installation of the feeders. ↓ page "Drôme-Ardèche"



The Dauphiné Libéré (19/1/85)

page "Valence" (reduction)

1/2) Le Dauphiné Libéré (20/1/85)

These two press articles will tell you better than "Casque" about the "hi-ver" operation of the Leonidas group of Valencia.

Let's just hope that it doesn't stop there... and that all those who participated will know how to take responsibility.

Solidarity operation for the Scouts of the Free Scouts

Valence. They are between 12 and 18 years old, and they are part of the free scouts, as Scouts, whether in Valence, Tain-Touron, or Dieulefit. They have just launched an operation that we can present as an example. Some elderly people have a lot of difficulty getting around without receiving a regular visit from the home helps. So, the free scouts have decided to devote an hour to each person, in order to do their shopping,

or spend some time with them, and thus break the isolation in which they are immersed. If you know people who are in this situation, do not hesitate to give their contact details A.S. Services, 30 rue Pont-du-Gât in Valence (56.23.10.). Furthermore, in the general help that this association gives to the elderly, it notes that some heaters no longer work, or work badly. Also, the association collects either appliances that can be used as replacements, or even blankets.



A SCOUT CHOIR IN VALENCIA?

Why not?

In any case, this is what is being prepared at the Leonidas Group in hope and... naivety. But let's not swear to anything!

Interested boys and girls are requested to make themselves known as soon as possible.

NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP OF C.P. VERCORS

26.27.28.29.30 DECEMBER 84



During a trip to Ambel ↑

See also the cover photo

10 participants, some absentees, time to... sleep at home, unexpected snow, an intensive program, considerable physical effort... in short, a real success!

The absentees, once again, were wrong. But this is only a postponement, we will start again... In the meantime, you can obtain the camp report (18 pages) from the National Center for the sum of 20 F (it is really modest considering the richness of the document in question!...)

Our association being a member of the French Speleology Federation, cubs, scouts, rangers and masters can obviously join the caving section of SCOUTS LIBRES. The advantages are numerous: reduction on national courses, French Speleo Rescue, national diplomas, specific activities of the section, facilities for practicing individually, etc.;

The subscription fee is minimal (78 F for those over 18, 40 F for younger people). It is also possible to subscribe to Spelunca (FFS magazine) for 65 F. Interested free scouts are requested to register with the National Center (attach the payment).

* * * * *

The Routiers du Clan Odin (Valence) are participating this year in the organization of the International Speleology Film Festival in La Chapelle en Vercors. Period August. Purpose: worksite to improve the festival buildings, preparation and supervision of the various events.

All road workers from France and Navarre, as well as Scouts (over 15 years old) wishing to provide service, can participate.

Accommodation in a tent, near the village, participation in the cost of food.

ATTENTION! This is an important scout service involving the movement (other groups of young people -non-scouts- also participating in the work camps). The guys who will be there will benefit from certain advantages, on the other hand, the work will be hard...

Registrations Frédéric LYOTARD 14, Place Jules Michelet 26000 VALENCE

potholing



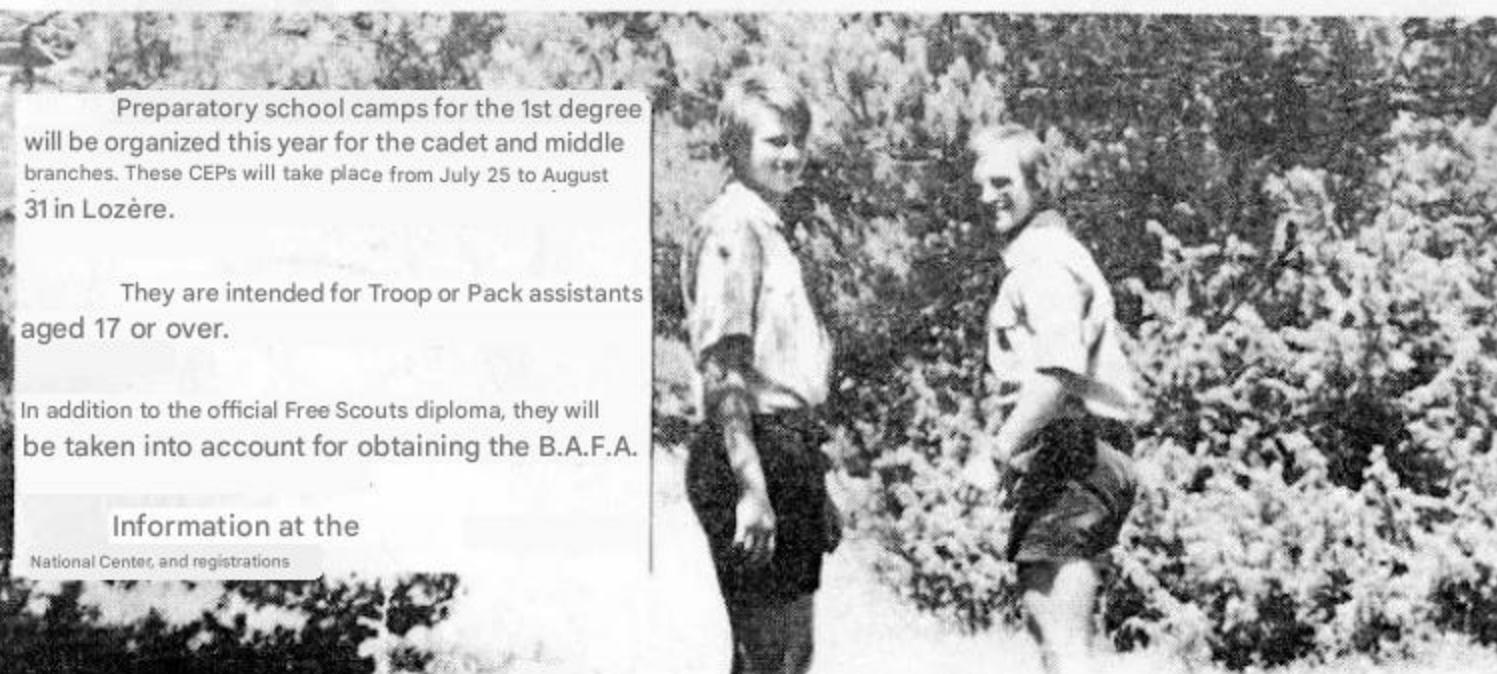
TRAINING CAMPS

Preparatory school camps for the 1st degree will be organized this year for the cadet and middle branches. These CEPs will take place from July 25 to August 31 in Lozère.

They are intended for Troop or Pack assistants aged 17 or over.

In addition to the official Free Scouts diploma, they will be taken into account for obtaining the B.A.F.A.

Information at the
National Center, and registrations





VIKING OF THE 80'S



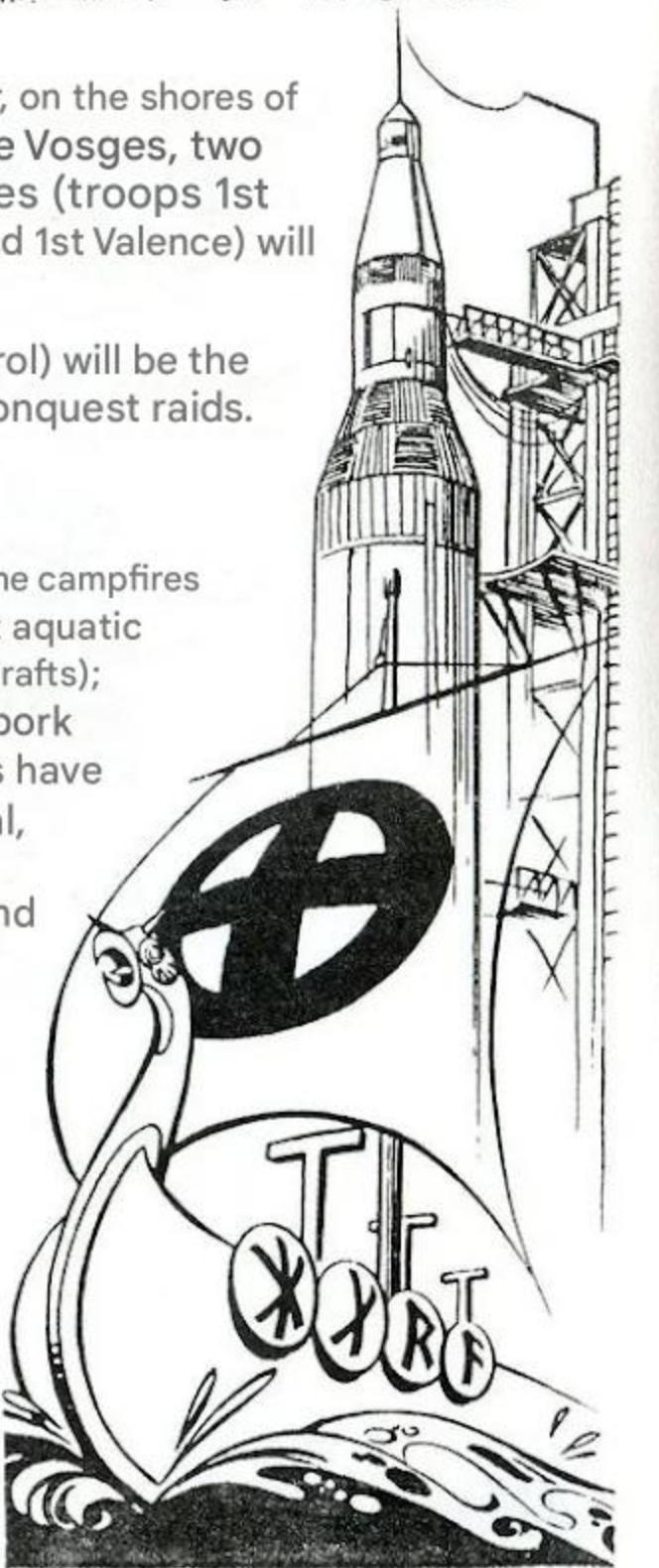
This summer, on the shores of a lake in the Vosges, two Viking tribes (troops 1st Marseille and 1st Valence) will

meet to celebrate their ancient Gods.

The camps they will set up (one camp per patrol) will be the starting points for multiple adventures and conquest raids.

But what happens in a Viking camp?

The old Sagas give rise to fantastic numbers during the campfires appropriate outfits differentiate the hordes; great aquatic jousts take place thanks to the drakkars (made-up rafts); the great reunion banquet sees the grilling of pork haunches sprinkled with apple juice; the scouts have transformed their names (Olaf, Oleg, Thor-val, Cristianson, Erik...); the camps are richly decorated with Nordic motifs including the solar wheel and skillfully turned runes...



All the camp competitions will be based on the Viking theme (facilities, cooking, Pat. raids, rafts, "Olympics", campfire, big games, disguises, ...). Work in perspective for the Marseille and Valence scouts.



THE NOUMEA COURIER

Dear Cub Scouts,

Right now I am writing to you in wonderful weather. I hope you had a great Christmas and also the 1st of January. (...) Let's talk about our pack, I've been here for a year, I've passed my two stars and a chef's badge.

With my two great friends, Paul and Pierre, we play tennis, do bodybuilding, jog, swim and fish, today "it's biting": I had a loach and a sea bream. (...) With my brother we have a lot of fun, but my father works a lot, he has big business. (...) The first of March is the start of the school year. I think my parents will send me back to France in September, so I'll be able to see you. Goodbye.

Modest Babine (Nicolas Bometon)

Thank you for your letter which

always gives a great, great pleasure. I hope that the coming months will bring you as much joy as the time already spent on your paradise island. And... maybe see you soon, we are waiting for you.

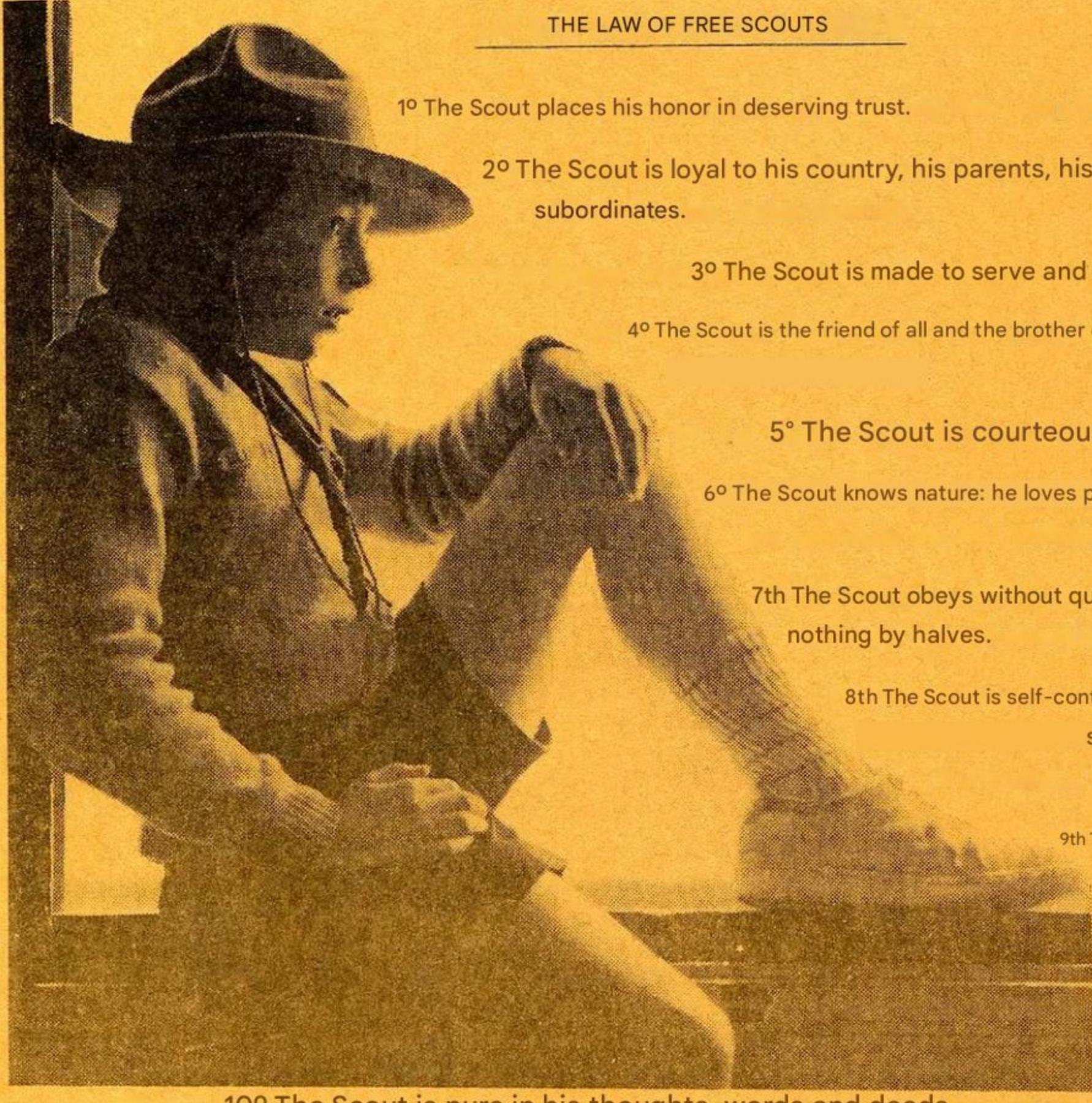
Akela

MECHOUÏ

The Leonidas Group is organizing a sun festival on June 2, 85, at the Damian Cultural Center, which should bring together all the members of the Group, their parents, but also all those who, at one time or another, were wolves, scouts, leaders... in the Group.

A big barbecue, games, competitions, should make this celebration which will be repeated every year - a privileged and unforgettable moment of our reunion.





THE LAW OF FREE SCOUTS

1° The Scout places his honor in deserving trust.

2° The Scout is loyal to his country, his parents, his leaders and his subordinates.

3° The Scout is made to serve and save his neighbor.

4° The Scout is the friend of all and the brother of every other Scout.

5° The Scout is courteous and chivalrous.

6° The Scout knows nature: he loves plants and animals.

7th The Scout obeys without question and does nothing by halves.

8th The Scout is self-controlled, he smiles and sings in difficulties.

9th The Scout is hardworking, thrifty and respectful of the property of others.

10° The Scout is pure in his thoughts, words and deeds.

HELMET

No. 3 March 1985

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Drawings Pierre JOUBERT, Traditions of Europe

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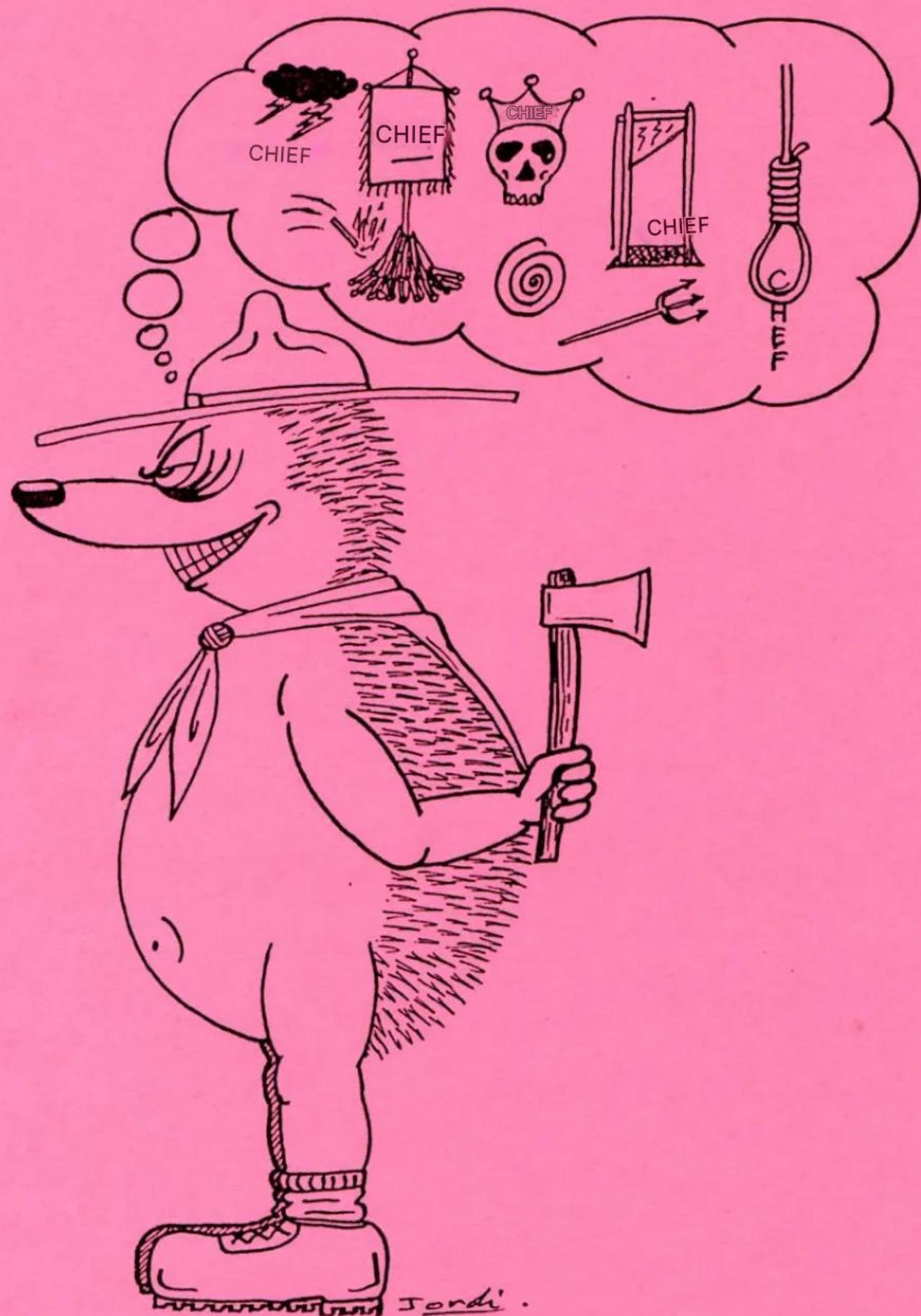
Legal deposit: March 1985

Joint Committee: in progress.

HELMET

QUARTERLY

No. 11 - April 1987



The Scout is pure in his thoughts, words and deeds.

MORE IS IN US!

Valencia, 4/23/87.

Dear Cédrik,

The Troop Leader

informed me on Saturday 11th that you were no longer coming to the Scouts and that you had decided to devote yourself solely to "Tennis". It was a great disappointment for the patrol, but especially for me, who had placed my trust in you.

I have known you for a long time; already in the Cubs I had admiration for you, for your good humor and for your courage. But that was a long time ago and maybe you have changed too much. Finally, one day I will try to understand why you preferred tennis to Scouting...

I say goodbye because there is no more left in the former second.

Jimmy
C.P. of ONCES

THE CHILD AND THE DOG

"In the Troupe-pe, there are no wooden legs, there are noodles, but you can't see it..."

"Stop! What do you think of this little corner for a brief 20-minute stop?

- The grass looks very green...
- ... effective shade...
- ... adopted!!!!!"

The six boys rushed to the top of the embankment, which proudly marked the departmental road on which they had already lost so many liters of sweat.

The sun had been following them with infinite patience since the day before, and they all felt like the skin of a dirty and dried-up mummy. They slumped down, looking for the smallest trace of freshness.

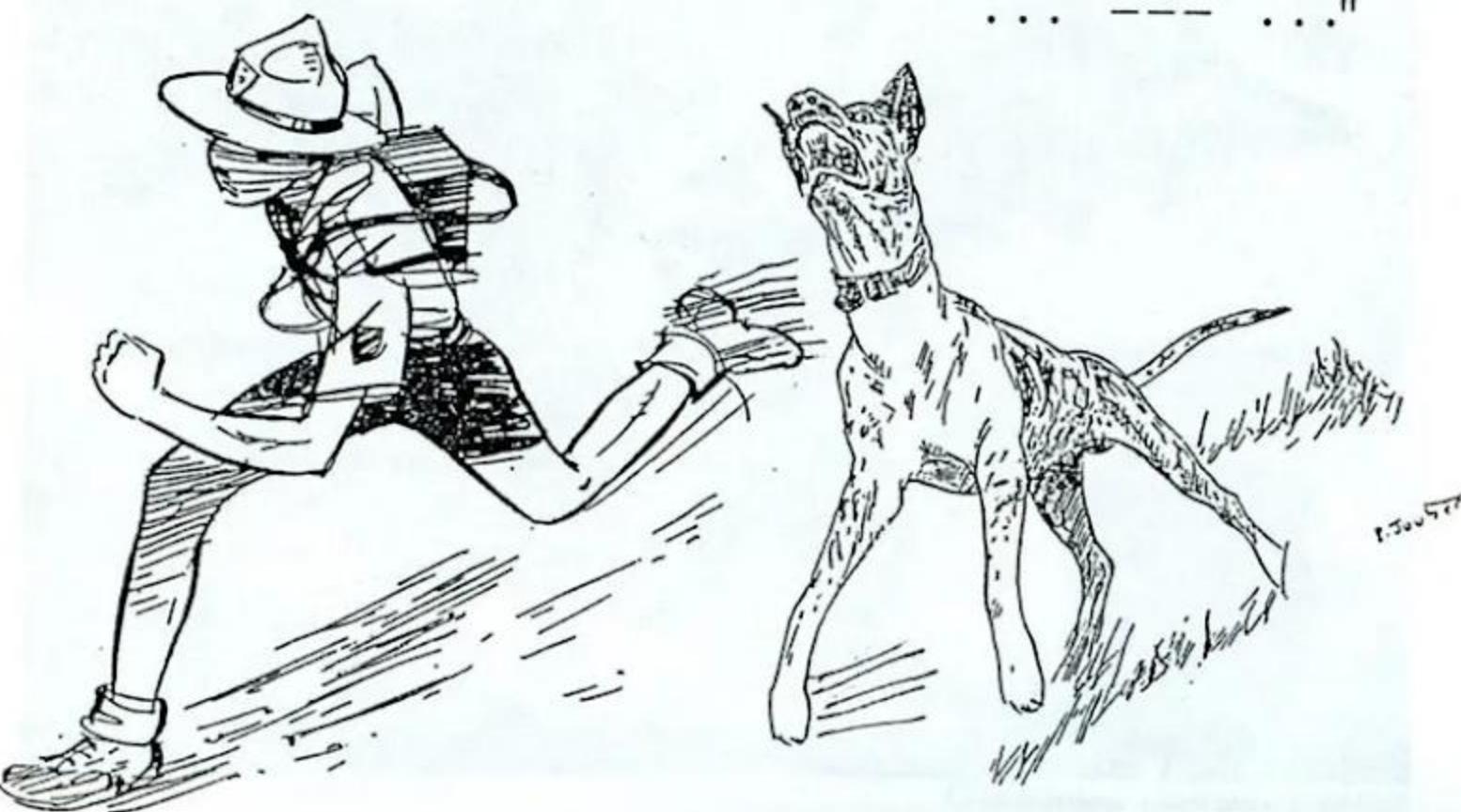
"Boss, there's a farm over there. If I went to get some water?

- Water? Why not, Rémi. It would be a pleasure! I'll take the water bottles... See you soon."

The C.P. watched with tenderness as his "ass of a pat." ran off towards the big building. He lay down with a sigh. What an idea, these explosive raids in the summer. He suddenly felt exhausted. He wanted only one thing, not to move from this soft mattress...

Yet he jumped up.

"... --- :..."



His gaze immediately went in Rémi's direction. M....! A few steps from the first walls, the scout was facing an enormous dog, its mouth wide open.

"By the Gods, don't panic... he'll feel it... stop!"

Mumbling, the C.P. straightened up.

Over there, Rémi was backing away awkwardly.

"Someone's going to come out, anyway!"

Nobody. The farm seemed deserted. "Shit!" He rushed as fast as he could towards the coming confrontation. to start. Rémi was screaming. With tears in his eyes, castigating his slow legs, his CP was running, flying.

Rémi was crying. A terrible pain rose from his left arm. He almost fell, then finally fainted, without seeing a screaming form dive and grab the monster by the body.

When he emerged, he was lying on the grass, bare-chested, with a bandaged and slightly burning arm and a dull pain in his right thigh.

* * *



Erik watched his patrolman lying down, having abandoned himself in the expert hands of his second. He didn't even feel the remnants of his shirt being removed, nor the cool liquid running down his shoulder. He only allowed himself to breathe when he saw the gray-blue eyes open.

* * *

Rémi blinked and first saw the dog about twenty meters away, whining, looking for his breath, watched by Philippe and Laurent. Then he met the gaze of his C.P., bare-chested, next to him. He rested his head and closed his eyes, a sparkling smile on his face; what a truly great C.P.!

MARTEN

King Agesilaus the Great went without a tunic despite his title, his age and the cold.

"Why are you going like this?" he was asked.

"So that our young people may imitate the example of the Elders and those who command them!"

HELMET

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Photos Fennec s.d.l., R.G., Panther, Ourson, Lothar Sauer, "The war lord".

Contributing to this issue were Bagheera, Fennec M., Gil, a seagull, Jimmy, Jordi, Tongue agile, Loup gris, Martre, Ourson, Panda, Pintadeau volubile, Pierre Vial and

Yannik.

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Joint Committee 66888

TO EACH WHAT IS RIGHTFUL

"To each his own..." which

This sentence, which is perfectly suited to human society, is admirably reflected in this other society which is the scout patrol.

The day the boys in this gang start complaining about one of their own, the C.P. had better think about this topic. Before howling with the wolves, and, paradoxically, thus making himself look like a sheep, this young leader should say to himself:

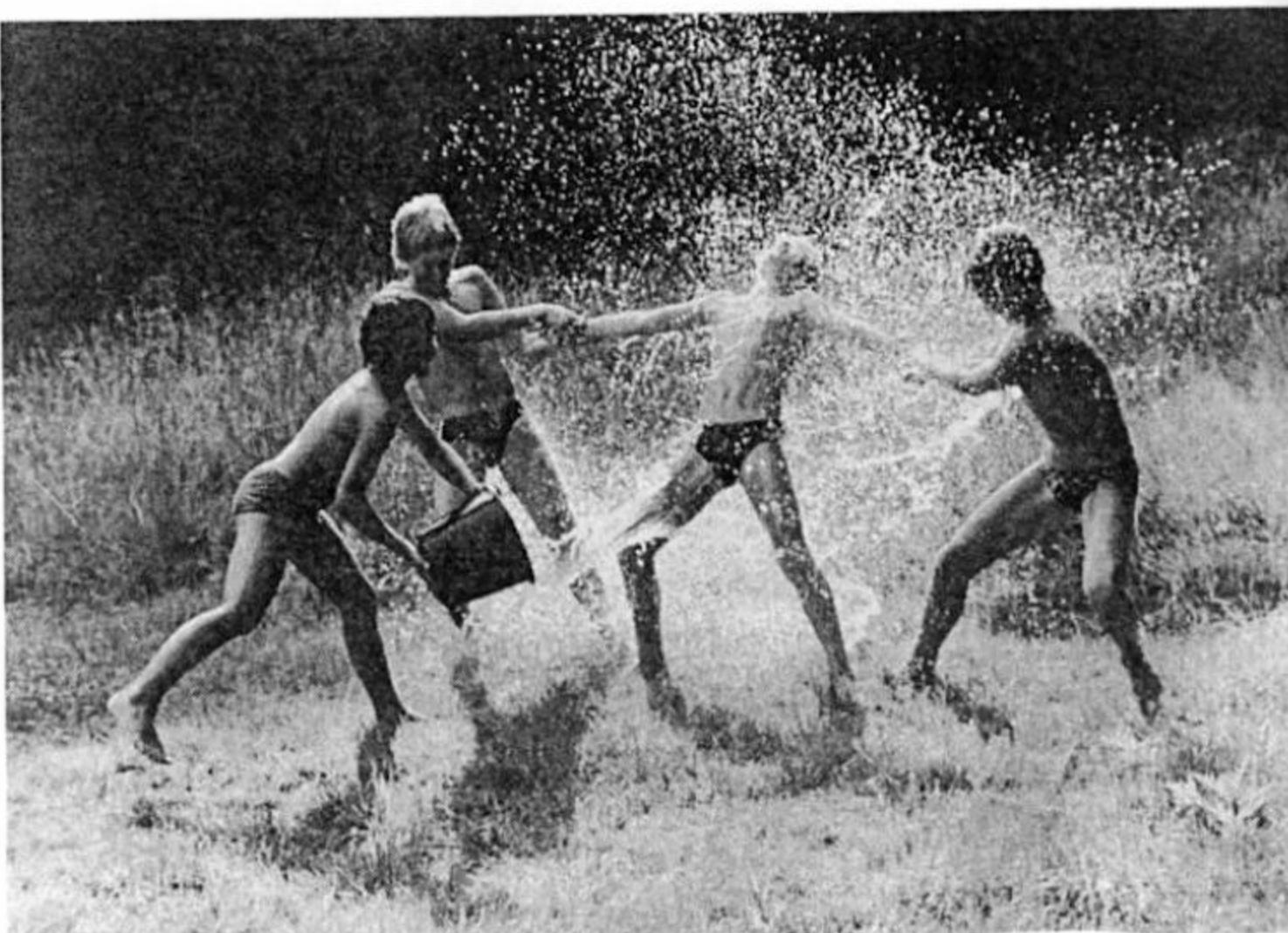
"one of two things, either the disruptive element is known for its notorious absence of all chromosomes

he

healthy, - or there is a "non-scout" spirit in the patrol and urgent action is needed."

In most cases, the second option turns out to be the correct one. It may be that the scapegoat really does have antisocial behavior, in a word, that he is a pain in the ass.

We should see healthy reactions from other boys that would avoid conflicts. Generally, the opposite happens: an avalanche of criticism and sarcasm is set in motion, sometimes leading to hatred in its outpouring (and at its peak).



problem?

But what can a CP do when faced with such a difficult problem?

Some CPs will fall in line with the general attitude of their patrolmen, simply because they are not fit for the job and they do not have much character. This cannot be cured.

The good CP will detect the problem and apply that old scout adage "there's at least 5% good in every guy - His genius will come from the way he makes that 5% grow. His strength will come from not yelling with the plebs.

Above all, we will need a CP who has heart. This is rarer than we would like to imagine. He must be able to put himself in the place of the misunderstood boy. His chivalrous attitude must thus restore a scout spirit to the Patrol.

In a word, I dream of a C.P. who is not the serf of the evil spirit that can sometimes arise in any scout unit. Even the best ones. I prefer the Lord to the serf.

THE NORDWIND SAGA (IV)

by Pierre VIAL

Nordwind quickly examined his prey, which lay in a pool of blood. The man was short, stocky, with sparse but very black hair; his skin - at least what could be seen between dark scales of dirt - was yellowish; his eyes, frozen in a last glimmer of incomprehension and stupor, were slightly slanted. Nordwind turned the body and quickly examined the clothes, which gave off a strong smell of grease - cleanliness had clearly been the least of the dead man's concerns. Nothing of interest, except a dagger, with a slightly curved blade, which Nordwind put in his belt: it would make a weapon for Gondebald... And also, a wide leather belt, closed by a buckle on which stood out, against a black background, a red enamel eagle, with outstretched wings. A surge of hatred rose in Nordwind, tightening his throat: this belt was typically Burgundian, and the stranger had obviously stolen it from a corpse. The boy clenched his fists. They would have to pay for that, too. Who, "they"? He would soon find out.

But a slight neigh made him raise his head. A few paces away, the little long-haired horse, disconcerted by the immobility of its rider, hesitated then turned, trotting back along the path by which it had come. The young Burgundian hesitated only for a fraction of a second: this horse was certainly going to rejoin its peers and the disappearance of the dead man would alert his companions and encourage them to be vigilant... With a quick gesture, Nordwind seized the bow that his enemy had let slip, pulled an arrow from the leather quiver that lay a few paces away, bent the weapon and let fly. Struck to death, at the withers, the horse was stopped in mid-air and collapsed, its limbs shaking with sudden jerks that lingered for a few moments then quickly froze in death. Nordwind felt a brief moment of despondency: he did not like to kill animals, unless there was a compelling need. But that was, in this case, the case. He could not risk disturbing those he was pursuing, for that would certainly have made it more difficult to free the boys and girls of his village.

He quickly pulled himself together. He had to get back on the road. What to do with the corpse? Waste precious time hiding it? Already, in the sky, crows were circling, attracted by death. Nordwind looked up at them with a knowing look: they were going to take care of his victim...

Without wasting any time, the boy retraced the path he had taken since he had left Gondebald. The latter had not moved, prostrated, he seemed to be dozing. He gave a sudden start when his friend touched his shoulder and sat up, his eyes wild.

- Ah, it's you... I was scared. What happened?

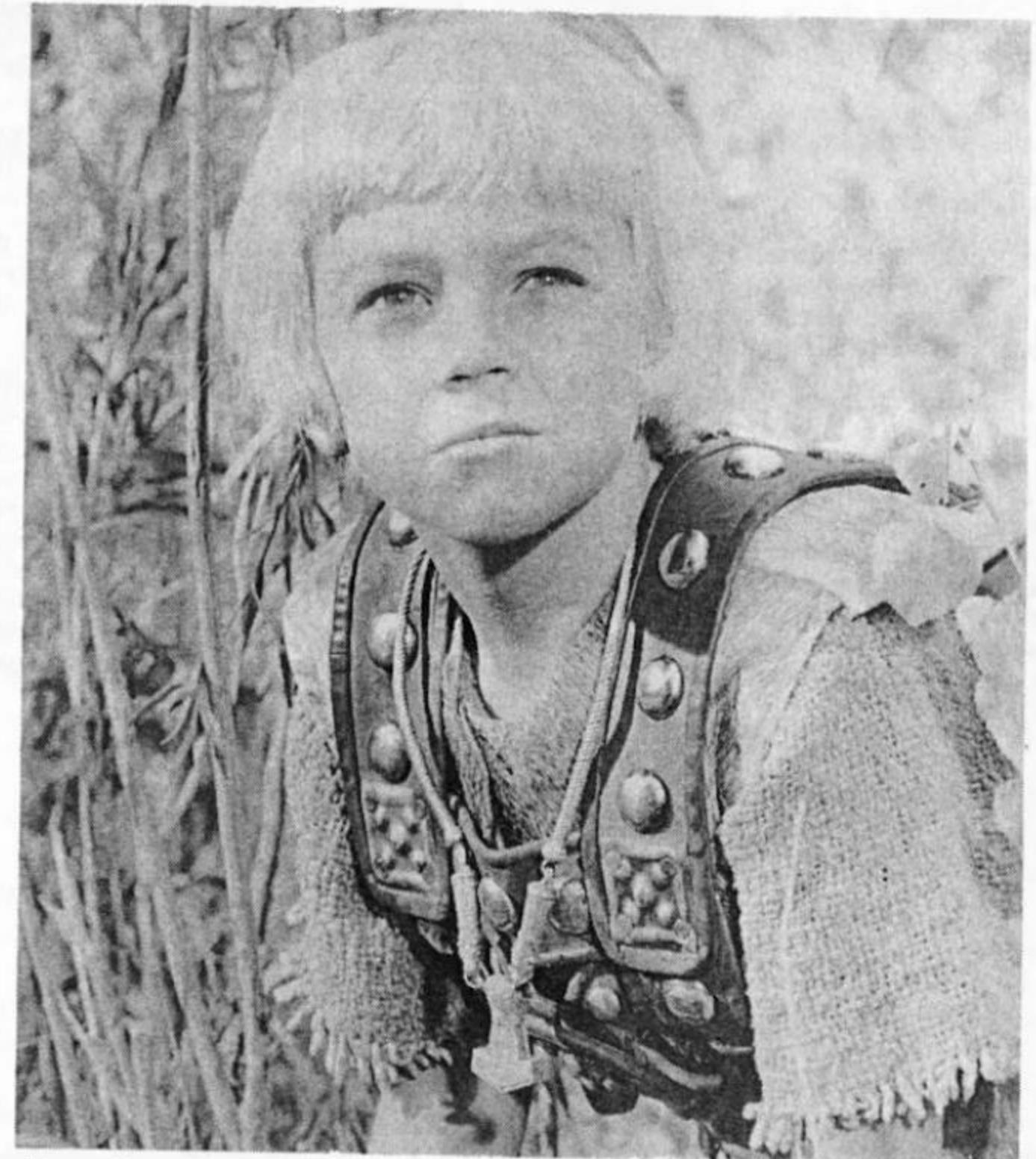
- I took care of the rider.

- He is...

- Yes. He is dead.

Gondebald was torn between admiration and a certain fear at the great coldness with which Nordwind had just pronounced these words. As if he had announced that he had killed a grain-stealing rat... Nordwind did not give him time to ask himself too many questions. He took him by the arm and helped him to stand up.

- Good. You will hide a little higher up, in the thickets, and build yourself a rough shelter. I will pick you up on the way, when I return with our comrades. Gondebald hesitated, opened his mouth to say something, but did not insist - subjugated by the cold determination he read in his friend's eyes. The latter wordlessly handed him the dagger and belt recovered from the dead enemy and he turned away, to resume the trail, while Gondebald pulled himself painfully towards a thicket that would offer him the shelter he sought.



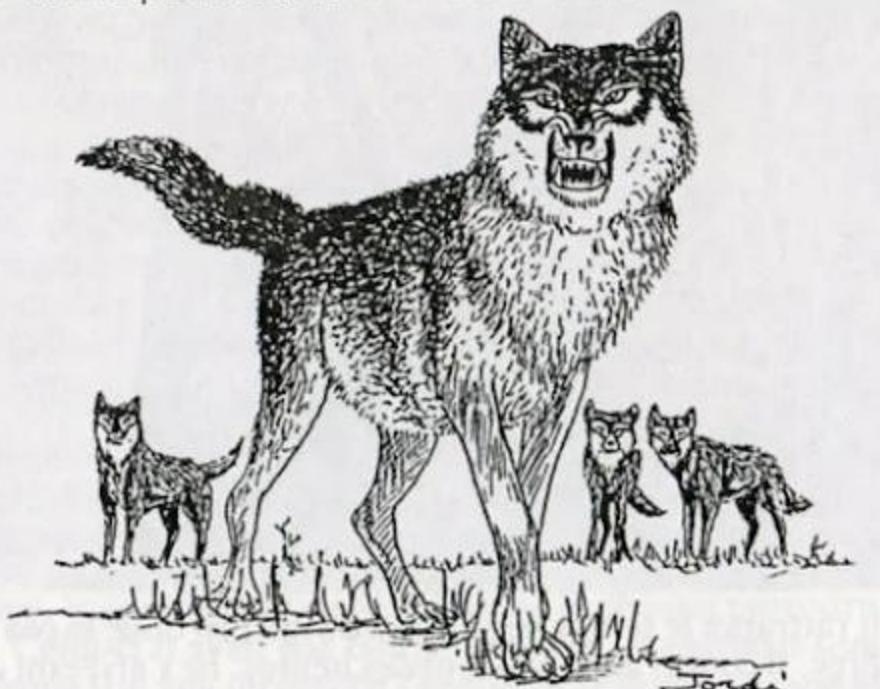
Now it was time to make up for lost time. So Nordwind broke into a running pace, in long, steady strides. He ran like this for hours, stopping only occasionally to examine the tracks left by those he was chasing. These were sometimes clear, on the clay or sandy ground, at the crossing of streams or across meadows where the grass barely stood up, trampled by the horses' hooves. From time to time, the boy identified prints of bare feet or leather sandals like the ones he was wearing - his friends, the boys and girls of his village, had passed by there. Obviously, the legs of some of them - the older ones - were hampered, because the prints were close together but unevenly spaced, like those left by walkers who are not free to move.

At nightfall, he reached a river that flowed at the foot of a cliff. He was about to slip under the low branches of a large willow, to find a precarious shelter for the night, when he sniffed the air, his senses alerted by a slight smell of smoke. There was, doubtless, not far away, someone making a fire. Someone who was not, like him, concerned about hiding his presence... He saw, in the cliff that towered over him, a narrow vertical passage that made, in the rock, like a long scar. He entered this chimney and, after a few minutes of effort - the holds were solid under his palms - he emerged at the top of the cliff. A smoke was indeed rising, straight into the calm air, some distance away. Slipping from tree to tree, from thicket to thicket, he saw clearly-

The bright flame of a fire, which cast a golden spot in the twilight. Redoubling his caution, he advanced further. Then, suddenly, he froze: growls, short and dull, pierced the now total darkness. Nordwind identified them immediately: wolves... And who had doubtless surrounded a prey. Sounds and images, coming from a still very recent past, rushed into his memory: when his father was training him as a hunter, he had taught him to identify the traces and noises revealing the different inhabitants of the forest. Lord Wolf was one of them...

Nordwind approached slowly. A clearing opened up before him, in the center of which a dry wood fire crackled happily. A few steps away, a large oak stood, a tutelary image of strength and life. The wolves, grouped in a semicircle at the base of the tree, waited. From time to time, a short growl rose from the pack.

Nordwind saw a human form, leaning on a strong branch of the oak. He quickly assessed the situation. The wind, so light that it was almost imperceptible, was blowing in the right direction - good for him, since he had not been spotted by the wolves. He flattened himself on the ground and, with a slow crawl, slipped close to the fire. He grabbed a strong branch, stood up and walked towards the wolves, making large windmills. With this gesture, he created a veritable wheel of fire, which spat sparks into the night. Surprised, the wolves turned towards the strange apparition. The oldest male took a step forward, facing the intruder. But Nordwind accelerated his rotation movement, making the embers spring up in the direction of the old wolf. The latter hesitated then turned around. After a last look at the oak he slowly went into the thickets, leaving room for this flame-bearing boy who advanced without fear. The whole pack followed the old leader.



Nordwind quickly gathered up dead branches that lay at the edge of the clearing and added them to the fire, whose flames leapt with new joy towards the sky, pushing back the limits of the night.

The young Burgundian continued to feed the fire for a few minutes, then, assured that there would be no more offensive return from the wolves, he walked towards the great oak. Come down. There is no more danger, he shouted.

Hesitantly, a form detached itself from the tree that it feverishly clasped and began, clumsily, to slide down the trunk. Staggering, as if half-stunned, a strange creature advanced towards the fire. Dumbfounded, Nordwind watched a slender being come towards him, apparently male, dressed in a sort of canvas bag tied at the belt by a cord, his face, pale and sickly complexion, shaken by tics. The creature made a strange gesture, bringing his right hand to his forehead, to his stomach, to his left shoulder and finally to his right shoulder.

- The Lord Jesus bless you, said the apparition in a croaking voice.

Nordwind raised an eyebrow in surprise:

- The Lord Jesus? What is that? I don't know...

(to be continued...)

SEEONNEE

JUNGLE JOURNAL



JUNGLE PALATES

AGILE LANGUAGE Well... Why is it more with Old Wolf that I talk?

BAGHEERA You - know, given his incredible age... You have to know when to hang up your boots one day!

L.A. - Stop messing around! He just disappeared and I haven't seen him in weeks. There must be something wrong with him...

B. Well, I'll stop you right there. What do these insinuations in the form of certainty mean? An infiltration of the Club des Indis-crets A-meutés?

L.A. - No, you don't understand. I didn't want to get involved in what's none of my business, but admit that the readers of our newspaper won't understand anything either!

B. So much for gossip. Isn't the main thing that I'm here to force your tongue to the agility that delights the same readers? L.A. Still, you bosses aren't funny to yell at each other...

No, I'll - stop, I'll stop! Not the ear, damn it!

B. - Well, you know, it was a surprise, but since your imagination leads you to wolf-seal delirium, I'll set you free...

L.A. - At the letter rate? B. All things considered...

L.A. Yes, yes Go ahead, I won't do it again. I swear!

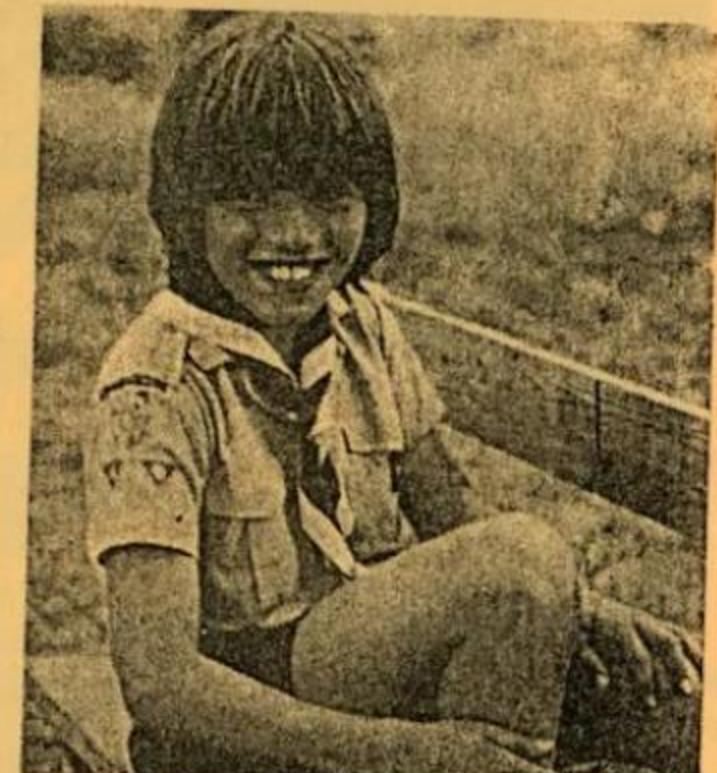
B. Well, I'm only here this once. Old Wolf had a hand aggravation. Really bad! But don't worry, he cured himself by writing a book, for children, for you.

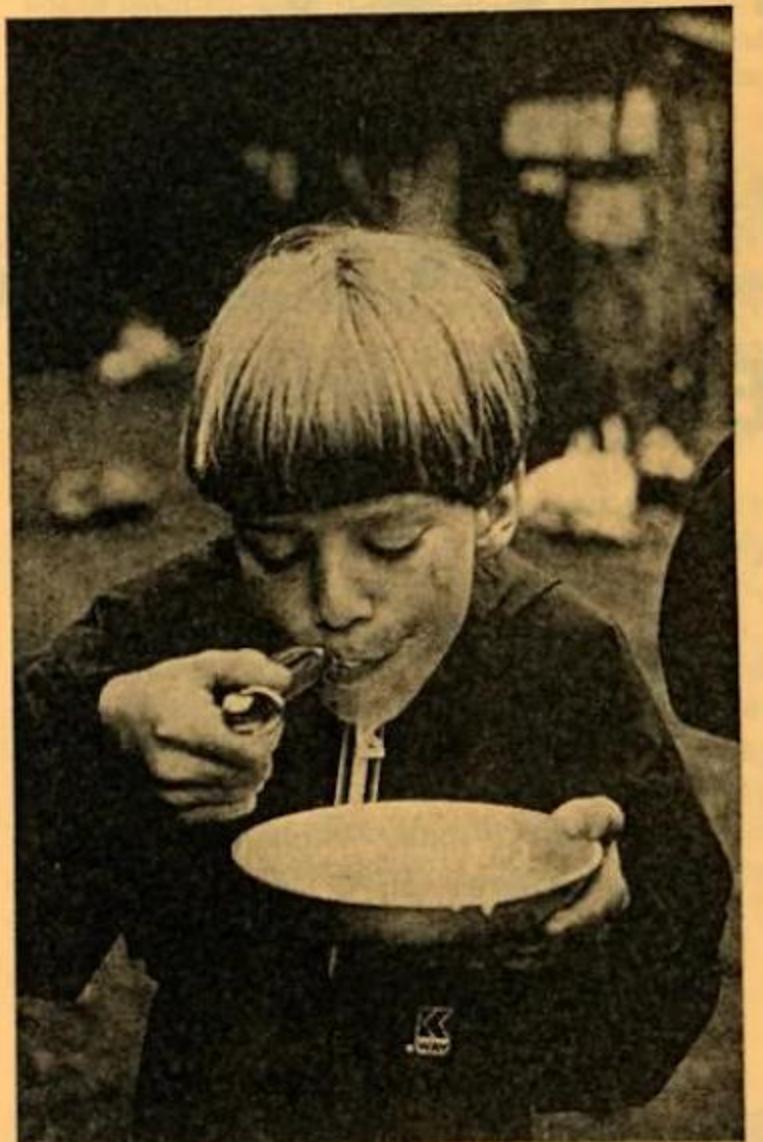
L.A. - Yeah. You're not nice to make fun of him anyway! It's not his fault if he's old and ugly.

I really like it!

B. Me too. That's why I'm putting up with you instead of him right now! Talk about a sinecure... No, stop, not the hair!

L.A. What if we moved on to something serious?





B. Great idea. Tell me, what do you think of our new Baloo and his magic spoon?

- L.A. I've never eaten so well since he's been here!

B. And me? What do you think of me?

L.A. - Well... I quite liked your slide show at the Group party.

B. Is that all? So with you, cubs, when we don't take care of your belly, we don't count?!

L.A. Well, let's just say that Baloo is very, very nice, Him!

B. Ah... So I have to live up to my reputation...

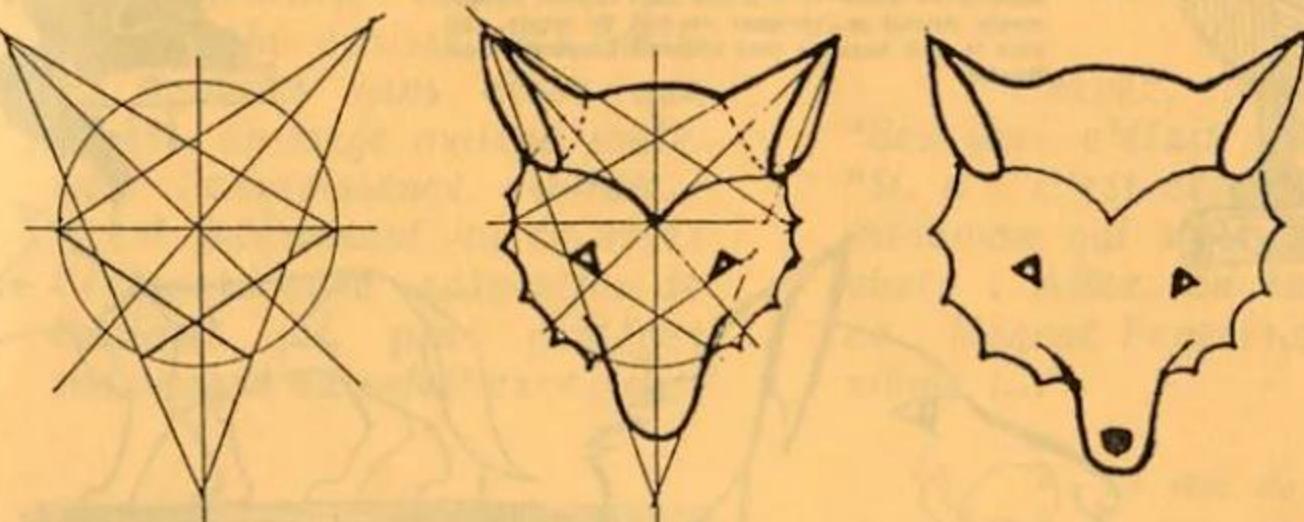
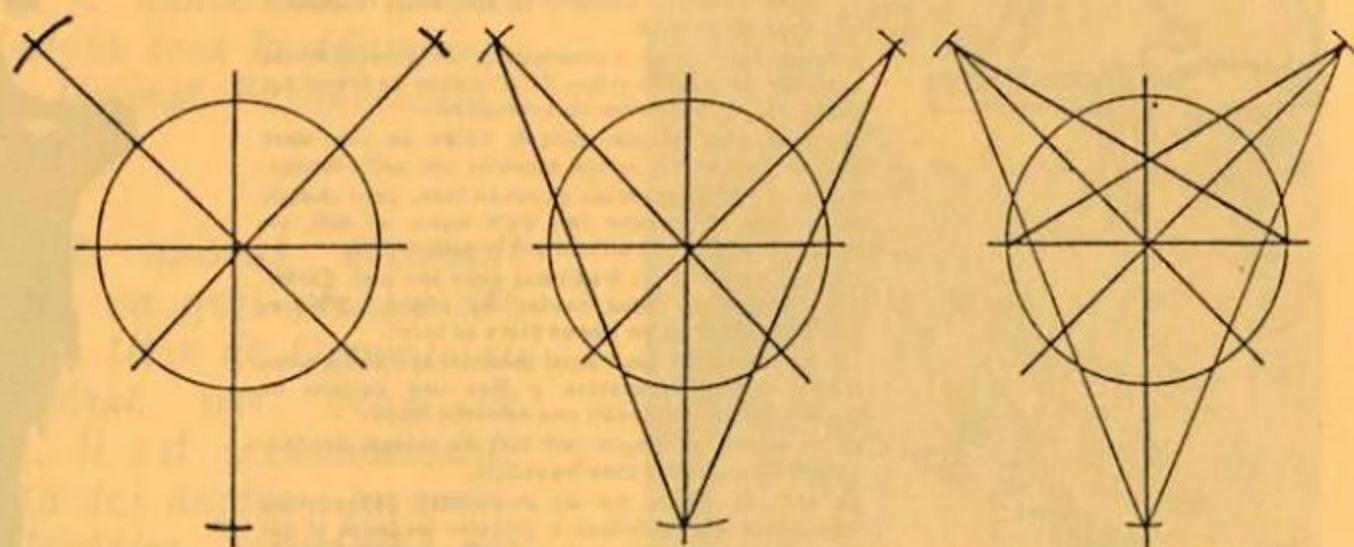
Baloo Hey, Baloo! Do me a favor... Don't you happen to have any dirty bowls to scrub?

L.A. - Oh, the... Hey, you coward! There's no point in running, we'll see each other again!



Cub Scouts

HOW TO DRAW A WOLF'S HEAD...



If you are a good observer, as befits a young wolf, you will quickly succeed in drawing the head of the gray brother by the process shown above.

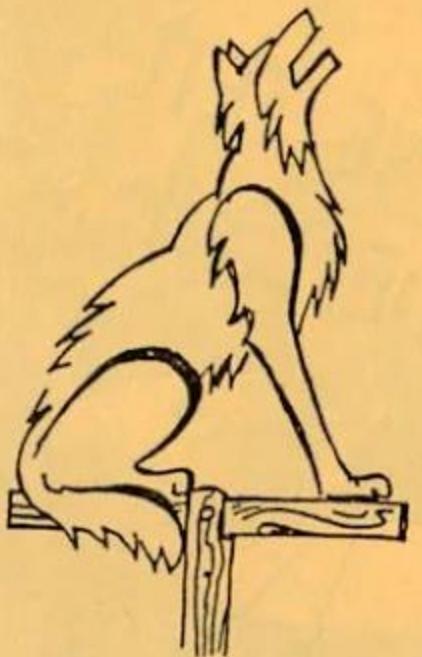
Draw the circle with a compass, or by using a point and a piece of string to guide your pencil. Afterwards, you will only have to add the lines two by two in the order indicated on the drawing to arrive at the last figure. You will finish the "portrait" by tracing the contours freehand.

All you have to do is color your drawing or trace the outlines in ink. Use an eraser to remove any excess lines by rubbing lightly.

Practice making very large ones, so you can make one for your six-sided sign or better one to write the law and motto of the cubs on it. You can make this one out of wood. Akela will show you how to cut it.

THE PACK MAST

AT THE WOLF CUB



Many packs have a Pack Pole or Staff that is there to show that all the Pups in the Pack have hunted to the best of their ability.

It recalls the key word of the Jungle:
— the strength of the clan is the wolf
— The strength of the wolf is the clan.
Indeed, the pack mast is composed of:
— of a wooden silhouette of a wolf in profile, hanging at the top of the stick. This is the symbol of the clan (Pack). of ribbons,
— stars, fixed on the stick or carved notches. Each of these things represents the action of the wolf.

Each time a Cub has a badge, Akela hangs a ribbon of the color of the badge on the mast, on which is written the Cub's name.

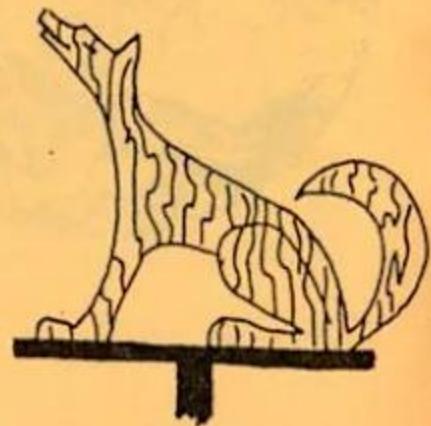
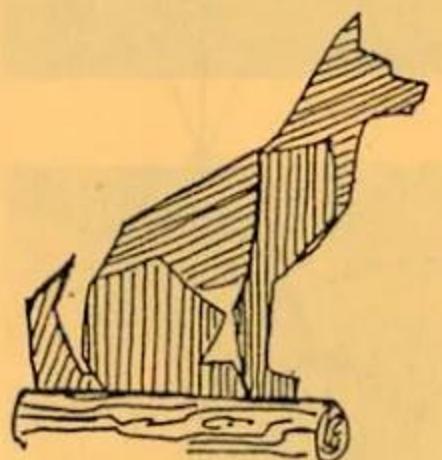
You can also plant a golden nail in the stick. every time the pack welcomes a tender paw. We can even hang a white ribbon for each Cub. Every time he opens an eye, we draw a star and mark the date on it.

Each Pack has its traditions for its mast, some take it on all outings, others prefer to leave it in a prominent place in the premises.

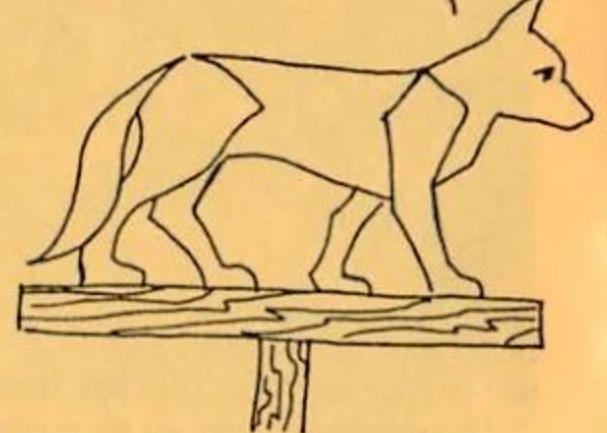
The pack pole can also be used as an emulation system. Each cub attaches a colored pin to it when he reaches a new milestone.

Finally, the pack mast is used when the two-star wolf cubs move on to the scouts.

The pack pole is a great educational tool that helps stimulate wolves and brings a jungle setting into the unit. Each pack should make a pack pole. Who will have the most beautiful, the most original? The operation is launched!



OUR BEST!



WHO IS IT?

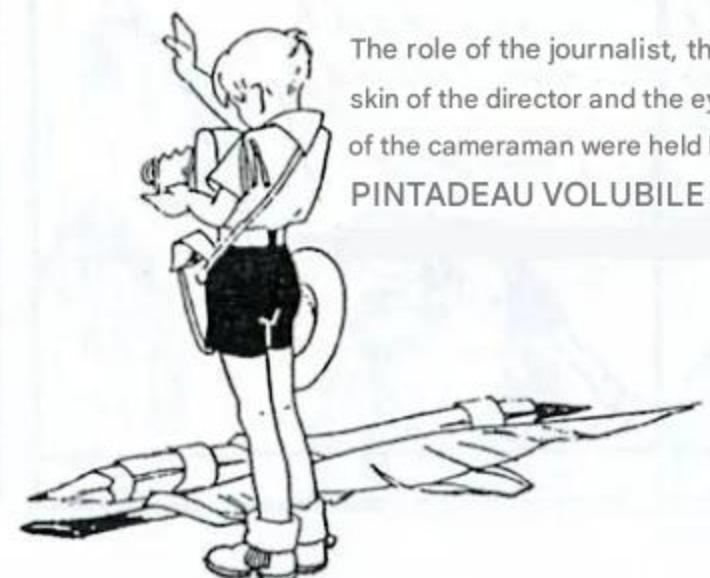


"He is known to all who know him, loved by all who love him; called by some the ferret of the steppes, by others the sapper knight, in Africa El Zorro del Désert, in Amazonia the Pot-bellied Tapir, in the USSR the Koala Gross boum-boum; he haunts the European jungles under the denomination of Magnat Fenestricum: Fennec M.

This amazing animal (here opposite in close-up) was given the title of Commissary General by those of his race. He is recognizable from many angles: a strong chin overhung by a thick mouth, mobile ears constantly on the lookout, a broad muzzle supporting the orbital outgrowth - it is interesting here to note the extraordinary adaptation of the animal which, to protect its gaze from the excessive sun..."



"Cut, cut!" "What, wasn't it good?" "Yes, yes! It's that idiot cameraman who took the wrong photo! Come on, let's start again! Magnat Fenestricum, second!..."



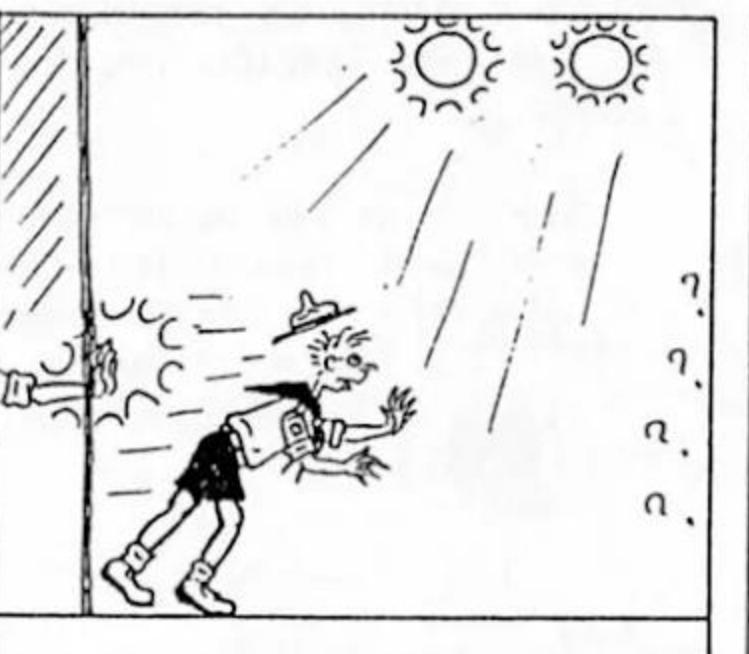
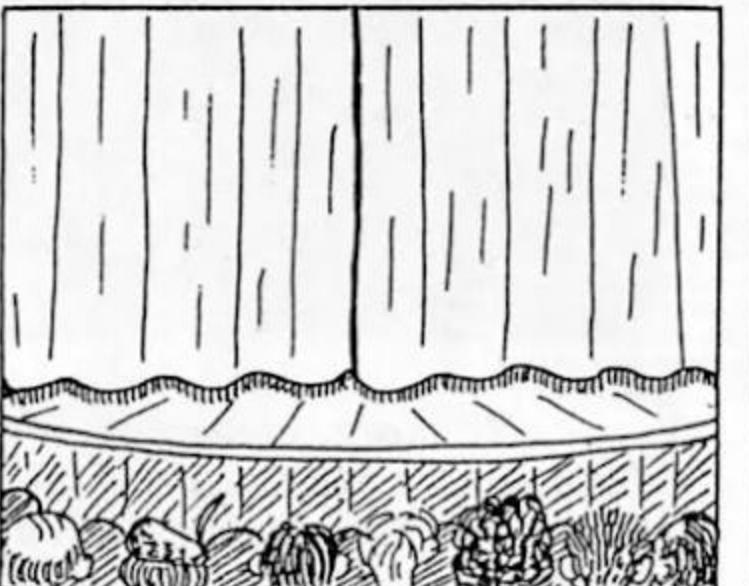
The role of the journalist, the skin of the director and the eye of the cameraman were held by: PINTADEAU VOLUBILE

PHILEMON DE ROCHECHINARD

ADVENTURES AND MISADVENTURES

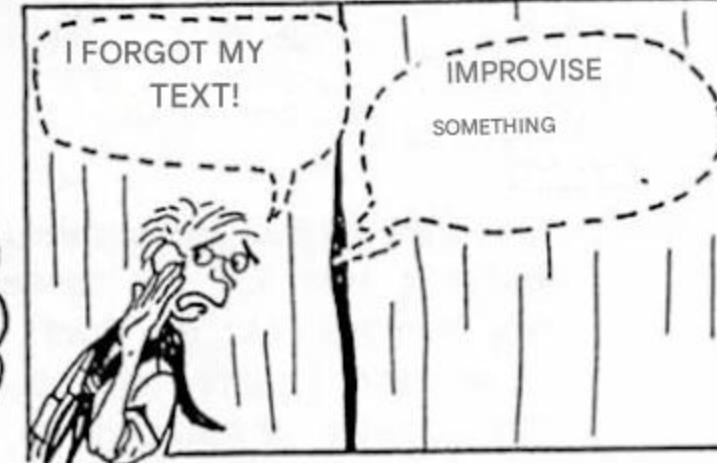
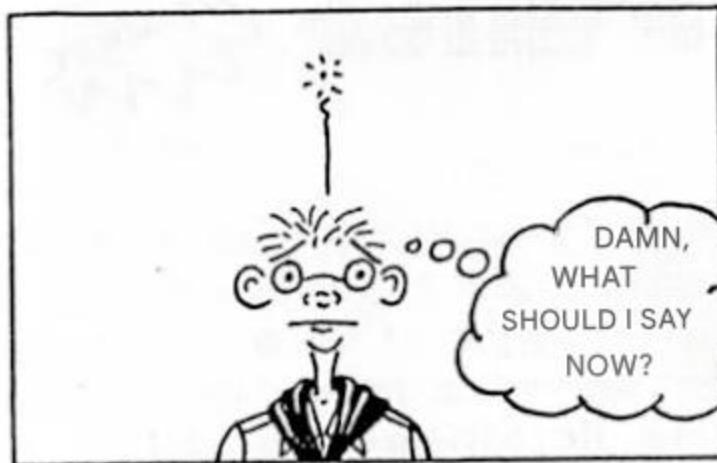


A GROUP PARTY LIKE ANY OTHER



DRAWINGS: JORDI

TEXTS: PANDA



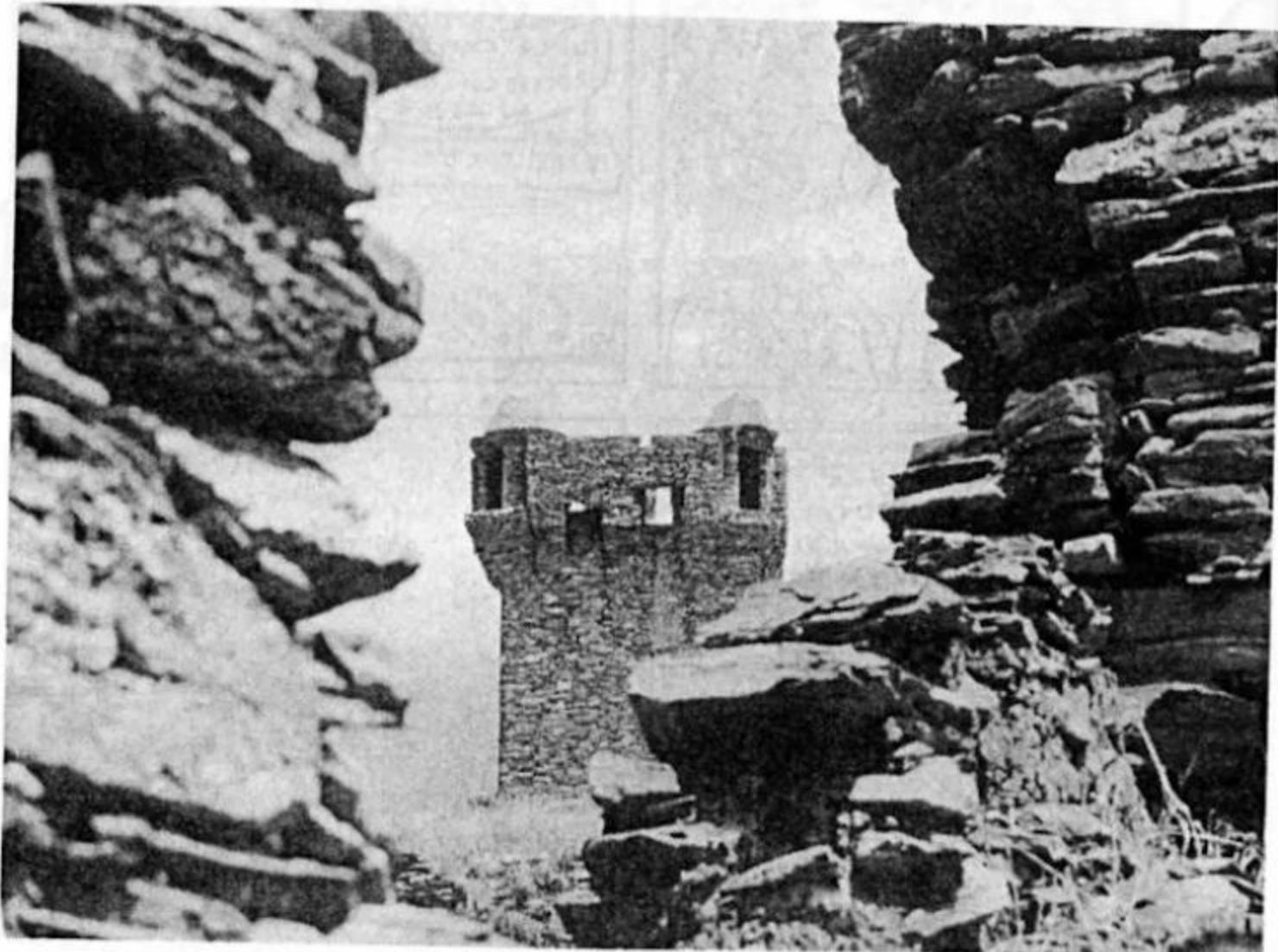
Jordi

Children's Island

LAST
MINUTE

There was an island, proudly erected in the middle of the harbor of Marseille; an island with a loaded past, engraved by royalty and its leper colonies, the forts of the 19th century and the blockhouses of the Second World War; an island barely marked by the imprint of today, an island grazed or beaten by a wind laden with salt, an island constantly moaning under the caress of the sea...

They were 30 boys, 30 scouts, Free Scouts of the Balder Troop 30 boys accustomed to spending their weekends in the intoxication of the mountains, rivers and forests 30 boys accustomed to enthusiastically saying "yes" to any adventure; 30 boys who could no longer be afraid of anything...



It had to be written that such an island would meet such boys; a week for these Valence scouts in the heart of this Friuli archipelago will remain an unforgettable memory.

We should talk about the days shattered by a raging Mistral or wounded by a powerful sun, the games that saw Vikings and Sicilians, the forces of the Axis and those of the Alliance clash, the bathing, the miraculous catches, the evenings in front of a sea reflecting a sky dotted with stars...

But perhaps that would be breaking a sacred bond, a modest intimacy. So it would be better to leave the final words to Martre, with his face weathered by a week of salt, sun and wind, and his voice tired but so full of emotion:

"There were many reasons why we were led to believe that this island had once been the refuge of some Gods. Seeing the pale orange sun disappear at the same time as a bright red moon rise was not the last..."

A seagull.

The Marten

The word Marten is well known to readers of "Casque", even if some pronounce it "marte" (1) as I heard during the last Balder Troop camp. But how many scouts know this animal? In fact, I noticed that the majority of you (an impression probably underestimated) were unaware of the very appearance of this friendly guest of the European forests. Worse! A few days ago, a Marten that I know well asked me for information on the habits and origins of his species. Faced with this situation, I had to provide some answers to his questions; this article is particularly intended and dedicated to him.

First of all, you should know that the Marten remains an obscure and little-known being. Its discretion and its wild universe still hide its personality too much from us.

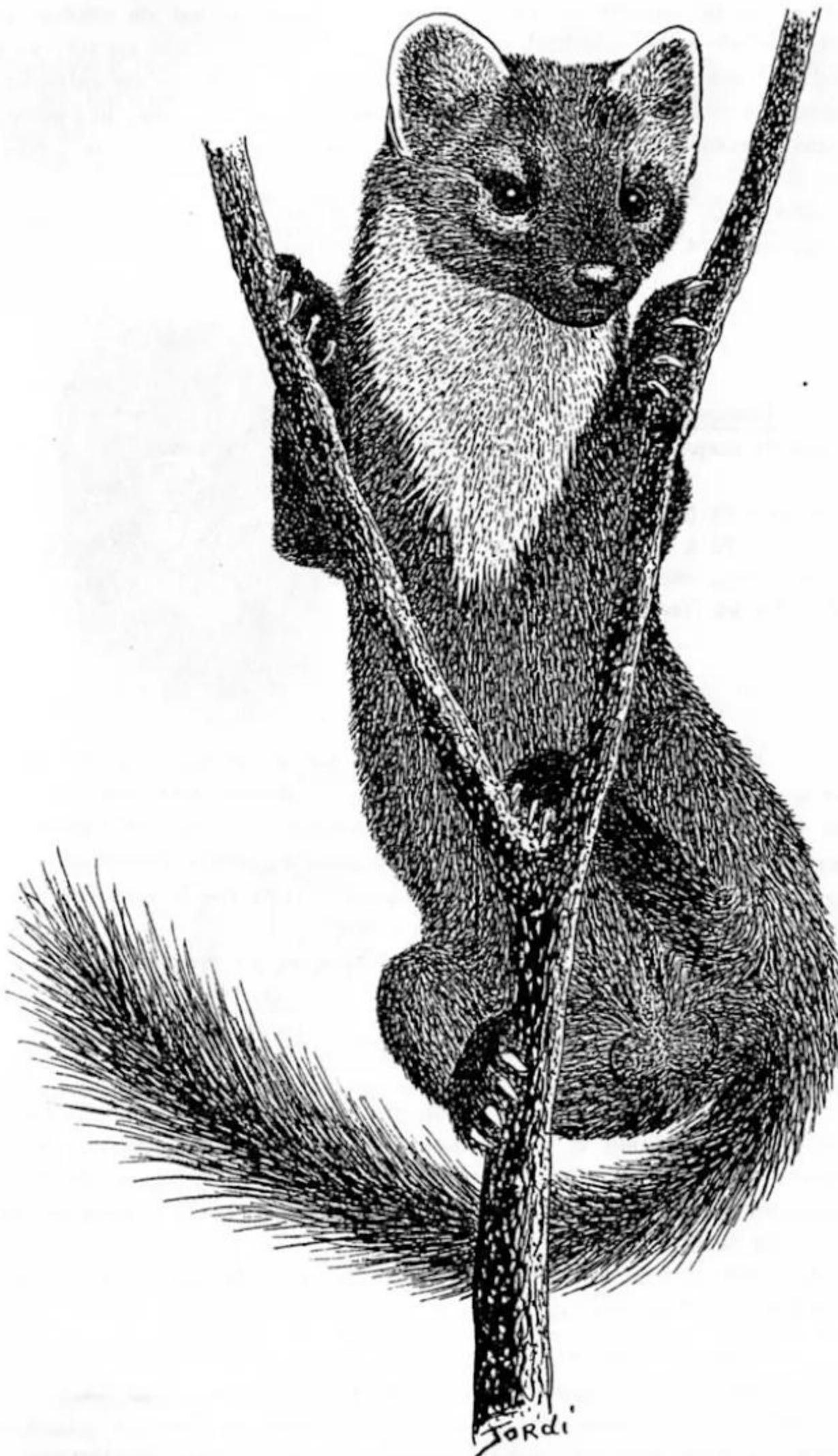
A LITTLE FAMILY HISTORY

The Marten has strong European roots dating back to the Upper Pleistocene (between 100,000 and 50,000 years ago). It is a mammal (2) of the honourable Order of Carnivores (meat eaters) and belonging to a tribe (family) called "Mustelidae". This family includes a host of small and medium-sized species, which constitutes one of the largest subdivisions of the Order of Carnivores, and one of the most complex. Very variable in size and shape, their general appearance is characterised by an elongated body, short legs with sharp nails, and anal glands that secrete... odiferous substances. These animals can be digitigrade, semi-plantigrade or plantigrade. The majority are terrestrial, but some species, such as Otters, are amphibious. Mustelids are found in Eurasia, Africa, North and Central America. In Europe, there are several clans (genera) that include the Stoat, Weasel, European Mink, American Mink, Polecat, Steppe Polecat, Marbled Polecat, Marten, Stone Marten, Wolverine, Otter and Badger.

So much for the family, now let's get back to our Marten.

HIS PORTRAIT

A little smaller than a domestic cat, the Marten has an elongated muzzle with a dark nose, short and rounded ears. Its lively and tender eyes are set in a youthful face that expresses both the will and the pleasure of living. It is low on legs (15 cm at the withers) but elegant in appearance. Its body, muscular, slender and slender, is covered with a soft fur that is pleasant to the touch. Its hairs make the best brushes. But one of the most beautiful parts of the Marten is its admirable tail, which is long (up to 28 cm), large, very mobile and abundantly provided with hair.



The dominant colour of the Marten ranges from beige-brown to dark brown depending on the season (in winter it is darker). On the throat and chest it has a spot or bib in the shape of a scut pennant which is yellow (most often in females) or orange (especially males in rut) and sometimes whitish (rare), plain or often spotted with brown. The shape of this bib is important to distinguish the Marten from its first cousin, the Stone Marten, which looks terribly like it. The latter is however a little smaller and has a white bib ending in a fork.

The soles of the marten's feet are covered with hairs (very developed in winter) which provide good grip on the snow and protection against the cold.



Some figures:

Head and body length : 48 to 52 cm (males)
40 to 45 cm (females)

Tail length: 25 to 28 cm (males) 22 to 26
cm (females)

Weight 1.2 to 1.6 kg, even 2.5 kg (males) 0.8
to 1.4 kg (females).

The words Marten or Marte (16th century) come from "Marthor" (1080) in the Frankish language, from the German Marder. This last word being derived, it seems, from Möder murderer. Without doubt by allusion to the "state of frenzy" in which the Marten enters when it has captured a prey and eats it.

For centuries the Marten was confused with the Stone Marten because of their resemblance, it was in 1777 that ERXLEBEN differentiated them.

Its Latin name is *Martes martes* and its full name in French is "Pine Marten".

HABITAT

It is a species of wooded and wild areas. It seeks out high forests, avoiding coppices and scrub. It is very abundant in coniferous forests but also in mixed and deciduous forests. I myself have encountered it in riparian forests (3) in Savoie. It sometimes frequents rocky terrain and cliffs.

In the mountains, it reaches the upper limit of the forest, i.e. 2000 m in the Southern Alps and the Pyrenees.

The living space of a marten is vast, it can reach 15 km in radius. It delimits its territory with the secretion of its anal glands. It lives in the nests of squirrels, corvids, birds of prey, in hollow trees, in woodpecker holes, in rocky cavities and sometimes in burrows.

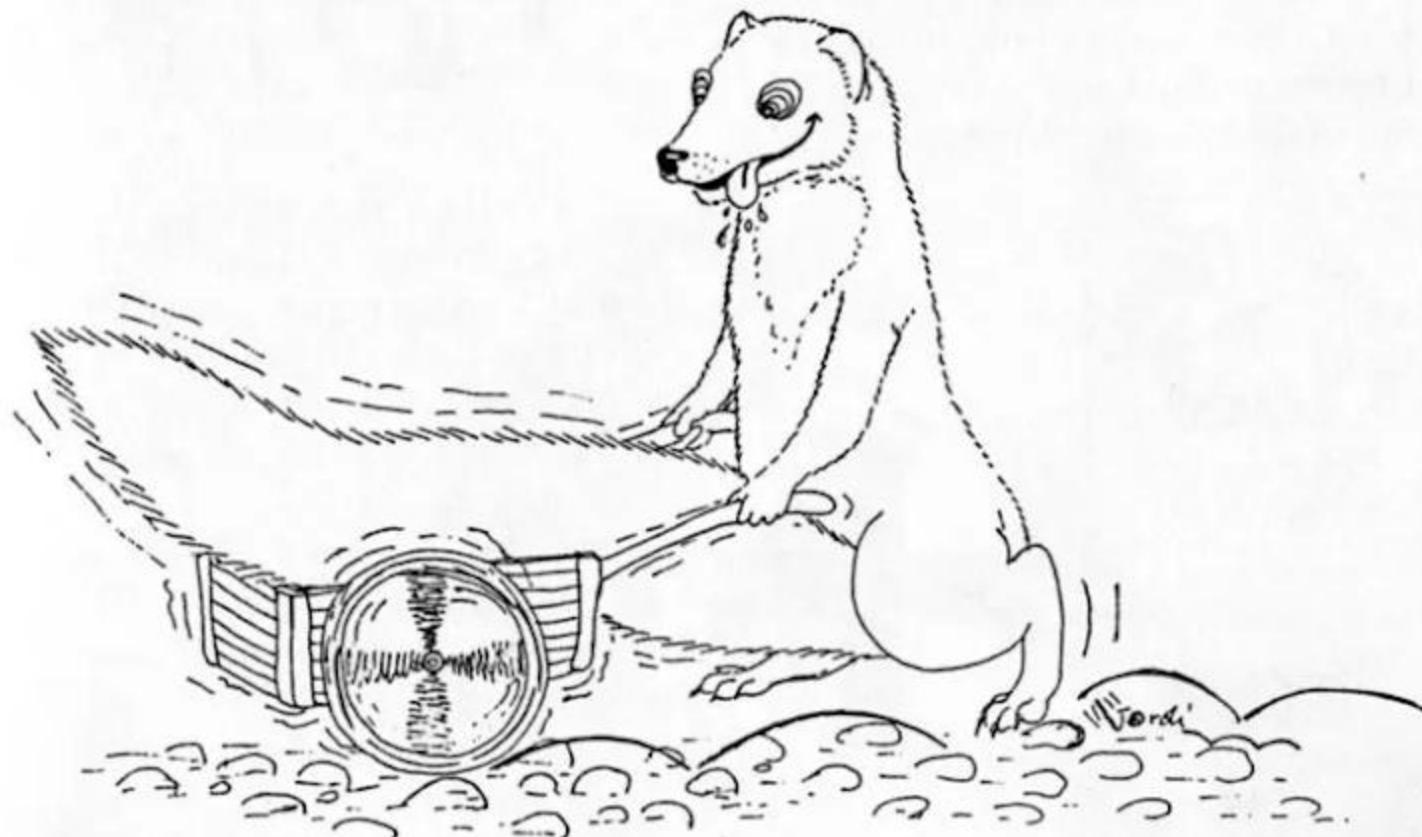
DISTRIBUTION

The Marten can be said to be strictly European, extending slightly to the East into Asia. It is present throughout the continent with the exception of the Balkans, most of the Iberian Peninsula and Great Britain.

With deforestation, trapping and poisoning, their numbers have fallen dangerously in Europe. Currently, total or partial protection measures are allowing a rise in numbers in certain regions.

JORDI

(Continued from this wonderful article in "Casque" n° 12)



[This curious drawing is, in fact, the header of the internal bulletin ("La Brouette") of the Balder C.T. Martre - i.]

(1) This term, unintentionally pronounced by the scouts, is however correct although it is no longer used.

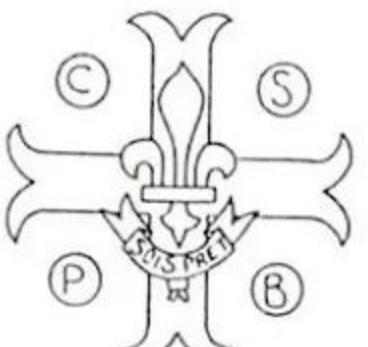
(2) Any animal having an internal skeleton, warm blood, fur or at least some hair, and whose females have mammary glands.

(3) Alluvial forests.

It is with great pleasure that we discovered "KRALL 87" published by Orme Rond. We can only welcome this happy initiative.

Reading this Scouting Alma-nach, I remembered a discussion I had with a foreign scout. The latter criticized French scouting and its proliferation of associations: "there is no scout unit in France". What can I say to that?

Anyone who is not French will have difficulty conceiving of this all-round growth of Scouting in our country.



Sign of the times! At a time when we hear Catholic pontiffs rave about ecumenism, and especially on the occasion of the travels of J.P. II, there are a large number of distinct movements among them. Some refer to the Second Vatican Council, others are faithful to the rite codified by the



Yet when one reads "Krall 87" carefully one can identify some elements of an answer. It is enough to analyze the 19 associations presented in detail to note that: four secular or neutral movements are, one movement is of Jewish

religion, one movement

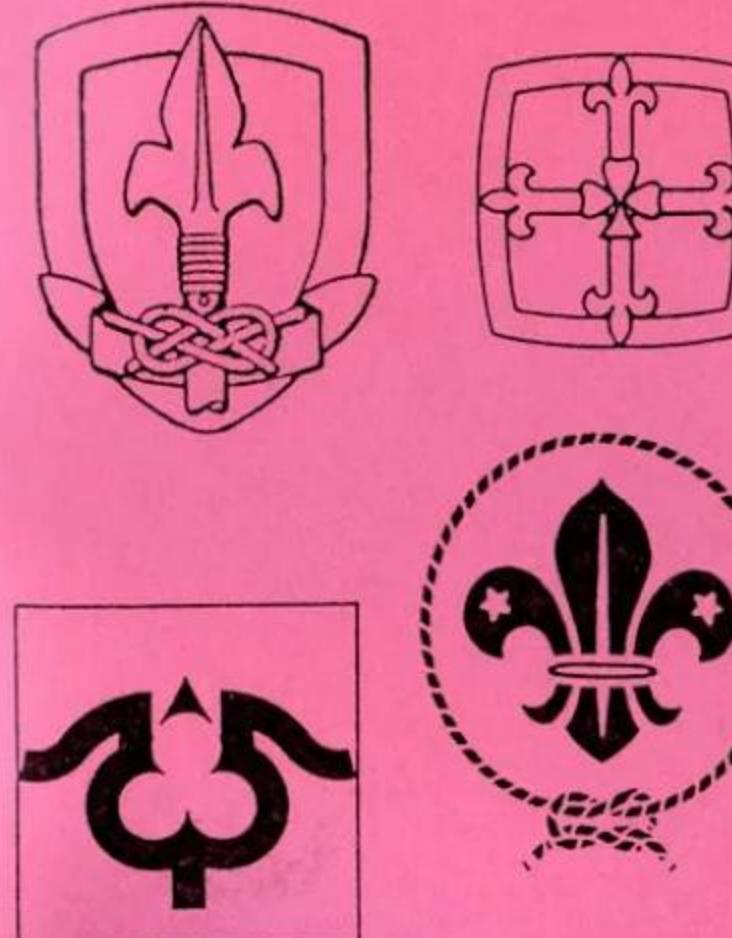
- is of Protestant obedience, thirteen movements are Catholic.
-
-
-

Pope Pius V, all with multiple and often subtle variations.

The analysis would be too simplistic if we only focused on religious specificities: there are also differences in pedagogy.

Indeed, of the same 19 associations, we note that thirteen of them claim the traditional pedagogical method, 5 so-called new or "research" methods, and finally one (the FEEUF), both pedagogies.

At this point, my foreign scout no longer understands anything. Between the petty quarrels, the different methods and the personal problems (yes, yes, there are some), he loses his Latin and thinks that these poor Gauls are completely crazy.



However, from the depths of our madness, we can answer that like the culture of which we are the heirs (vast Europe!), the strength of French Scouting is its diversity.

It is a barrier against the sclerosis of our mode of education.

It is a guarantee of freshness (without label). But it is above all what saved Traditional Scouting in the face of the progressive and suicidal actions of certain movements.

However, our diversity can only serve and even is useful if all the scout movements in our country know how to face together the major problems that may arise, without consideration of method, religion or people.

It is possible that one day a government will decide to regulate the legislation of Scouting movements more rigidly than at present. Our survival will then depend on our union and the mass represented (elections oblige!).

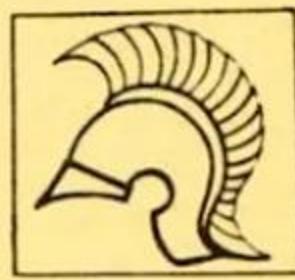
On that day, more will have to be in everyone to make our differences an irresistible force.



HELMET

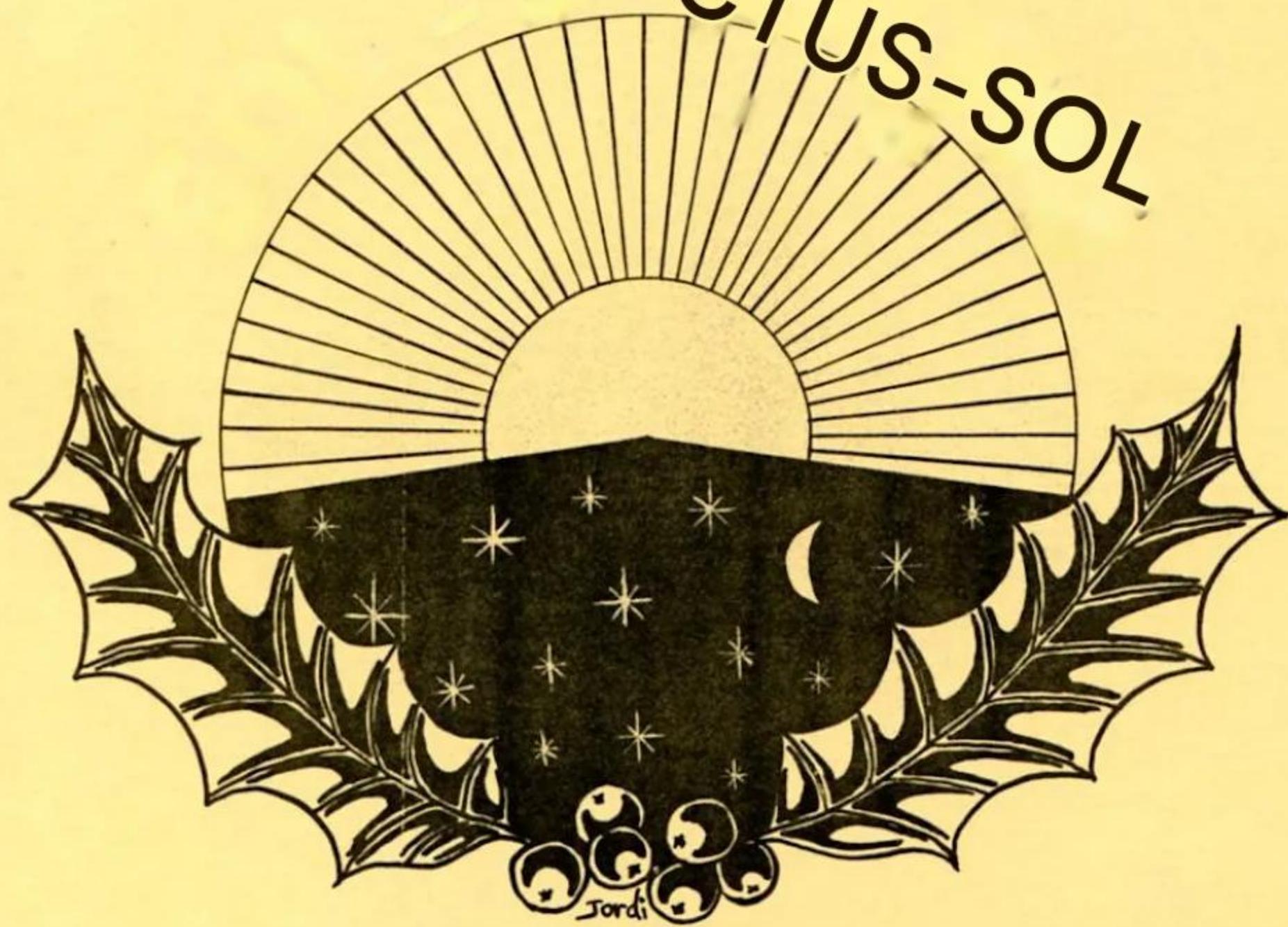
ISSN 0763-1960

QUARTERLY N°
10-January 1987



AN UNPUBLISHED STORY BY Pierre
GRIPARI

INVICTUS-SOL



MORE IS IN US!

- Say, Chief, I'm afraid...
- Afraid? But of what?
- Fear of being crazy. You know, when you feel different, when you speak and are not understood.
- Who doesn't understand you, Rémi?
- Oh, not you, of course! Not you... well, here, you know. No, but the others, outside.
- Outside what?



- Well, at school for example. When I arrive at sports with my legs scratched. They all laugh and say that I have a dangerous cat. But they know why my legs are like that, and they laugh anyway. They think they're good because they have shiny legs. Why, Chief?!

- Because they know you're right and they're wrong.
- But what's wrong?!
- It's wrong to humiliate yourself because you do what they never dare-



but to do; to admit that the true values are not those which they defend.

- What values?!
- The ones you serve without even realizing it. Here, your skinned legs. You bear written on them the proof of your courage.
- So, running through brambles is being brave?
- Yes and no. Running through the brambles to save your patrol from defeat, to get to the heart of a battle faster, to escape from adversaries, yes, that is courage. Running through the brambles for fun is no longer courage.

- And they know all this when I enter the gym?

- No, of course not. But they see the second side of your courage, that of daring to show your clawed legs.

- Is courage a real value?

- You have to believe.
- Why did you say that others were wrong about their values?
- Because it's true. Courage is not talking back to your parents, stealing

in a bakery, arriving late for class with your head held high...

- And me, do I have the real values?
- Of course.
- Could everyone have them?
- Yes. But there is something missing from this "everyone", and that we have, you and I. Oh, yes?
- What?
- Something, there, deep down. That moves without stopping. A "Plus", in "us". Do you feel it, sometimes?



- Yes, when I'm in the brambles. And when I listen to you! So, are you - feeling better?

- And how, Chief, thank you!"

MARTEN I.

DUE TO THE ABUNDANCE OF MATERIAL, YOU WILL FIND IN THE NEXT ISSUE THE CONTINUATION OF THE NORDWIND SAGA AND VARIOUS NEWS.

WE HOPE TO BE ABLE TO GO TO 32 PAGES (INSTEAD OF THE CURRENT 24) FROM ISSUE 11.

HELMET

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EXCLUSIVE!

AN UNPUBLISHED STORY BY

Pierre GRIPARI

THE DRAMA OF CAMP NO. 7

In tribute to Jack LONDON.

You have to know what the Martian steppe is! A desert, yes, if you like, but a desert compared to which our Sahara seems like a boulevard, a public square, a metropolis... Imagine an immense plain of red sand, with vegetation that is not vegetation, chemical vegetation, non-living, mineral, which changes color according to the seasons, cracks underfoot, breaks, but does not contain a single molecule of water. On top of that, of these storms The simoon, next to it, is only a rabbit fart! all this, on a surface area about the size of Europe and Asia...

Our friend William had been tasked with exploring part of this steppe, following a very precise route, marked by around ten camps, numbered from 1 to 10. You can see them here, on this map...

He had been assigned, as an assistant and collaborator, a traveling companion whom I will call, if you please, the Ordure. I am not allowed to tell you his real family name, and this denomination suits him perfectly.

○



During the first three stages, the Ordure behaved more or less normally. She took care of some of the equipment and work, drove the car, helped prepare meals, and put up and take down the tent.

But, as soon as he arrived at Camp No. 4, this gentleman went on strike with his arms crossed. He was tired. He hadn't come here to take care of all the chores. He wasn't an explorer, much less a scholar. And his family had paid, yes, perfectly paid for his trip, generously showering the Director of the Earth Mission, plus a few senior executives of the Ministry... As a result, he considered himself a sort of tourist.

From that day on, he actually let himself live. Our friend had nothing left to do but serve as his servant, in addition to all the scientific and technical work... The Filth no longer did anything, which is called nothing!



What would you have done, tell me, in William's place? Needless to say, the kind words were less than hot air... Two solutions remained possible: either beat the parasite's ass, to teach him how to live, or abandon him where he was.

But our friend, as you know, was not a violent person. On top of that, he was scrupulous. Forceful solutions were not his thing, and even less so was trickery. However filthy the Filth was, he did not recognize the right to let it die in the middle of the Martian desert.

The worst part was that the bastard was perfectly aware of it. He was counting on the morality of his traveling companion for the immediate future, and on his family's connections for the future. He was playing for sure, in short... Add to that the fact that he drank when he was thirsty, ate when he was hungry, without taking any account of the rationing planned in advance. One could already guess that at this rate the reserve of drinking water would be exhausted well before the last leg.

While driving the car between Camp No. 6 and Camp No. 7, William once again took the trouble to calmly explain the situation to the Scum, trying to make him understand that his behavior was, ultimately, suicidal. To which the Scum simply replied that, if that were the case, the little water that would remain after the eighth stage would be reserved for his use alone... And woe to our friend if he dared to touch it!

This answer, which would have made me furious, was for William a kind of revelation, an illumination, a miracle. The Scum, like all scum, was an imbecile. And, like all imbeciles, he himself sawed off the branch on which he was perched...

Arriving at Camp No. 7, our friend pitched the tent as usual, and prepared the meal. Also as usual, the Scum stuffed himself with food, soaked himself in drinking water and fell asleep. William, meanwhile, watched and meditated. By sunrise, his decision was made.



The Scum woke up as it was broad daylight, quite surprised not to be pulled out of her sleeping bag by her comrade. William was there, however, but sitting, motionless, on his own bunk, and was looking at him with a thoughtful air.

- Well, what are you doing? asked the Scum.
- Me? Nothing.
- You haven't packed up yet?
- Non.
- You're not taking down the tent?
- Non.
- When are we leaving then?
- We're not leaving anymore.

The other looked surprised, frowned, and then he seemed to understand. He continued, with a bad smile:

- Ah! So that's it!
- Yes, that's it, William replied.
- Is that all you could think of to force me to work?

William shook his head:

- I'm not forcing you to work. You do what you want.
- Yes, perfectly, I do what I want, said the parasite, in an aggressive manner.

Then, after a minute of silence:

- That's good. Since you're playing this game, I'll tell you one thing right away: you won't go near the drinking water container anymore. The remaining water will be for me!

At this, the Filth got up to go and have a drink, for the thought of water had made her thirsty. Half a minute later, she returned, livid:

- What did you do to the can?
- I pierced it, William said.
- But you are crazy!
- I don't think so.
- But we are going to die!
- No doubt.
- Is that all it does to you?
- Yes.
- But finally, why did you do that?
- To get revenge, our friend replied with a nice smile.

You remember, as I do, William's smile, which was kindness itself. While the other, in silence, digested this answer, he continued, very calmly:

- It was so simple, really... Why didn't I think of it sooner? You just have to stop caring about life, and there you go, everything is fine, there are no more problems, you don't have to fear anything anymore, you are free...

- That's not true, you're bluffing, said the Scum, turning even paler. You changed the water container and hid it somewhere. - But no, I assure you, said William patiently, I pierced the can, all the water went into the sand... If you want, now, take the car and try to finish the crossing without drinking... As for me, I'm staying here.

I'll pass over the moods and the successive reactions of the Ordure: threats, violence, panic, recriminations, whining... The character is not sympathetic enough for me to dwell on it. In the end he took the car and left alone. Of course, he never found camp no. 8 and he got lost in the desert. He will probably be found, one day or another, but in the state of a dehydrated corpse, what we call here a mummy of the steppes...

You know that William was spotted and then picked up, as he was still alive. He held on long enough to tell his whole story, after which he kindly let himself die, despite all the care that was lavished on him. He was a scrupulous man, I tell you: he had no remorse, he felt that he had been right, that he had every right to act as he did, but on the condition that he himself would not live again afterwards.

We're the ones who regret having mated him with that bitch. We won't be seeing engineers like him again any time soon!

Pierre GRIPARI

FREE SCOUTS ON MINITEL

Dial 3614 (TéléTEL 2), ask for service 113030051 and when you have it, dial SL2. There you are, you are on the Free Scouts server.



Soon the TéléTEL services will have completed their connections and you will be able to call us directly from 3614 using our specific code (SL2).

Don't hurry, we are not yet operational! Soon you will find all the information you want to have on the Scouts

Free, their Groups, etc... A mailbox will also be available.

Patience... see you in a month!

READING TIPS

The Adventure with the Free Scouts, you live it every day, in scouting activities, of course, but also at home, at school, in your way of living, speaking, choosing your TV program, etc... In short, if you have chosen to be a Scout, it must not be only on the weekend when you are in uniform. Scouting is also an art of living! A permanent choice.

It seems that some Casque readers (not many!) spend most of their time, when they are at home, in front of the TV. Worse, they delight in decadent and awful series, sold at low prices by the U.S. production and brainwashing machines (see "La 5"). We even see young people, but not Free Scouts, who while drowning in their TV, tap on an "Apple II" keyboard, sip a Coke (without an antidote) while "reading" the "adventures" of Pif the dog!! (Yes, yes!).

We prefer Scouts who read Tolkien, Tournier, Foncine, Gripari, Mary Renault, etc... That's why we're going to regularly offer you a few titles. Obviously not in the Harlequin, Nombril, Madame Soleil, Mickey or Marvel series: let's leave the stupidities to the amateurs, let's aim higher!



Heroic Fawn

First things first, it was only right to start this section with the "Signe de Piste" collection.

After many twists and turns, it seems to be off on a new epic journey: a superb catalogue, a new presentation (rather pleasant), excellent re-editions, new releases (good or not so good), finally... things are moving!



The Ayack gang

To be avoided furiously: Eric the magnificent, 5th volume of the Prince Eric series. Serge DALENS destroys (deliberately?) the image of an Eric who no longer belonged to his author. Eric becomes here, a sort of little sister of the poor, far from the determined, lively and willful Scout to whom we were accustomed, nothing is spared the poor reader. Zero!



The blood scarf

Disappointing : volumes 2 and 3 of Amaël, Prince of Youth. Maurice VAUTHIER had accustomed us to better. Much better, even though he still signed one of the best "Signe de Piste": Faon l'héroïque. However, Amaël I could have led to something else...



The strong and the pure

You absolutely must : read all of Jean-Louis FONCINE's books (also currently published by "France Loisirs"), particularly Le Fou-lard de sang, Le glaive de Cologne, Les forts et les purs, La bande des Ayacks, etc.



Registration number 502
And three titles by X.B. LEPRINCE: The Raid of the Four Castles, The Ninth Crusade and The Signs of the Empire.

A few pious wishes intended for our favorite collection: we would like a recent scout novel (!), we no longer want the horrible illustrations which "adorned" the last Amaël.

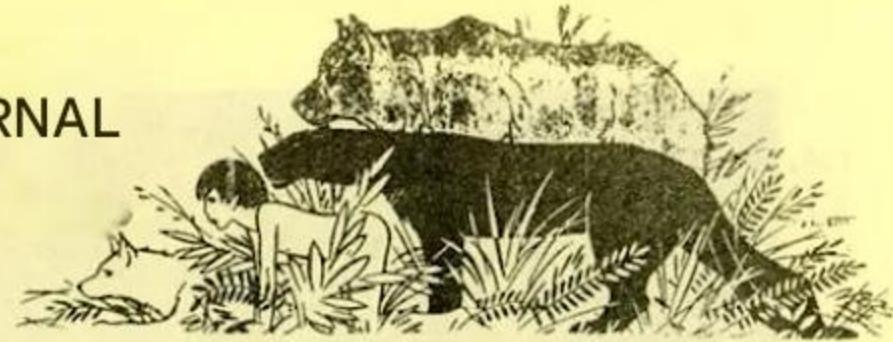
All Robert ALEXANDRE including: Tiguir, Sandrinhar, the Mykir series (5 volumes) and the first volume of the new series: The heirs of the seven worlds.

Also highly recommended: the series of Thieves by Serge DALENS. The survivors of the year 2000 and Joar of space by G. X. PASSOVER. The two volumes of L'envoyé by Huguette CAR-RIERE. Matricule 512 and Les Compa-gnons de la Loue by Jean VALBERT. The forbidden mountain by J.-F. PAYS. Jovanni by Pierre DELSUC. Kraken or the sons of the ocean by Thierry ROLLET.



Sandrinhar

SEEONEE JUNGLE JOURNAL



JUNGLE PALATES

L.A. - Hello Old Wolf.
 V.L. - Hold on Agile Language It's been a long time since we saw each other.
 - L.A. It's your fault, you should come more often.
 V.L. - Very true. What are you becoming?
 - L.A. Well I'm six.
 V.L. - Sizenier! Congratulations! And who are the unfortunate people who will have to put up with you?
 - L.A. White people. And... they're not that unhappy, mind you.
 - V.L. I was joking... How are you doing?
 L.A. - Not bad, it's okay. By the way, Akéla told me that you could maybe explain a little bit.
 V.L. Very gladly, what do you want to know?
 L.A. - Well... that's really what a sizenier is, that's what he has to do. Everything.
 V.L. - Vast program. Well, do you already know how the Pack works?
 THERE. - Of course!
 V.L. - You know that it is Akela who leads the Pack and that it is he who decides at the Council.
 L.A. - Yes.
 - V.L. And in the sixes?
 L.A. - Well, that's the size.

V.L. - So, what is the sizenier?
 L.A. - The leader of the six.
 - V.L. Okay; and what do you think he should do?
 L.A. - Well, he's the one who says what needs to be done.
 - V.L. He gives orders, in short?
 L.A. - Yes... but, there's more.
 V.L. - You're right. What is he doing again?
 L.A. - He teaches others.
 V.L. - Yes. And then?
 L.A. - Well... I don't really know.
 V.L. - There's nothing wrong with that, it's sometimes a bit confusing, even for chefs.
 L.A. - Really?
 V.L. - Here, in the Seeonee Clan, each adult wolf, who had a family, cubs, was responsible for them before the entire Council. On the other hand, he had no one to answer to except the Council, presided over by Akela. Is that clear? I think. L.A.
 V.L. - At La Meute, it's a bit the same thing.

The sizenier is a bit like the "father" of his si-zaine.

L.A. - Huh?
V.L. - Who. That doesn't mean we have to call him "Dad." It means he has to feel really responsible for his cubs; he has to watch over them; he has to try to teach them everything they might need.

L.A. - Well, I say!
V.L. - That's why a sizerier must have its two stars.

L.A. - But, I only have one!
V.L. - Hurry up and get the other one. You see, being a good sizerier is not giving orders, demanding obedience, becoming a "little boss". If you do that, you're going to be hated very quickly.

L.A. - Obviously, we already have enough with the teachers at school.
V.L. - There you go, you get it. On the other hand, if you're always there to give a helping hand, show how to pitch the tent, light the fire, all that... if your little wolves know they can always count on you in difficult times, then they'll start to really love you.

L.A. - Like Akela.
V.L. - Yes, like Akela. And if they really love you, they will do their best to make you happy with them. They may do some stupid things, but if you show them why they were wrong, rather than scolding them, you will see that they will correct themselves very quickly.

L.A. - It looks easy like that... but in reality...

- V.L. I know it's hard sometimes, but you're not alone.

L.A. - That's right, I can ask Akela or Bagheera to help me.

V.L. Not only can you, but it is in your best interest to do so.

L.A. - But when someone really does stupid things, doesn't want to do their job, stuff like that? What do I do?

V.L. If - persuasion and kindness are not enough, do not ever get angry! Just go to Akela or Bagheera and tell them your troubles. They will tell you what to do.

L.A. - Okay!... Hey...

V.L. - Yes ?

L.A. - I'm a bit like the father of my six, you say?

- V.L. Yes, that's it.

L.A. - So, Akéla, he's a bit like a grandfather!

V.L. - That's one way of looking at it.

- L.A. So, hello, great-grandpa!



If you don't have cold eyes or hands,
If you are not afraid of icy torrents or dirty bowls,
If you know how to accept with a smile whatever happens to you,
then you will be a scout, cub;



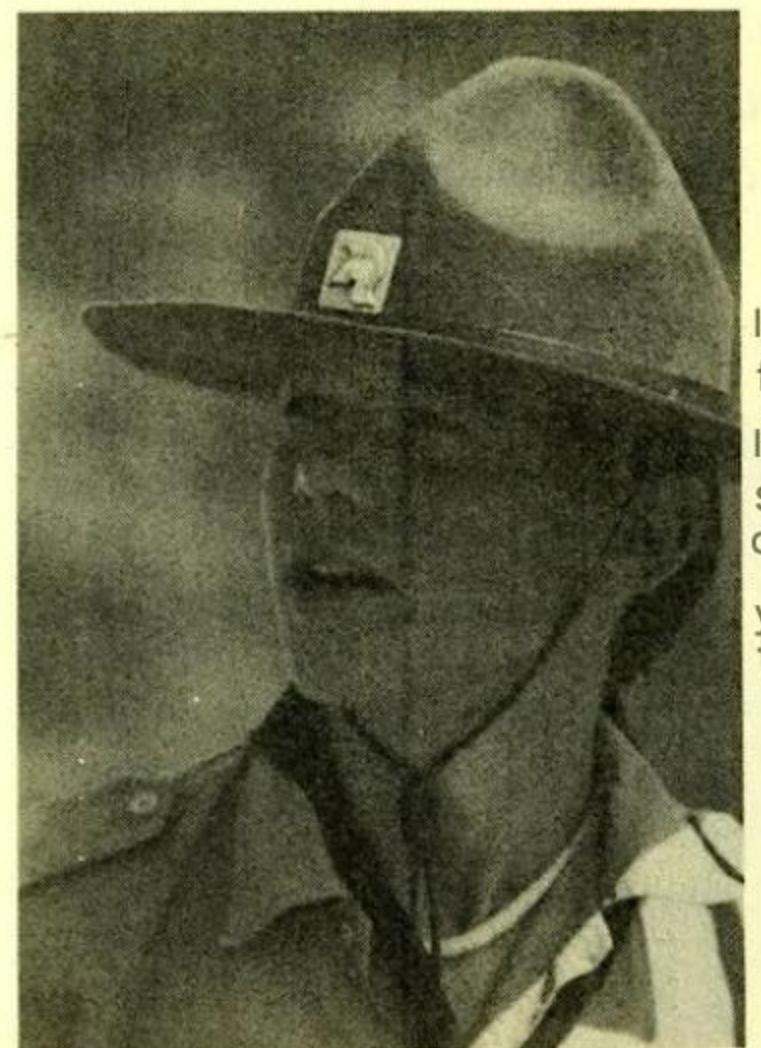
If you are not afraid of receiving blows, nor of giving them,
If you understand that one can be strong without being mean. If trees and brambles are only additional obstacles for you,
then you will be a scout, cub;

.../...



If the stars make you dream, and the fire sing, If you accept the night as a companion and the forest as a friend, If seeing a chamois fills your heart with immense joy,

then you will be a scout, cub;



If obeying and commanding is easy for you,

If you are ready to risk everything to save your patrol from death or defeat, If life appears to

you as a sun that remains eternally to be conquered,

then you will be a scout, wolf cub; a real one!

BAGHEERA

WHO IS IT ?

Continuing the publication of its "Portrait Gallery", Casque has the pleasure, the honor and the advantage of presenting to you in this issue the flagship of the National Team of Free Scouts... (May Zeus preserve it for us for a long time!)

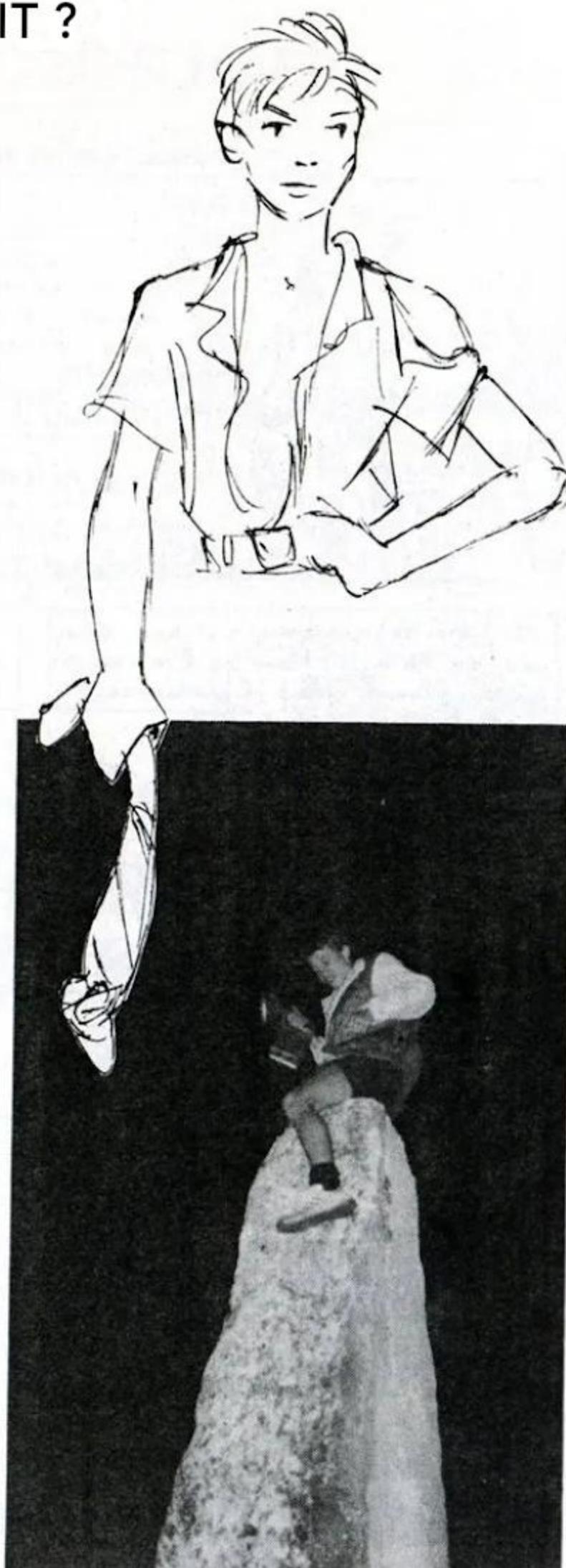
It was during the last Toussaint camp of his Troop. A traveling camp on the Gras plateau in the south of Ardèche. Dotted with dolmens and menhirs, pierced with multiple cavities, the landscape lent itself to solitary reverie...

"I'm a poor lonesome scout-master...", we don't know the rest of the story...

Our National Scout Commissioner (better known to readers by his Marten totem), because that is indeed who we are talking about, is currently preparing a thesis "on the usefulness of menhirs in transmitting messages during scout camps".

We bet that this thesis will blind researchers of all stripes, and particularly "megalith" specialists, with its luminous clarity.

The mystery is finally solved!, and the honor will reflect on our young association...



Philemon of ROCHECHINARD

Designs:
JORDI

Texts:
Marten

Adventures and Misadventures



Well the new one arrived a little late. But we quickly got him into the mood. It was great!....



We found a great place to camp!



After a hearty breakfast. We had ole new games that we really great fun took! It was everyone!



But he had to go back, and it was the new guy who guided us! He was happy to see that he was being given responsibilities.



His parents at the local were so happy to see him so happy. The atmosphere was great and super! They said they would come see you, boss. That's why I called you. See you soon.



instead, I'll disappear for a few days. So they'd want to sign up too! So see you soon, boss!



SHORT TALE OF THE DAY

The deer novice walked forward at random, remaining very calm despite his difficult situation. Two hours had passed since he had gotten lost. Night had fallen suddenly, as always in December... and the forest was so majestic that the moonlight could not reach him.

In the afternoon, on a whim, he had left the patrol after having a run-in with the SP over a stupid matter of equipment that he had left lying around...

It had been almost four months since he joined the Troop. He would have loved to be able to leave his damned character, his maternal heritage and his frenzied selfishness at the door. His CT had reassured him during one of those gloomy identity crises that he knew: "You joined "Scouting" voluntarily to resemble the heroes of Foncine's scout novels. You found in the Troop an atmosphere as strong and as beautiful as those camping in the "Lost Country". You hoped for it but you didn't dare believe it, don't novels idealize everything?"

Now, don't think that your little flaws will fall at your feet like that, without any effort on your part. Without pain. It will take time and willpower before the new man appears, Harald."

Yeah, the Chief was very nice, but the molt was dragging on and the small victories over himself that he had recorded in recent weeks had just been erased by his attitude from earlier. Now, he bitterly regretted it.

He was certainly spoiling the Solstice party that the whole Group was to celebrate that evening in this old forgotten hovel in the heart of the Fairy Wood.

Instead of celebrating the return of the sun, they all went, out of solidarity, to hunt under the stars to find it again.



Harald was not worried, however: he told himself that on the night of the solstice, all the divinities of the forest would help him find his way.

Suddenly, without his having heard it coming, a large black crow brushed past him with its powerful flight. Emotion. He had barely recovered from his brief fright when a wolf's howl spread through the trees. His heart clenched until it hurt.

He pulled himself together. Harald had a strong heart and a bold mind. A cry: More is in us! Was that his voice? Well, the change was not going to be long in coming. Vaguely reassured, he climbed a large ash tree. During the climb, he saw. He thought he saw?



Two big yellow eyes were watching him. Wolf eyes.

Once at the top of the tree, he looked carefully, but he did not see this legendary guest of our forests again. He had disappeared.

Harald searched in the distance for a light, a clue that could put him back in the direction of his scout brothers. Brothers? Yes! With all his heart! What had he not understood before. It was definitely the night of the great moulting.

Nothing to the left, nothing to the right. There! Towards the East. A flickering light seemed to rise from beneath the trees.



Like a moth, Harald descended from his perch and headed towards the light.

Now he was running. The herd instinct... His legs were whipped by the ferns, his head by the low branches. But no matter, hope or fear was there to give him wings.

He burst into a clearing, unable to hold back a cry. A fire burned in the center. "Welcome, Harald." "Good evening, sir."

Before him, majestic, a tall, bearded, one-eyed man looked at him. His single eye seemed to reflect all the knowledge of the world.



"What are you looking for, son of a human?"

Harald was suffocated. How could the old man know his first name?

"Well, I'm looking for the right direction, to return to my camp."

"Head towards the East, the future lies there and do not forget the forest, Harald, never... Its forces will always live in you."

The old one-eyed man disappeared with this enigmatic sentence and left our novice stunned and distraught.

Harald took the indicated direction and quickly found the camp.

The Scoutmaster slowly advanced towards the out-of-breath cannonball that had just landed not far from him. Had Solstice just officiated again?

Harald's still racing heartbeat did not have time to calm down; the Chief was approaching him.

His large hat completely hid his face. Under the pale light of the night star, its angular contours were briefly outlined. Harald shuddered. He had thought he saw a beard... He shook his head. "I think I can whistle the assembly..." "Yes, chief..." "Come. There is fire inside. You will tell us." He did not answer. Already, a new fire was shining in him.

POOR F.



MISCELLANEOUS INFORMATION

CHEF TRAINING CAMPS

Leaders wishing to register for the training camps (CEP 1st degree) Louve-teaux and Eclaireurs are requested to inform the national secretariat before February 28, 87. (Refer to Helmet No. 9 for dates, locations and requirements).



NATIONAL TRAPPER CAMP

It will take place from July 27 to August 5 (or from 07/28 to 08/06) in the Picos de Europa in the Cantabrian Mountains (Asturias Spain).

Unable to accommodate more than 10 boys, this camp is open to all - members of the F.F.D.S. and is however reserved as a priority for Free Scouts (6 places).



Theme :

Trapper lifestyle with: Discovery and study of wildlife (bears, wolves, birds of prey, ungulates, etc.) Ancestral methods of survival and hunting. Photographic hunting.

Master: Jordi MAGRANER Camp Leader National Commissioner S.L. Naturalist. Chamois I. Assistant Ass. Pack Leader S.L. Photographer.

Participation: 700 F/person all inclusive.

Registration:

Write urgently to Casque Camp Trappeur to register on the list of candidates.

CAMP NATIONAL MARIN

It will take place in August in the Mediterranean and will last eight or ten days.

Six Free Scouts scouts will be able to participate.

Taking place - of course - on a sailboat, this stay will include:

- Knowledge and behavior of a sailboat.
- Safety at sea.
- Sailing.
- Scuba diving.



Its price will be 650 or 700 F all inclusive. The Camp Chief will be Donald Suzzoni Doctor assisted by Fennec M. General Commissioner of the Free Scouts.

Write urgently to Casque for a registration request.



NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP FOR C.P.

Despite the SNCF strikes and the bad weather, almost all of the registered participants were at the National Centre of Free Scouts on the morning of December 26.

17 CP, SP or Acting Commissioners, supervised by three national commissioners (no less!) thus lived according to a carefully developed program, until December 30 in the south of Drôme.

This third edition of our CP camp saw some new features: - the participation of CPs from friendly associations, members of the FFDS (Scouts Randonneurs and Scouts Raiders).

- trainees having previously received the theoretical data essential for a good level CP (scout method, patrol system, role of the CP, pedagogy, animation) condensed from the last two editions; the master's degree has chosen to carry the



psychological efforts: "Know thyself." What surprises!

- it was the first winter camp of this type without a permanent shelter. The bad weather still forced the trainees to use tents.

8 CP diplomas with various distinctions and a SP diploma were awarded at the end of this camp.

An astonishing achievement: the camp report (a 44-page "tome") was sent to the trainees and their leaders just one week after the end of the camp.

The National Scout Commissioner is already planning camp 87. A camp that will hold some surprises...

LAST

M I N U T E . . .

FREE SCOUTS invade Paris!

The first Parisian Free Scout Group is starting up. The Province is therefore setting up in Paris.

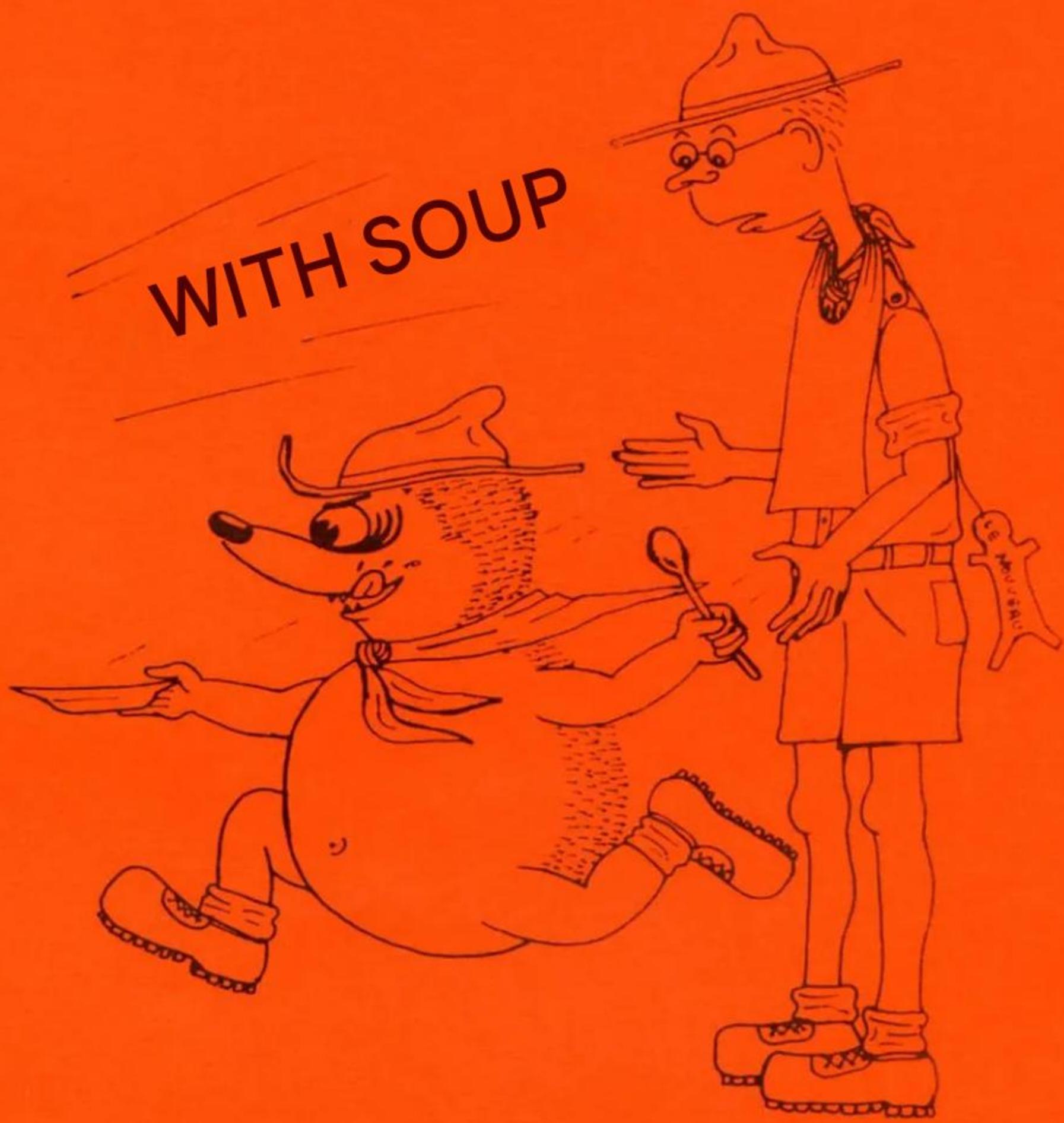
This bridgehead was awaited by many friends. We are certain that it will demonstrate the dynamism that characterizes our association.

For all information, contact Casque who will forward it.

HELMET

Quarterly

Nº 9 - Nov. 86 - 15 F



The Scout is courteous and chivalrous.

MORE IS IN US

- Camp is over!
- "It was great."
- "Yeah."
- "24 days is too little..."
- "Maybe good, but it was exhausting..."
- "...pain in feet, legs, everywhere."
- "H.S., what."
- "The best camp since I've been in the Scouts!"
- "Me too!"
- "Can't wait for school to start again!"
- "By the way, did you see? It seems that the bosses have set the first activity for September 20 and 21."
- "What! They're making fun of us... what are we going to do in the meantime?"

But what makes you want more?



Your ambition drives you

It's beautiful, it's big, it's friendship, joy, the spirit of the community, it's the warmth of the Clan and the Great Health... Of course! But it's also sweat, the shirt that sticks, the bag that pulls back, the raids that never end, the rocks to climb, the waterfalls to go down, the gorges to swim through, the rain, the cold, the damp sleeping bag...

What attracts you to the Free Scouts? Isn't it our cry: More is in us? A cry that demands another way of living, a spirit that pushes us to constantly surpass ourselves, to always go further.

Does she have a normal life: a good little job, a small family, a quiet life, very withdrawn, very selfish, the little happiness of the little ones?



men, in short?

NO! More is in you. You know that life is worth living to the fullest. You are not one of those who are content to exist. You will seek to live... And True Life is taking risks, committing yourself body and soul.

We are Scouts, we are Free, we are Europeans. We want Strength, Power, Youth and Health for our peoples and for our countries.

We want to be "Plus" men and women. We will surpass ourselves:

More is in us!

FENNEC M.

CALL TO READERS

Helmet needs you!

In order to develop Casque qualitatively and quantitatively, we are launching a sponsorship campaign.

What is it about?

You offer a subscription to one of your friends, or one of your friends subscribes through you:

You will receive a Free Scout lighter (Morse code is printed on it) by return mail.

Since Plus is in you, we are counting on your support.

The editorial staff.



PRICES

(One-year subscription: 4 issues)

France : 50 F

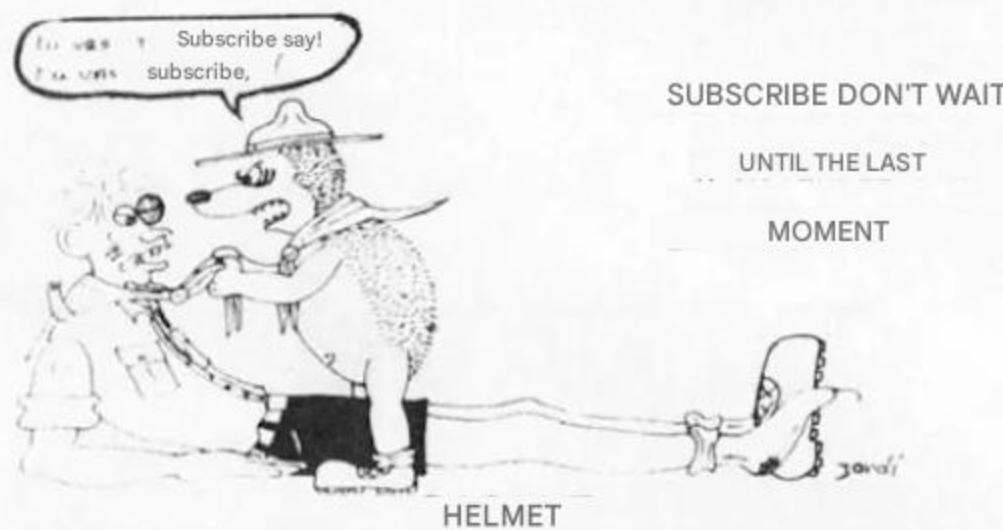
Foreigner: 70 F

TO VAIN C.P.

Helmet is late!

You bit your nails. You cursed us. You anxiously watched for the postman's steps. You feared an attack on our premises. You conceived dark suspicions about the neighbor who, no doubt, was insistently eyeing your mailbox.

Sorry... there... don't cry anymore, it's over. I promise, I swear, we won't do it again.



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"No, I am not taking away anything from the qualities that I know you have and I refuse to make any judgments. I am only asking you, my lads, to do your job as CP properly. And when it is done, I would like you to avoid taking yourselves for what you are not yet completely."

Some of you would have a little tendency (a little very much even) to believe that you have reached the supreme level. You are not the new Gods of Asgard!"

This speech heard recently from a CT during a Council of Chiefs, could challenge many Patrol Chiefs.

If you, CP who is reading this, start to squirm in your chair, if you feel a little (oh, not much, just a tad) vain, you are going to have to force yourself to change your style,

to find the scout spirit again. The pride of what you are, must not lead you to destructive vanity, which leads to looking down again... and you know the call of the void...

"So don't be so presumptuous, young cocks, the Europe of tomorrow does not need self-important men. We want responsible guys, ready to build an Empire, and not grumblers



always ready to criticize the work of the best. We must be builders, innovators, men who see high and far.

Come on, make a little effort. Be clear-headed, the elite is always further away..."

POOR F.



MY FOREST

My forest is not very big. To get there, you have to know how to leave early in the morning, quietly, by bike, in the pale ray of the first sun. You must not fear the narrow and winding road, the big hill that often forces you to get off, the shirt that soon sticks to your back.

You have to know not to curse the sudden pothole or the excrement of the herd, nor the tuft of grass on which you must not ride, under penalty of slipping and going into the ditch. You have to have recognized the somewhat wild and poorly drawn path which alone really leads there, abandon the bike under the fern and walk, walk.

We had to remember the snack, the apple and the banana, the dried fig, the slice of black bread that smells so

Well, the hazelnut, and of course not to take the city water, but the skin gourd and fill it soon at the little stream-bucket which hides under the tall grass and the green reed. For it is not easy to find, my forest, and whoever does not take care of drinking and eating risks only to return without even approaching it, overcome by thirst and hunger.

Then you must not be afraid of the thorn of the bramble which often blocks the path, not sit on the anthill, not insert the penknife with seven blades under the bark of the trunk, nor break the branch of the ash tree to make a bow, and not nail your shelter to the edge of the willow near the pond...

Soon you arrive. The clearing is gilded in the midday sun; watch out for the too-pretty mushroom and the sleeping snake!

That's when you settle in



to eat, drink a little, listen to all the noises: wind, stream, that of the bee, that of the starling. If you stay a little longer, if you are not afraid of missing the soap opera on television, or of coming back at nightfall, you will discover, perhaps, beyond the rusty rail that has long been silent, the entrance to the underground passage that resembles a damp cave and that can lead you, if you are not afraid of the spider's web, the dust on your back or the cry of the pipistrelle, to the dungeon of the old castle, at the top of which, by the twisted staircase, you will have the whole horizon of the surroundings in your sight...

Sometimes, with luck, you meet strange children there, beige uniform and browned skin, heavy knife and blood-scarf, hair of iron and earth, greedy eye and piercing gaze. They know how to re-recognize you. Perhaps you also know how to share their wild games and their dissected life.

It is up to you to let your shell be removed, and to enjoy all the fires of the Crystal, your body freed from useless dross. You are now naked, but clothed in a solid and light heat. Radiant...

This is a bit of a secret to my forest.

I won't tell you what it's called, or where to find it on the mysterious maps. The Parisians would soon come there, with their cars and empty houses, their music and noise, their dirty papers and trained dogs. They would soon have cleaned and cleared everything, widened the road and tarred the path, chased away the birds and killed the ants, walled up the underground because of the little ones, restored the ruins of the castle for the Americans. And, perhaps, stolen my bike... It would soon no longer be the fo-

that I love. It would no longer be my forest.

CALENDAR 1987

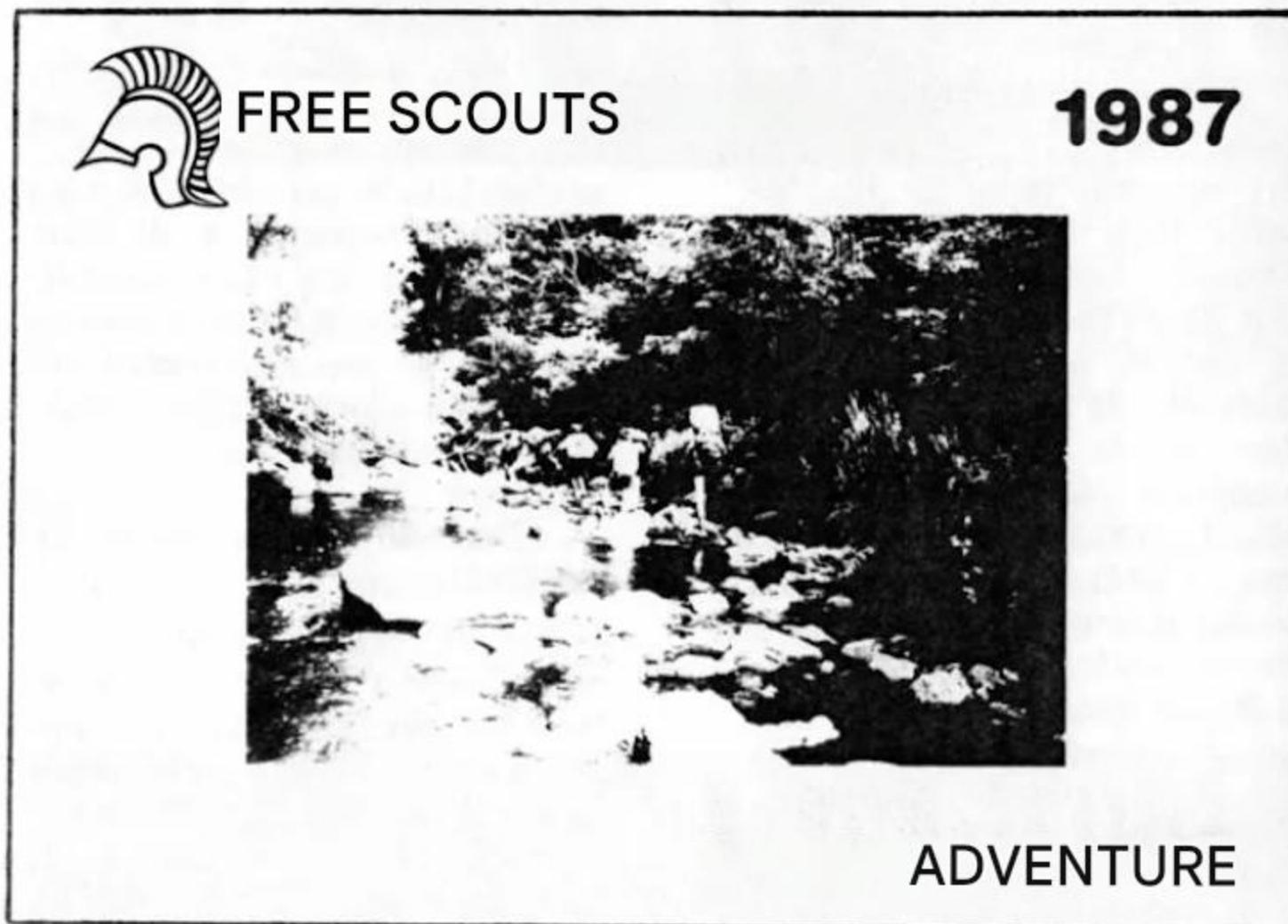
Here it is, here it is!

The first national calendar in the history of

Free Scouts.

Original - at least that's what we wanted -, good quality - we hope - and reasonably priced, you won't fail to rush wildly to our stocks in order to exhaust them in half a day.

In addition, it will quickly become a collector's item.



given its limited edition.

It is composed of 8 pages (21 x 29.7 format) each containing 1 or 2 black and white photographs. Printed in two colors on beautiful glossy paper, it is sold at the low price of 20 F (plus 5 F postage).

Let it be said!!!!

OLD FREE SCOUT PROVERB: HE WHO
HELPS THE ASSOCIATION HE WORSHIPS, WILL BE
WORSHIPPED BY THE ASSOCIATION HE ENRICHES.

THE SAGA OF NORDWIND by Pierre VIAL (III)

At every step, Nordwind watched for signs that might betray the passage of those he was pursuing. A broken branch, the trace of a horse's hoof in the damp clay, tall grass that had not finished straightening up: each clue was precious. In truth, the trail was easy to follow. Obviously, those who had destroyed his village and massacred his people, sure of their strength and their impunity, were in no way trying to hide their tracks.

Nordwind kept up a fast pace, even breaking into a running pace from time to time when the terrain permitted. The boys had been walking at this hellish pace for two days. They were getting closer to their goal in the morning, the remains of the bivouac they had found included, in the center of a clearing, still-warm ashes. At the edge of the clearing lay the corpse of a boy from the village, his hands still bound. Had he tried to escape? His torturers had not even thought it necessary to bury him... Already flies were gathering on the barely dried blood. With a heavy heart, Nordwind decided that it would be too imprudent to burn the body. It was entrusted to Mother Earth, and blocks of rock were rolled onto its rough grave to protect it. Nordwind traced, with charcoal, a rune of death on a standing stone, to mark that a Burgundian was sleeping there.



Then the hunt began again. The enemy could not be far away. With all his senses on alert, the young warrior stood ready to leap into a thicket at the first alarm. His only chance of freeing the boys and girls of his village was to act by surprise - and thus to be the first to see and hear any human creature he encountered.

A faint call suddenly sounded behind him. His face flushed, holding his sides, Gondebald had stopped, far back. Irritated, Nordwind stood still and waited.

Over there, his friend was doubled over with nausea. He finally straightened up and resumed his walk with a faltering step. Nordwind felt sorry for him but didn't want to let it show. And then he absolutely had to move on... He waited patiently until Gondebald had reached him, all the while keeping an eye on the surroundings. The boy seemed exhausted. He said, in a broken voice:

– I would like to stop for a moment.

A little bile still trickled down his chin, which he wiped away with the back of his hand. He resumed, hesitantly:

– We have been walking for two days, almost without stopping!

Nordwind said dryly:

– We stopped to sleep.

Gondebald looked away:

– I slept little. I was cold.

Nordwind was about to call him a whiny child, but stopped himself in time. It was true that he had been very unkind to him. And he still looked like a child, with tears in his eyes. Nordwind contained his impatience - and pushed aside the idea that he had burdened himself with a dead weight.

– That's good, Gondebald. This is what I propose. We'll look around here for a place where you can hide. You'll rest. In the meantime, I'll continue the pursuit.

Relieved, but worried, Gondebald asked:

– But... you leave me alone?

This time Nordwind did not try to calm his voice, which snapped:

– You forget what we have to do. Our only chance is to catch up with the assassins of our parents before they are too far away.

Gondebald lowered his head. His lips trembled a little.

– That's right. Excuse me. I'll... I'll wait for you over here. But... how will you do it? you...alone?

Nordwind gave a short, mirthless laugh.

– Don't worry about it. I'll take care of it. I'll come back with the others, all of them, our companions, and we will pick you up on the way.

Then he climbed a nearby scree slope, at the top of which began a very dense fir forest. Without saying a word, Gondebald followed him painfully, rolling stones under his feet.

– Be careful, dammit. You're making way too much noise!

– Who could possibly hear me around here?

Gondebald had not finished these words, when he arrived at the edge of the fir trees, that he found himself pinned to the ground, behind the first line of trees, Nordwind gagging his mouth with one hand. His eyes bulging, not understanding anything, Gondebald questioned his friend with his eyes. The latter, with a movement of his chin, pointed to the path that they had just left.

A rider had just emerged, walking at the slow pace of his mount. He was apparently looking for something. Probably the purse that the two boys had found an hour before on the path. Filled with Roman coins - the fruit of some theft - it now hung from Gondebald's belt, who had absolutely wanted to keep it, despite Nordwind's acerbic remarks (such an object could only be cumbersome, and perfectly useless when one is practicing the most difficult of hunts: manhunting).



Nordwind put a finger to his mouth and signaled his companion not to move, while he untied the purse and took it. Then he slipped silently behind the protective curtain of fir trees. From time to time he checked the progress of the rider below. The latter stopped his mount at regular intervals and meticulously explored the tall grass that bordered the path. He was apparently very eager to find the fruit of his pillages...

Nordwind quickened his pace, so as to get ahead of the man. He was thinking about the best way to attack. If he had had a throwing weapon, the matter would have been settled quickly. But he only had his dagger. The other had an axe slung over his shoulder. He

It was therefore necessary to uncover himself only at the last moment. The hill whose side Nordwind was following was gradually lowering, however, and the boy remembered that the trail the rider had climbed was cut off, at some distance, by a torrent. He accelerated again, and soon heard the sound of water rushing between the rocky banks. The rider, who was still dragging along, was out of sight. Nordwind reached the edge of the torrent and placed the purse on a rock. Then he chose an almost flat pebble, large and heavy, and went to stand a few paces away, behind a large rock. The wait was short. Leaning over his horse's neck, searching with his eyes the ground which was becoming spongy as the torrent approached, the rider appeared.



Suddenly he caught sight of the purse and, with his heels, joyfully urged his horse forward. He leapt to the ground, took the purse, opened it and gazed, fascinated, at the coins inside. That was the last image his eyes saw. The stone, thrown with force by Nordwind, hit him in the right temple and he toppled forward, still holding the leather purse tightly, from which a few coins fell, clinking, onto the rock and then into the water. Nordwind leapt up, dagger in hand, grabbed the man's hair, pulled his head back and, with a sharp blow, slit his throat from ear to ear. Better safe than sorry...

(follow)

THE OAK AND THE MARMOT

He walked panting, occasionally glancing over his shoulder. His feet stumbled against a root, freed themselves, and despite a burning pain resumed their mad pace.

Desperate efforts he felt him even closer, even more threatening. Several times, a vile laugh had torn the night, accelerating his race, making the exhaustion almost inhuman. Now metallic shocks punctuated each step, each movement of the chest, as if to cry out the futility of his flight.



Exhausted, he collapsed at the foot of an oak tree, crawled towards the trunk and hugged it in a final supplication.

that. Behind him, footsteps, louder and louder, slower and slower. He turned around abruptly and saw him again, as he did every year, as sure, as pleased with himself. His lips twisted, his eyes shone with satisfaction. The moonlight cast pale reflections on the iron ruler he held out in front of him.

From his pockets, bursting with chalk, a fine white dust escaped. The black leather briefcase, dropped abruptly on the ground, vomited a flood of books and notebooks with labeled covers.

He took one last look at the hundred-year-old oak tree.

A rope ladder suddenly clicked along the trunk. Lost in the thick foliage, laughter rang out. He rushed and climbed the wooden rungs as fast as he could. Behind him, the ladder slowly faded away. At the top, hands grabbed him. Wide smiles topped with proud four-humped hats lit up the night...

Gaël woke up with a start. He turned on his bedside lamp and grabbed his alarm clock, 4:30. Great! Tomorrow is the start of the school year!



LET'S GET TO KNOW... EUROPE JEUNESSE



Which association has the Spartan helmet as its emblem, Plus est en nous as its motto and defines itself as a traditional secular Scouting movement?

The Free Scouts, you might say. Yes, of course, but there is another association that meets the same criteria: Europe Jeunesse. :

To introduce them, we preferred to let them speak. Here is what they wrote in the latest issue of their newsletter "Flamme":

"The Lake camp is ending. It has been thirteen years since the E.J. Adventure began. From the Will of a group of friends, faithful to their youth, faithful to the values of the peoples of Europe, a Youth movement was created.

Europe-Jeunesse is one of the places where hope is born, one of those places where our Past is Future, and from where, if together we want it, the European Future will emerge.

Joy and Vitality have filled our days all these years and it is from them that our days to come must still be made.

E.J. awakens what, deep within ourselves, lives in us and that sometimes we recognize the Force of our peoples in perpetual growth. This great hope is still built, every day, with all of us, parents, friends, Raiders, Hordes, Cadets, Masters. Each brings to our movement his sensitivity, his competence, his qualities, his means, his availability to form the world that we re-create.

E.J. is our Future, the Future of our Community, the Hope of a return of our Europe, towards History."

What a beautiful profession of faith. We can only subscribe to it...

Of course we are not exactly the same: the method and terminology differ somewhat.



However, we have enough in common - notably the same ideal - to be able to say that we are brother movements.

Is that all? Are we satisfied with a nice observation? No. E.J. and the S.L. have decided to get even closer; contacts have been made, projects are well advanced, collaboration is certain.

So let's go for new adventures: MORE IS IN US.



YOUTH EUROPE

offers its 1987 calendar
In an unusual format for a scout calendar, it includes 7 very beautiful color photos.

This very beautiful collector's item is sold for 30 F each (including postage). It can be ordered by writing to:

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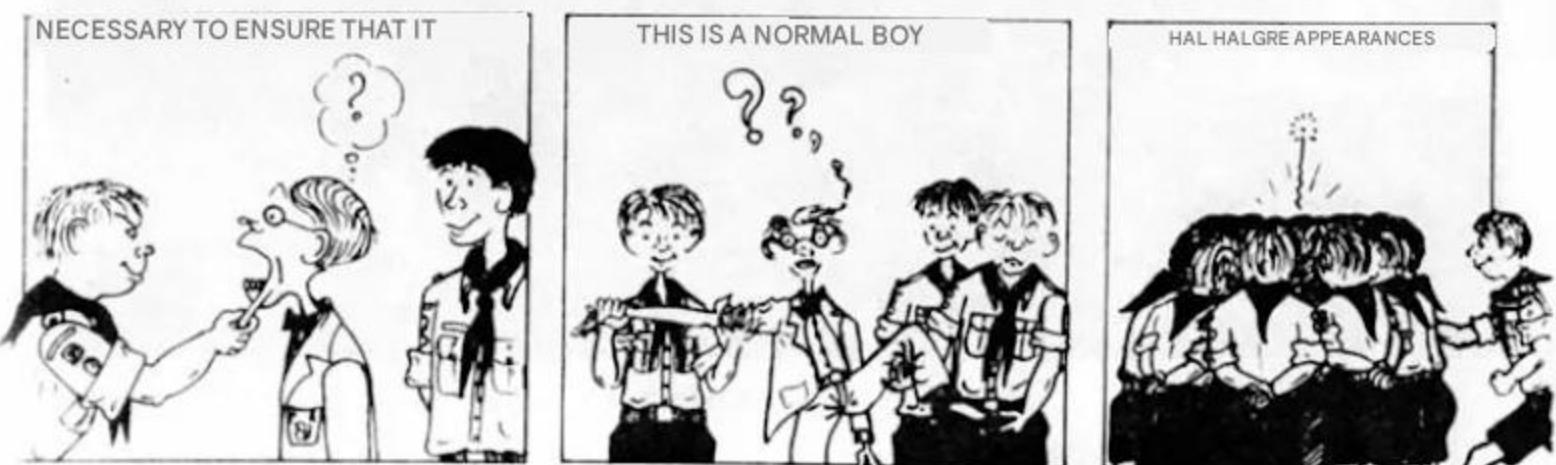
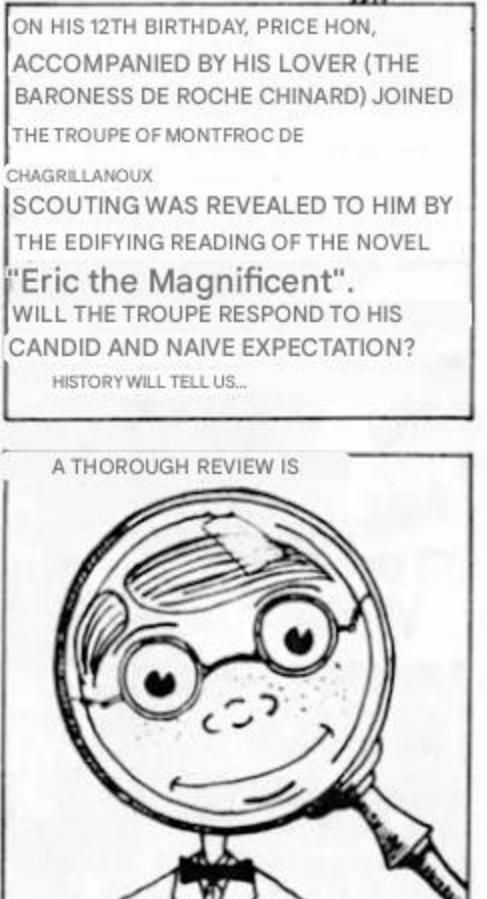
Philemon of ROCHECHINARD

TEXTS:

BRUNO



Adventures and Misadventures



COMPETITION

Philemon is one of the "new-new heads" of Casque. You already love it, we feel it. We want it to become the property of all Free Scouts.

To do this, send us ideas for adventures and misadventures that he could experience.

All the scenarios that we choose will be awarded prizes. The winners will each receive a novel written by... Jean-Louis FONCINE.

To your pens charming readers-tors.



JEAN-MERMOZ IN THE ARDENNES



They are young, they are dynamic, they live in the Ardennes (like wild boars).

The prestigious aviator who, in 1930, made the first air link between France and South America and who disappeared at sea in 1936 aboard a seaplane, gave them his name.

Will they be worthy of the patronage of this typical European hero who died at the age of 35?

Will they be intrepid, courageous, willing? Let us have no doubt about it. Especially since "they" are the Free Scouts of Bogny-sur-Meuse.

A Cub Scout Pack to start, soon followed by a Troop, and off we go...

Good luck and good health to the Jean Mermoz Group.



A SPORTY ROUTE



Canyoning, rock climbing, abseiling, icefalls, alpine hikes, hang gliding, paragliding, caving, etc.

...and this is just the beginning according to what they are announcing.

* * *

The Routiers of the ODIN Clan (Valence) have long teeth, sporting activities



(to say the least) and ambitious projects.

We are talking about a summer camp in South Africa (in a 4x4), in the Sahara (on camelback), in Corsica (the GR 20) or in Greece.

Whatever the chosen project, we can bet that it will be a model camp for a model Route.....



TRAINING CAMPS

NATIONAL C.P. TRAINING CAMP

You are between 13 and 15 years old.

You are S.P., C.P. or your C.T. considers you capable of becoming one.

You like Adventure, the real thing.

You like the unexpected.

You fear neither effort nor bad weather.

You sing and laugh in difficulty.

You aspire to be among the best.

You have something other than "France Inter" between your ears.

You share the ideal of the Free Scouts.

"Aventure 86", the 3rd C.P. training camp awaits you from December 26 to 30 inclusive.

If you are interested, please contact us at the address "Casque" by letter or telephone. We will send you all the necessary information.

CAMP SCHOOL LOUVENTIERS FIRST DEGREE S.L.

It will take place from April 18 to 22, 1987 in Drôme.

All wolf hunters (Pack Leaders and their assistants) who have not yet completed this training in our association are invited.

Participation in this camp is essential to obtain the "Meute des Scouts Libres" approval. Any Pack not having at least one of its leaders certified "S.L." will not be able camp this summer and will not be approved in 1987/88.

CAMP SCHOOL 1st DEGREE SCOUT

From August 3 to 9, 1987 in Lozère on the Causse Méjean - for CTs and ACTs who have not yet completed the S.L. training of the scout branch.

This training has the same compulsory nature as its equivalent intended for wolf hunters.

* * * * *

For both first level training camps, the minimum age for participation is 17 years. Circulars will be sent to the persons concerned in due course.



Free?

"You saw it, what do you think?"
Yes, I saw, I heard, I am concerned, I am dismayed.

There is no question here of entering into the controversy which is stirring up the press and television around the "Cédric case"; but all the same, one cannot help but think.

Free Scouts, we affirm that one can, at twelve years old, be responsible for oneself. Scouts and Free, we grant everyone the right to think according to their convictions, to love according to their heart. When one is old enough to be truly unhappy, one is also old enough to be able to give one's opinion on the decisions that engage your life.

It is sad when parents divorce, but it is common. If mom and dad decide not to live together anymore, it is heartbreaking, but after all, they are free too. Where we can no longer agree is when a child pays a higher price than necessary for the consequences of an affair that is already painful enough in itself.

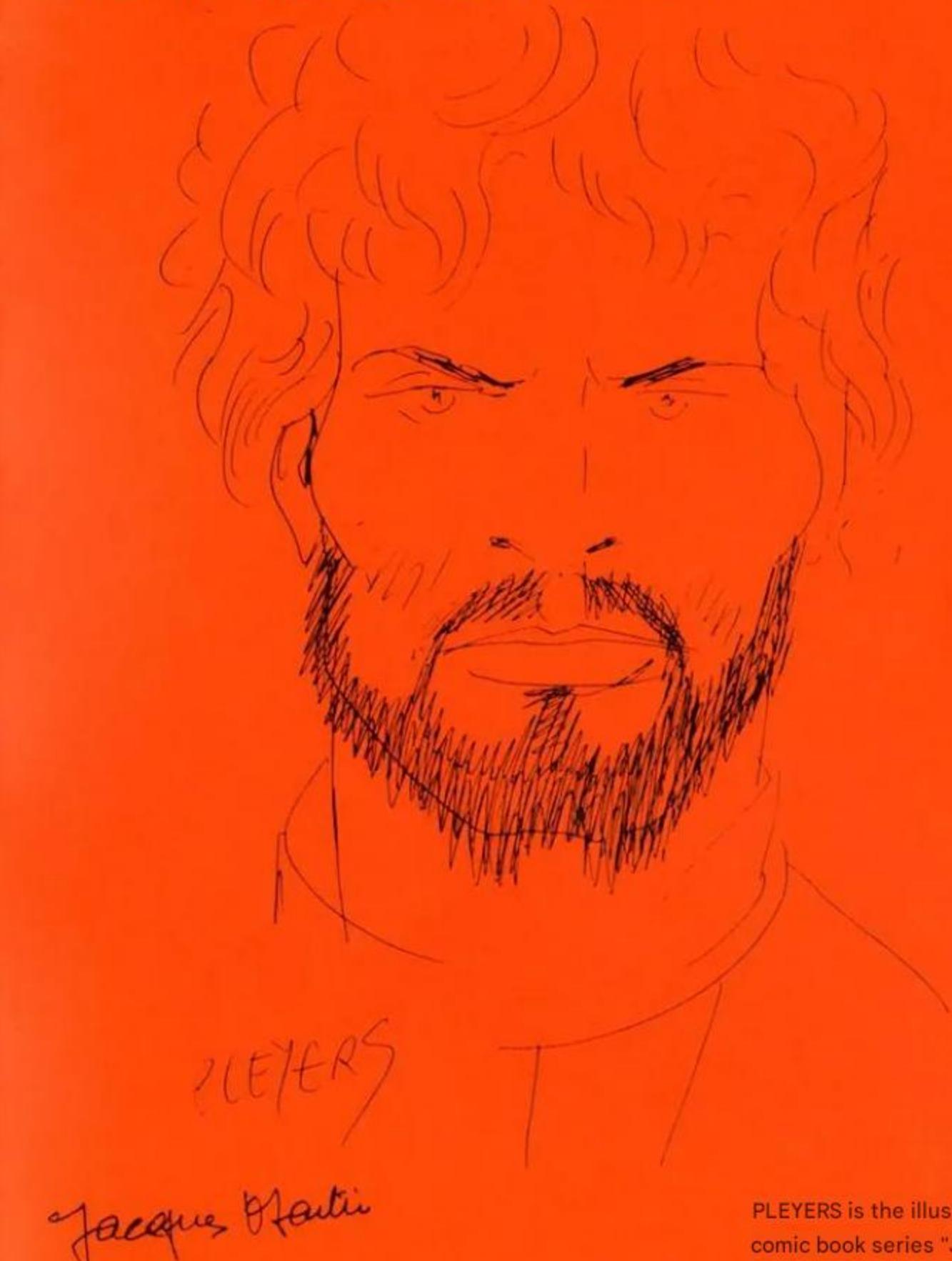
We find it terrible that a child can be used to make the one you swore to love all your life suffer and that suddenly you can no longer bear. Keeping a child with you to deprive your ex-spouse of them and make them unhappy is already a cowardice similar to kicking a dog whose owner you cannot reach; but that this procedure implies at the same time the certain unhappiness of a child, that the child can do nothing to escape it, that he is legally forced into hell by a judge who relies on texts a century and a half old without taking into account a sadly current reality, is simply intolerable.

That Justice can be complicit, through conformity or lack of sensitivity, in such exactions, deeply revolts us.

It may be thought that we are addressing an irrelevant subject here, but who would we be if we refused to answer these questions that are persistently asked of us?

NICE DEDICATION

FOR THE LEONIDAS GROUP



PLAYERS is the illustrator of the comic book series "Jhen".

Jacques MARTIN is the "pa-pa" of Alix, Arno, Lefranc, Jhen, Xan...

Cartoonist and screenwriter.

ISSN 0763-1960

HELMET

Quarterly

No. 8 - June 86 - 15 F



"NEC PLUS ULTRA..."

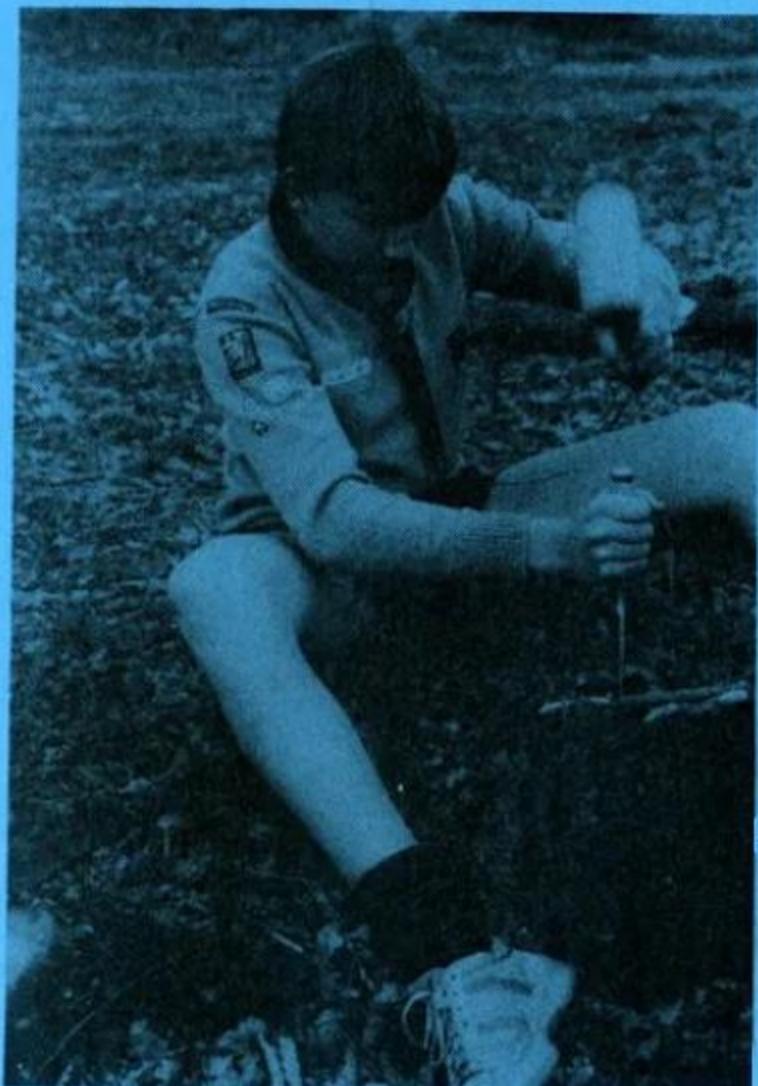
"We are the best!"

"We won!"

"We are the elite!"

Yes... remember that the Tarpeian Rock is not far from the Capitol.

You may really be the best; you may have raised yourselves, for a time, to the level of the elite. This is the time to be especially vigilant because the danger is great that you will begin to fall.



C.P., if your patrol is the best, it is thanks to the combined efforts of those who compose it. If you want it to remain at the same level, you must know that it will be at the cost of even greater efforts because such is the rule that "he who does not progress, goes backwards" and, of course, the higher one has reached, the more difficult it becomes to rise.

Nothing is more distressing than witnessing, in the space of a few months, the progressive degradation of a troop. The technical level that drops, the "First Class" that becomes increasingly rare, the dress that becomes neglected, the sense of honor that loses its strength ... so many alarming signs that indicate that it is time to react.

That a flower blooms, blossoms, shows itself for a moment in all its splendor and then quickly fades and withers is in the normal course of things. What is less so is that a patrol, or a troop, or even a pack, shines for a moment to the point of illuminating the other Scouts with its example and then blissfully gives way to that self-satisfaction which leads to mediocrity.

It is often the C.T. who must shake off the torpor that sets in and it must be said that, as long as he does not like to use authority too much, his task is difficult. Because he comes up against C.P.s who are very satisfied with themselves and who are not at all inclined to let themselves be questioned.

Fortunately, events often prove to these gentlemen that they may not be infallible. The lesson is sometimes hard, but isn't the role of a good CT to know how to take advantage of the worst bullshit?

Inside the patrol, things are a little less difficult in the sense that, barring extraordinary events, the authority of the CP is firmly established...



However, the ideal would be to prevent such things. There is no universal recipe, but we can suggest some measures that will facilitate the maintenance of a healthy situation:

- Maintaining regular and in-depth CDCs.
- Regular holding of technical patrol meetings.
- Establishment of a progress table where the quarterly objectives are clearly indicated for each person (Jacques must obtain his second class; Charles must pass his topographer's certificate, etc.).
- Participation, whenever possible, in regional rallies and challenges.

Of course, this is not enough to ensure success, but it is a good insurance against decline. For the rest, it is a matter of enthusiasm and conviction.

There's more in you!
Show it.

FENNEC S.d.L.

SCOUTING AND ADVENTURE: an enchanting pleonasm.



I have had the opportunity to witness a few vociferous gatherings of boys in shorts and beige shirts wearing various unity bands and the feeling inspired by a day of this sort is generally one of embarrassing superficiality.

Certainly, knowing how to light a fire in any circumstance is essential for any self-respecting scout, as is knowing the intricacies of a topographical map and a compass. But is it useful to make it an end in itself by setting it up as a means of competition between Troops?

The technique, however useful it may be, must be linked and subordinated to an activity of synthesis which is both concrete and unreal:

the game, the adventure.

When can a Troop Leader see his boys vibrant, enthusiastic, happy? After an azimuth calculation or after a big game?

Today, in Scouting, play and adventure do not have the place they deserve, either as an activity or as a state of mind.

What memories does the former scout have of his time with the scouts? It will be the heroic action that allowed him to **snatch the victory pennant from** enemy hands; his escape from the ruined castle thanks to his knowledge of knots and his flight into the forest guided by the stars...

Any technique becomes useful in the context of the game that justifies its learning. Technique for technique's sake has no reason to exist. An essential support for the adventure but not a primary element, the connection is made and Scouting appears as a coherent whole, no longer as an amalgam of independent techniques.

Is it a better thing to make the game an end in itself? you might ask. Isn't life itself a great game in which the most common winners are the

The most resourceful and the most scumbags? Often the most bastards, too. Unfortunately, not everyone has played in Scouting and acquired, in addition to courage, a sense of honor...

It is essential to offer boys what has become so rare in the salt-free soup that is life today: the possibility of playing, of living exciting adventures far superior to the worst-case cinematic ones, of taking the step between imagination and reality.

Marten I

You who, in your soul,
are the bearer of light,
bathe in the night
and walk under the star.
Tomorrow belongs to you.

HELMET

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A FEW WORDS FOR A FRIEND (Jean-Louis FONCINE in Valence)

The Homeric battles of Agnar's Castle, the heroic assault on the Sour Balm, the deeds of a day of glory and suffering have had the signal honor of a knowing as well as mischievous gaze. Demons, henchmen of the infamous necromancer; knights with clear eyes, dying for the glory of their house; brigands greedy for that gold which can do everything, this witness was there who dreamed with you.

Beauty, they say, is in the eye of the beholder. That day, the game became an epic, a saga, an unforgettable gesture of extraordinary exploits. That day in May, having been shared with this astonishing host, became "That Time" of legends... "Once upon a time...". Thirty boys, touched by the magic of this clear-eyed enchanter, suddenly fell into this world where Merlin waits to awaken and where swords, animated by a mysterious life, change the destiny of men and fairies.

There are beings who cannot grow old, but whom the years charge with this wisdom similar to the live fire of our camps, the very essence of what we love most in the world.

There are beings whose mere contact is sometimes enough to change a destiny. There are beings who are of the race of true magicians and who, without saying anything, or almost, teach the secrets that make Adventure possible.

Jean-Louis FONCINE, if there are any among us who doubted that what you sing in your stories is possible, you have convinced them. And the older ones owe you this certainty that Eternal Youth is not a myth.

For what we have discovered in us, thanks to you, be thanked.



A (still) child.

A 74 YEAR OLD MAN (INTERVIEW WITH JEAN-LOUIS FONCINE)

Scouting, "our Scouting", is not a static institution. It has not always been what it is. In France, for example, it has undergone many transformations, not always happy ones, and we must be aware that it is only through constant efforts that we will be able to keep this character of Adventure and freedom which, for us, makes its charm.



Our Scouting owes a great deal to Jean-Louis FONCINE who, for many years, has tried, with the complicity of Pierre JOUBERT, to share with us, through the novels of *Le Signe de Piste*, his vision - very seductive! - of things. *Entr'acte* (Collection "Rubans Noirs" *Nouveau Signe de Piste*) tells with a humor that does not exclude a great depth the youth and adventures of our friend up to the war. It is enough for us here to recall a few points of his scouting career:

1926 entered the 13th Paris (Générale La Perrine), 1927 Promesse, 1928 rose to the rank of C.P, 1930-31 became C.T. of the said Troop then entered the Clan "Péguy" where he participated in the adventure of the Comédiens Routiers in its itinerant version. At the same time, a friendship developed with Pierre JOUBERT who, when he met him at the beginning of his scout life, was C.P. of one of the 14th Paris, a sister Troop of his own.

It should be noted that at that time in France, a form of scouting was practiced that would seem rather boring to us and, to be frank, somewhat "academic". A rigid hierarchy supervised activities that were regulated like clockwork, where technique often had no other purpose than itself and passing completely theoretical exams. Of course, it was possible to have fun, to live a little in nature, to get some fresh air, but the fact remains that the organization of the movement was conceived more like a military-type straitjacket. For want of anything better, it was necessary to be satisfied with it, but turbulent minds dreamed of something else...

This is why, in 1935, after their military service, FONCINE and JOUBERT launched

hundred in the fray at the head of the 51st Paris (Joubert) and the 131st Paris (founded by Foncine). Determined to live and make live the Scouting of which they dream, they actively work to invent Adventures and to breathe a non-conformist spirit into the movement.

This is where, one could say, the Scouting that we claim to represent was born.

After the war ended, J.L.F. took over the Javel Troop for a year and a half, then, taken up by his family and professional life, he had to abandon his activities after working for two years as a Commissioner. He was then able to devote himself to writing his novels and directing "Signe de Piste".



Having had the pleasure of receiving him for a weekend, we took the opportunity to ask his opinion on a few points that particularly interest us. The following is a summary of the opinions expressed by J.L.F. during this interview.

"Scouting "lived well", true to itself and its spirit until 1958; after which it underwent, during the 1960s, a progressive degradation which brought it to the brink of annihilation. Indeed, in the name of a so-called modernism, we tried to destroy the very structures on which it had been founded. By dint of wanting to be "social", the movement, in its various forms, fell more or less

in the traps of commitment, political for some, religious for others. Under the pretext of training "citizens" or "Christians" or any other category of adults, we quickly came to neglect the essential needs of the children in our care, namely: Dream, Adventure, Friendship. We saw little by little disappear what made the "Scout Spirit", uprightness and the sense of Honor giving way to more or less formal adherence to this or that rigorous or lax doctrine according to the wind of philosophical-political fashion. Many were those who, no longer recognizing themselves in this "melting pot" of ideas and trends, preferred to withdraw.



At present, we sometimes witness attempts to go back upstream with more or less success and we can hope that a renaissance will occur which would finally meet the needs, always the same, of today's children. In my opinion, this renaissance can only take place by taking up the essential elements already determined by the clairvoyance of B.P.: the patrol system, contact with nature (what we leave of it!), big games and raids.



Such a renewal appears all the more necessary since Scouting, practiced correctly, produces a type of man who unfortunately tends to become rare. In our times of graying conformism, of moral and physical cowardice, in an era where education itself encourages the sheep-like spirit, those who have passed through the school of a living Scouting recognize themselves without hesitation. One cannot have tasted Adventure, experienced true freedom and remain unchanged. The narrow mold that we increasingly tend to impose on our youth under the pretext of educating them cannot suit those who claim to develop their potential to the best of their ability.

It is absolutely essential, in a world where standardization is taking over all areas, to preserve and encourage individualism as well as the most profound forms of community life. The role of Scouting is, among other things, to offer an area where it becomes possible to acquire an experience denied in the framework of school education. Within a well-run Scout unit, patrol life is a sample of Real Life; it is the opportunity offered to drop the mask and finally know oneself.

"The past, the "old-time combatant" spirit are not appropriate in healthy Scouting. On the other hand, it is essential to preserve the values that have long been exalted and that make it valuable."



QUAT'
RIÈME

DIMEN-
SION

Tonight my life takes on a new dimension the day before, the Clan of the Initiates has gathered and rumor has it that the Sages have leaned over my frêles shoulders. Since then, I wait, boiling with impatience and fear that the predictions of the camp's Chinese whispers will be confirmed.

Finally, the sun sets, and after a quick patrol vigil by the CP, the scout hubbub of the camp gives way to a quieter but no less lively nocturnal activity in this remote corner of Auvergne.

Yet I can't fall asleep. My mind wanders to my arrival at the Troop a year earlier; they must have found me a bit of a goat at the time. Having never left my parents, the harshness of scout life had disoriented me at first. In the end, the friendship that my CP gave me allowed me to progress in the scout ideal. Finally, at the Winter Solstice, I pronounced my Promise, I was a full-fledged scout.

Since then, I have realized that within the Troop, a higher entity was watching. But then the mystery I knew that a Clan of Initiates existed, but as we rarely talked about it with the pat, I didn't think much about it.

All sorts of stories circulated about the Clan. Horrible rites were perpetrated there. People were hung there all night from an ash tree, some said, others thought that the young initiates were subjected to terrible ordeals related to the four elements. In short, the mystery was total. Except for one thing: the Clan was for everyone a central community governing our Group, and whose members were united by invisible but sacred bonds.

Orpheus was officiating when the zipper of the tent opened. My pulse quickened. A loud but clear voice urged me to follow. Following my mute guide through the forest, I was led to the center of a clearing where a curious assembly awaited me.

So, placed in the center of the circle, raising intimidated eyes in front of all these guys that I did not recognize, so serious were their expressions, a rite connecting me to my ancestors and revealing the future to me was accomplished.

I had just been born. A community had just recognized me as a legitimate son and given me a godfather, the spiritual father of my new life.

Echoes of a Cadet
collected by the collective
memory of the Clan,

Threats to bats

DIRECT DESTRUCTION

And first of all predation, or rather predations. One concerns the "predations" carried out by nocturnal birds of prey, this is natural predation and it is normally not important. The other, very important, is the artificial one, caused by domestic cats and stray cats (domestic cats returned to the wild). The latter poses many problems.

On the other hand, there are the many forms of destruction (voluntary and involuntary) carried out by man: Until 1979, massive destruction of - colonies by ringing (ignorance of the technique, incompetence, disturbance in bad season, giving birth or reproduction, wintering, etc.);

- Destruction by vandalism (sterile games of killing bats, hunters in need of "cardboard", "games" of slingshots, etc.).

- Destinations due to greed (sale by taxidermists and other collectors).

- Inadvertent destruction (clumsy and often unnecessary handling, collisions with vehicles).

- Destruction due to lack of information (fear of bats, stupidity, whiffs of witchcraft, elements that are still part of a very sad heritage). Destruction for economic reasons (rather than moving a - small colony, it was blown over with a blowtorch, "we save time").

INDIRECT FACTORS

ACTIONS ON SPECIES

Residential houses are the preferred location of many species of anthropophilic bats: - redesign of the construction (removal of cellars, attics); removal of certain materials (wood);

- the revision of certain habits (removal of opening and closing shutters);

- new thermal insulation techniques;

- the creation of regular, smooth walls without corners;

... These facts have contributed to the decline of a certain number of bats.

Surface deposits are threatened: old trees are

- systematically cut down (along roads, along watercourses during recalibration, role of forestry policy, etc.);

- old houses, farms, mills... are destroyed;

- other old buildings are restored (castles, churches, etc.) and many access points and lodgings are thus removed.

Underground deposits are threatened: underground

- quarries are transferred to human activities (mushroom farms, garages, multi-purpose halls, concert halls, etc.);

- old mines and quarries are

also closed for security reasons;

- other cavities, caves, are hyper-frequented by speleologists or by other curious people; winter or summer shelters are no longer protected because they are constantly disturbed by repeated passages (or even manipulations that are nevertheless prohibited, untimely flash photography, warming of the ambient air by human presence aggravated by torches, carbide, etc.); accesses to cavities are modified (creation of new exits) which generates for example drafts or undesirable thermal exchanges - (drying for the patagiums).

ACTIONS ON FOOD CHAINS

Immediate factors: the disappearance of insects (bats in France all have an essentially insectivorous diet) is a direct limiting factor; this new arrangement is linked to cultural practices and the use of toxic products (insecticides and pesticides). This disappearance or rarefaction of insects can only lead to stagnation and more often to an overall decline in bat populations.

Delayed factors: they are linked to the contaminating and toxic agents that contaminate the food of bats. These are the various insecticides and pesticides used in agriculture, organochlorines, in particular the following:



all lindanes, chlordane, diel-drine, DDT for example and their metabolites.

POLLUTING FACTORS

They are once again man-made and cannot be excluded from the limiting factors:

Pollution of water where bats can quench their thirst:

- bacteriological;
- viral;
- parasitic;
- chemical;
- physical...

And in the case of Daubenton's Vespertilion, it substitutes the precise risk of contamination of its food chain.

Air pollution whether by: micropollutants (lead, mercury, zinc, cadmium, etc.); chlorine, CO, CO₂ gases...

-

Pollution by products for protecting frames against wood-eating insects. One of the most serious causes of destruction.

From the knowledge of these limiting factors, series of complementary protective actions can be proposed, capable of improving the situation currently observed, either in a preventive or curative manner.

Bat protection

Most bat species are endangered and it is high time to unite all efforts to save them.

First of all, it is necessary to rehabilitate these mammals in public opinion, then it is appropriate to pay close attention to the strict application of the ministerial decree of April 29, 1979 which protects all French bats and prohibits their capture, destruction, transport, purchase and sale.

- Boiler room: An air intake is required by regulations. It could be designed to allow access for certain species (Rhinolophidae for example).

- Porches and vaults do not systematically join all cracks. Those that do not present any risk to the structural work, where bats are known to come there regularly, could remain as is. These cracks are generally discreet and do not harm the aesthetics.

B. OTHER BUILT GITES:

- Castles: the same advice as for residential houses can be suggested.

- Churches leave access to the bell tower or towers during a restoration, especially if we know that a colony populates the bell tower. This access can be made at the level of one or two shutters of the awnings. Above all, do not fence off the bell tower.

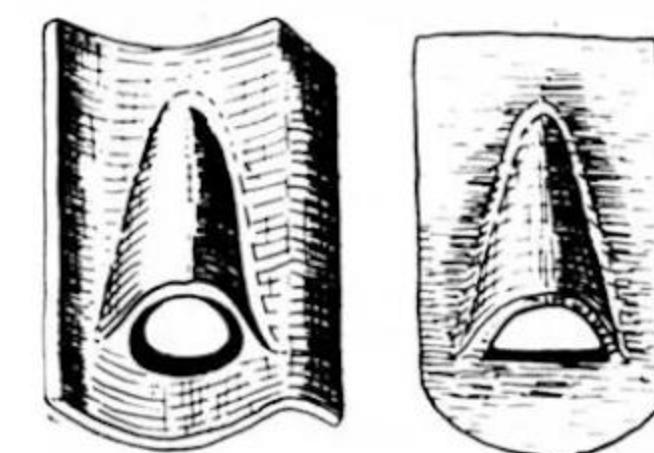
- Old buildings survive their systematic destruction is not always necessary.



C. TREES:

Although it is more difficult to intervene on this point, awareness can be raised with the National Forestry Office, the administration and the public to leave dead trees standing when a hollow tree is felled, the hollow part can be recovered, restored and replaced in situ near other healthy trees.

How many orchards would be better protected from insects if



- Gable Leave a small space in places allowing the species to slip between the boards.

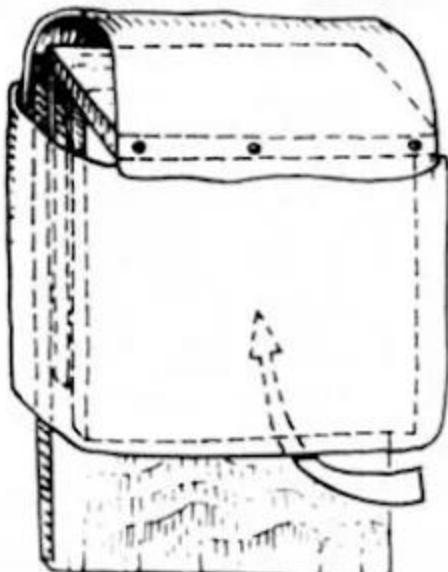
- Cellar Leave a small access hole to the cellars (small air vent with horizontal grille for example).

bats could without danger (insecticides) find a home there and consequently a designated hunting area.

D. CREATION OF SUITABLE NEST BOXES:

1. Mailbox birdhouse

Take an untreated recovery board 30 cm (minimum) long and 15 cm wide. Chip the central part with a wood chisel so that the bats can attach themselves. Nail a Lasseau measuring 1 to 1.5 cm on the upper width and 2/3 of the sides of the board. Finish by nailing on top an untreated board separated from the bottom board by the space in the cleat.



Cover everything with a black tar canvas capturing the heat of the sun. Provide a flap (wood + tarred canvas) on top to make a waterproof Loit. Put guano in the nest box or soak it in water and quano.

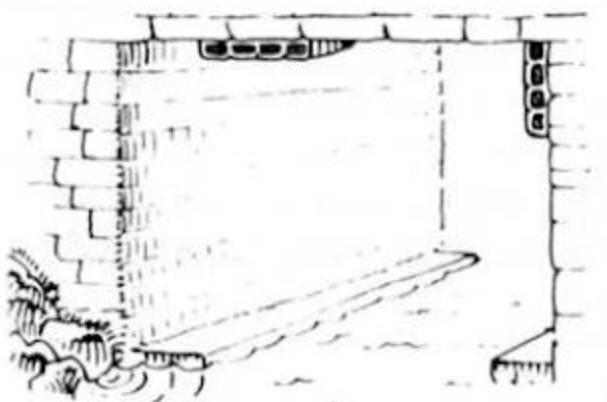
To be placed on well exposed buildings, on trees at the edge of the forest, in clearings, along a road, at the edge of a pond. At least 5m high (the species of trees is unimportant). South, south-east exposure. Provide the possibility of carrying out a check with a lamp at the base of the tree (vertically).

This type of nest box is intended for Pipistrelles, Bats, Noctules, Murines, in summer (April 1 to the end of September).

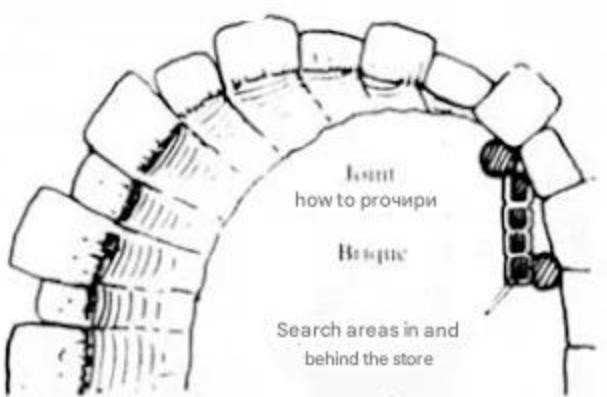
2. Nest box under bridges



It involves using old red mechanical bricks which have small compartments inside. Close one of the ends with plaster or cement. You thus obtain a series of very favorable dark lodges.



Lay these bricks UNDER the bridges in the darkest corner either vertically against the pillars or horizontally on the ceiling (glue with quick cement).



To be installed under all bridges, even modern ones, even if the water is polluted, at all altitudes is more success below 1000 m).

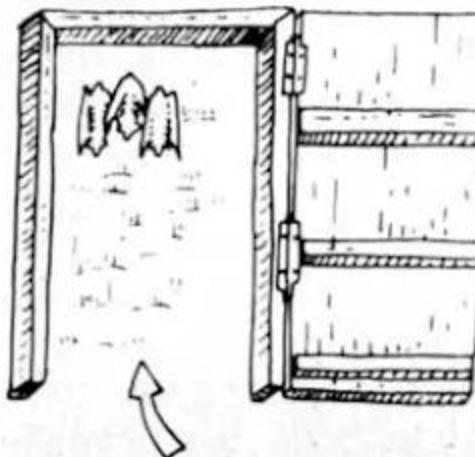
This type of nest box is ideal for Murine and Pipistrelles.

Caution A nest box that is too visible to a hunter, a fisherman or a vandal could be very dangerous for bats, if only for the disturbance. Integrate well

nest boxes. A visit each season is more than sufficient.

3. Pipistrelle nest box

You see it:

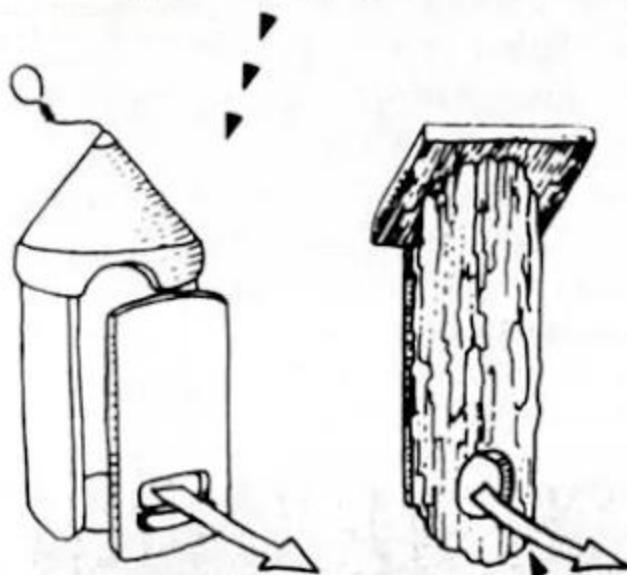


it is very simple and placed directly against a wall, at a height of 4.5 m, under the same conditions as the previous one, it will fulfill its role perfectly.

4. Whiskered Murine nest box

This cylindrical nest box made of indestructible wood cement can be purchased in certain places (contact us).

It can be installed under a bridge, on a tree along a river or pond.



5. Nest box for arboreal species

This birdhouse is made from an old salvaged trunk.

It can be placed in a forest or in an orchard.

6. General tips:

- Do not cover nest boxes or

cover them with toxic varnish. Put guano - there which attracts bats by its smell, it seems.

E. UNDERGROUND DEPOSITS

Whether we find ourselves in caves, quarries, mines or other cavities, we must consider that each site constitutes in itself a specific ecological entity, an original ecosystem, the very nature of which makes it more fragile, more vulnerable than a surface site.

Any modification, even minimal, of the biotope risks causing disturbances, some of which may be irremediable.



- do not create new entrances recklessly, which modifies the hygrometric and thermal conditions of the environment;

- prohibit all open fires both in open underground environments and in entrances and access porches and whatever form this fire takes (hearth, torches, torches, etc.);

- do not unnecessarily destroy sections or walls of galleries;

- do not touch concretions or any structure of the supporting biotope (soil, walls);

- do not divert or block small underground streams; do not empty small ponds or water reservoirs; under no circumstances close a cavity entrance tightly.

- F.M.

MATERIALISTIC WANDERING

With just a month to go to complete preparations for summer camp, a patrol realizes that over the course of the year it has let its equipment become more and more dilapidated, less and less Scout-like.



- It's okay, boss, we'll organize a cake sale to buy ourselves some brand new equipment...

- ...and let it rot next year...

- But no, who do you take us for?

- I simply take you for boys of your time. A time when consumption is king and where it is synonymous with waste. A civilization where you are no longer taken for men but for consumers (although today the official term is "economic agent"). You have no taste, no sense of aesthetics, you do not know how to create, you need expensive, easy, cheap and... why not... swallowed.

- What's wrong with the boss? Don't you think he's a little pale?

- Yes, a little. Give him a bottle of coke to cheer him up.

- You're crazy, he's going to have an attack. He only drinks European, as he says, so coke can only bring him down...

- You tell me, I understand, This ether tastes awful. - Hey, boss, can you tell us what to do when we can't buy new gear?

- Maybe you could repair, maintain...

- Yeah...

- Of course, if you are not able...

- Us?! You're kidding.

- ?!!! Yes, maybe... But a little courage... repair your hardware. Here, in Casque we would tell you that "more is in you" so that you can give a new life to your tools.

- How well the chief speaks, perhaps he is as skillful with his hands as with his tongue!

POOR F.



THE NORDWIND SAGA

by Pierre VIAL (II)

As he emerges into the clearing, Nordwind, paralyzed, stops his momentum. A great cold descends on him and paralyzes his limbs, while a heavy hammering suddenly vibrates between his temples. Before him, a spectacle of death and desolation. High flames lick and devour the wooden walls of the houses, while the thatched roofs crackle and fly away in heavy, black swirls. Scattered, frozen in the last gesture in which death has picked them up, men, women, children lie, soiled with long trails of blood, which are already blackening and attracting myriads of large blue flies.



With the gestures of an automaton, Nordwind reviews, one by one, the martyred bodies. Some are riddled with arrows. Others bear atrocious gashes, made with blows of an axe. A man, who still holds in his hand a knife with which he had to sell his life dearly, is pierced through and through by a javelin, the blade of which spurts between his shoulder blades. Clearly, the village was attacked by surprise: the men did not have time to arm themselves, only a few were able to grab a knife which is the first tool at hand. Next to his uncle Liudolf, the blacksmith, his anvil hammer is sticky with blood, mixed with hair. Here is one who did not go alone to the kingdom of the dead... Overcoming his repulsion, Nordwind leans over and clears some hair. Very black, stiff, they do not belong to a people known to the young boy. Who are the attackers? No foreign bodies in the clearing: the attackers, if they had any dead, took them with them.

Nordwind stands up. The search must continue. An insane hope inhabits him: his parents may have escaped the massacre, by some miracle. There is no miracle. After a few meters, behind the smoking beams of what was his house, Nordwind finds his mother lying in a pool of blood. In her arms she takes Nordwind's younger brother,

to whom she had clearly tried to shield her body. In vain, since the child was pierced by several fatal blows, as if his assassins had wanted to attack him. A gray-haired man was moaning a little further away, trying in vain to straighten up. Nordwind ran towards him and gently grabbed him by the shoulders. "Father, father...". With a lump in his throat, the boy could not say more. The man opened his mouth, making a visible painful effort to speak. A trickle of blood flowed from the corners of his lips. He pressed his hands to a gaping wound in his stomach. He said with difficulty: "Son, avenge us." A flash of light flashed in his eyes, already clouded by the approach of death. "And never forget: you are a Burgundian." Then he vomited a stream of blood and his head collapsed.



Nordwind feels an immense, total despair rising within him. A sob tightens his throat. But no. Above all, do not cry. The dead man who is there would be humiliated. A man worthy of the name does not cry for his dead. He avenges them. Nordwind straightens up. He knows that in this minute, he has just left the world of childhood forever. The terrible initiation into the world of men, he knows it now. He did not imagine, a few hours ago, that it would be so tragic. The baptism of blood. And the learning of hatred. The boy clenches his fists. In his eyes shines a fierce determination. Those who did this will pay.

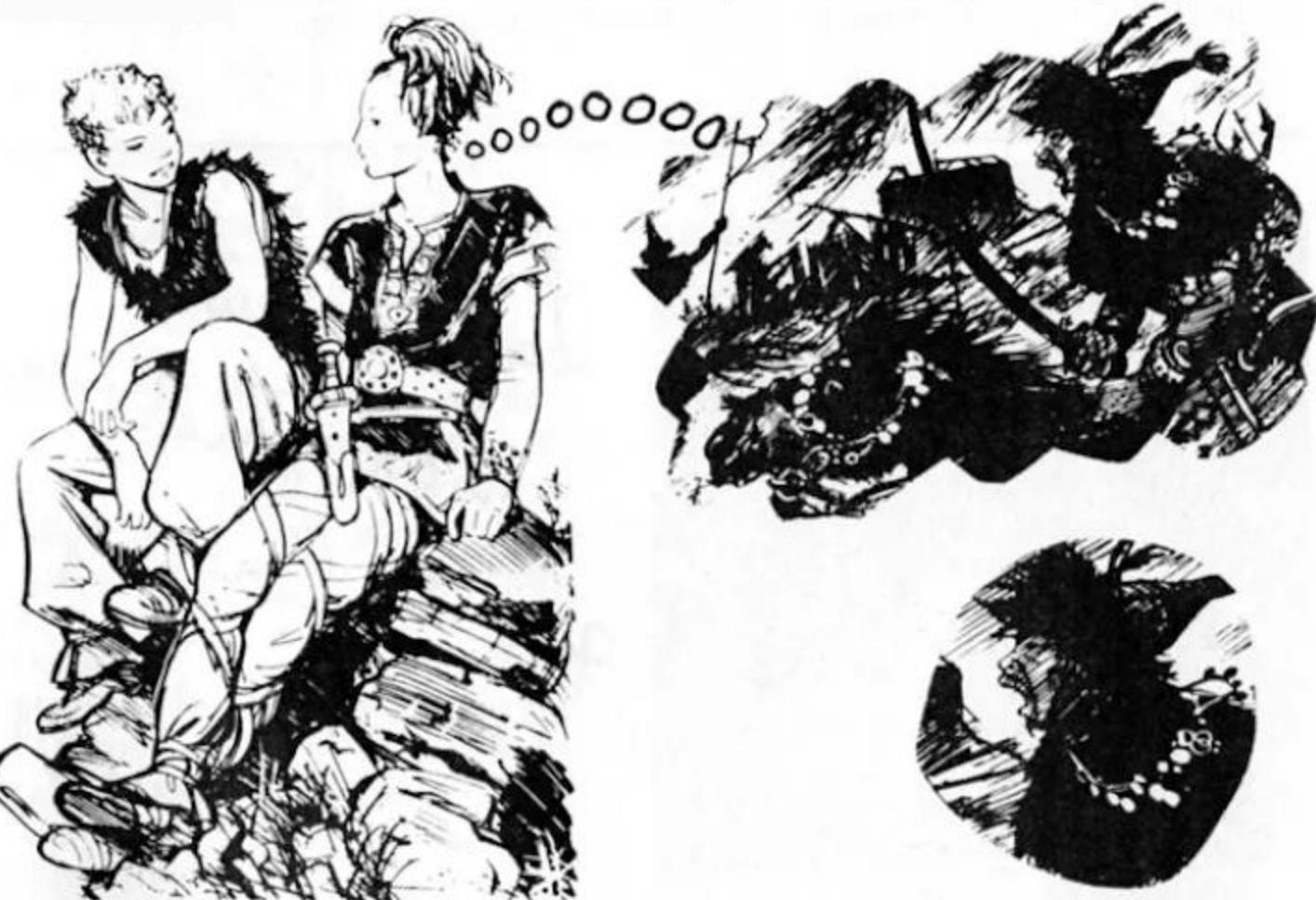
But first, the dead must be given peace. Nordwind looks up at the sky, where the sun is setting. He has little time left before nightfall. Then begins the most painful task he has ever accomplished. One by one, he gathers the corpses on what was the village square. He collects the unburned wood from the ruins and begins to build a huge pyre.

But suddenly he pricks up his ears. Over there, at the edge of the forest, some ferns have moved. Without interrupting his work, Nordwind observes the suspicious area with acuity. Again, an abnormal rustling. Nordwind pulls his father's dagger from his belt, found in the ruins of his house, and leaps. He rushes into the ferns, makes out a body lying before him, throws himself on it and raises his arm to strike. But he stops, speechless: the one he holds at his mercy is a boy his age. Livid, he rolls his bulging eyes and chatters his teeth, while an uncontrollable tremor shakes his limbs. Gonde-

bald! Nordwind has difficulty recognizing his friend, he is so transformed. Nordwind grabs him by the shoulders. "Gondebald, Gondebald! It's me, Nordwind. It's over. Don't worry. Pull yourself together." But the other lets out inarticulate grunts, while his crazy, hallucinated eyes seem to continue to stare at unbearable scenes. "Come on. Gondebald, come. Come with me." Nothing works. Nordwind speaks to him softly, as if to a small child frightened by bad dreams. His body tense as a bow, Gondebald suddenly slips from his hands, stands up and runs off. Stunned for a few seconds, Nordwind stands up and sets off in his wake, in long strides. He quickly catches up with his friend, whom he tackles by the legs. But the other struggles with the multiplied strength of the mad. Seeing that it is useless to try to reason with someone in this state. Nordwind throws his right fist hard and catches his friend in the temple, who staggers on his legs and collapses in the tall grass.

Distraught, Nordwind stands there for a moment with his arms dangling. Then he remembers having found a moment ago, among the rare objects that can be recovered in the middle of the ruins, a flask still half full of brandy, forgotten by the invaders, in a hurry to leave for other crimes. He runs to get it, and pours a long stream of alcohol between his friend's teeth. He coughs, half chokes, but a sudden blush colors his cheekbones and he sits up. His eyes throb. He passes a hand over his forehead, stares intensely at the one in front of him. "Nordwind? What are you doing here? What happened to me?" He bows his brow, then suddenly raises his head. His gaze has regained its normal brightness. "Oh, by all the gods! I remember."

So, in broken words, he tells the story. The village where the women are finishing preparing the midday meal. The men who call out to each other joyfully, set in motion by the smell of the pots hanging above the hearths. And then the sudden sound of a stampede, of howling demons emerging from the forest, the groans of the first wounded, the infernal whirling in the dust, the blood flowing, the flames rising... Gondebald stops speaking as if out of breath. He has just relived an hour of nightmare in a few seconds. However, he adds, lowering his head: "I was afraid. I ran straight ahead, right into the ferns. Then I tripped over something, I fell, I lost consciousness. When I woke up, I didn't know where I was. And you found me. There you go."



"Who? Who did this?" Nordwind growls. His friend spreads his arms helplessly. "I don't know. Men I've never seen before. Very dark hair, short, yellowish complexion, slanted eyes, speaking a very strange language." Nordwind puts his hand on his shoulder. "We will find them. But, first of all, we must complete our duty of honor towards our dead."

The two boys set about their grim task: placing all the victims on the high pyre erected by Nordwind. Not a single survivor to save the assassins left their victims no chance, slitting the throats of the wounded. But, once the two young Burgundians had gathered all the corpses, one thing became obvious to them: none of the young girls of the clan were there, nor were five boys their age - the usual companions of their childhood games and their first hunts. Nordwind gave his friend a questioning glance. Gondebald furrowed his eyebrows, thought about it, then hit his head. "But of course! Your father had sent them to prepare a new wooden bridge that he wanted to build next week on the Loue". Nordwind remembered hearing his father - the village chief - speak one evening at the wake about the need to build a new footbridge over the river that flows in a nearby valley. A river that marks the territorial boundary with the nearest clan, grouped, like that of Nordwind, around a village.

"So," says Nordwind, "they escaped the massacre. But they should have come back at nightfall?" A night that is now here. Gondebald hesitates: "Maybe... Maybe they were afraid?... Like me..." He looks so sheepish as he says this that Nordwind gives him a shove and smiles, "Come on, Gondebald. Don't worry. It's normal to be afraid in the face of such a tragedy." And he adds: "I would certainly have done the same as you." One can tell a big lie, can't one, to comfort a friend?

"In the meantime," he adds, "we must try to find them." His eyes darken: "As for the girls, they have been taken away by these savages." He clenches his fists. "We will follow their trail, catch up with them and free the girls." Stunned, Gondebald looks at his friend. He has before him a boy - a man - ready for anything. A man who would give courage to the most fearful. And the gods know that Gondebald is anything but reassured at the prospect of the terrible adventures which, he feels, await them both.

(To be continued...)



Pain is
only a function
of the Courage
of the one who
experiences it!

IN BRIEF... THE

BADEN-POWELL NETWORK

Today's Scouting remains, eighty years after its birth in 1907, a young and lively movement. Its rich adventure was already of interest to historians when, faced with the irreparable losses caused by time, it became necessary to safeguard the material memories of Scouting in France.



The collaboration within the Baden-Powell Network (bringing together former and active members of all associations) of historians and collectors made it possible to bring to the attention of the rising generation the treasures accumulated by the application of the educational method codified by the spiritual father of the scouts and his successors.

A national museum of Scouting will exist in THOREY (89). In various rooms, Scouting will present its evolution around two axes:

- the scout patrol (with photographic representations of the most beautiful Scout installations),

- the world movement (same law, same promise, same ideal).

Marshal Lyautey (pacifier of Morocco) loved to receive young scouts who camped in the park of his castle of Thorey-, and he was the first joint president of the associations (EDF, EUF, SDF). What better place than his castle for our Museum?



Now, before the last witnesses of the beginning disappear, the B.P. Network is looking for the external signs of the rise of associations (badges, emblems, calendars, magazines, etc.) in order to list them, collect them and present them in an exhibition. The Network will publish directories on the various subjects using Scouting (novels, comic strips, records, vignettes, postcards, stamps, films, advertisements, etc.).

A first, very instructive one, on the insignia of the SDF Province is already available to researchers.

On the other hand, a collectors section allows for fruitful exchanges between its members.

Finally, a very good review, KIM, brings us every quarter a breath of information that others are looking for.

SCOUTING MUSEUM

An initiative by Michel Mulleman, an industrialist from the North and member of the Baden-Powell Network Committee, led to the creation of the "French Scouting Museum" in Dourlers (59440 Avesnes sur Helpe).

Surrounded by a magnificent wooded park, where passing troops can camp, the castle, built from 1710 to 1713 by Vauban, permanently displays scout collections and exhibitions.



sometimes last a long time, thanks to the work of the editorial staff - entrusted to the friendly President Pierre Vaultier.

Kim regularly announces the gatherings at which the network is present (hikes in the Ile de France, Stands at Group festivals presenting the work of the Network, Collectors' Jamboree, etc.). Kim is the essential magazine for those interested in the origins of Scouting and its changes.

For all information: Secretariat of the Baden-Powell Network, Le Pech-Aladret, Flaujac-Poujols 46090 Cahors. (Donations for the Museum are warmly accepted!).



The second "collectors' jamboree" took place there in August 1984 on the occasion of its official inauguration. Since then, various events (gatherings, St Georges, etc.) have brought this listed site, typical of Avesnois, back to life.

During YOUR vacation, if you pass through the North, do not hesitate to stop, this museum will prove to you that Scouting is alive!

A.G.

NICE DEDICATION
FOR FREE SCOUTS
FROM VALENCIA

our friends

C. MARCELLO



Marcello is the illustrator of the comic strip "THE CLUB OF 5"

ISSN 0763-1960

HELMET

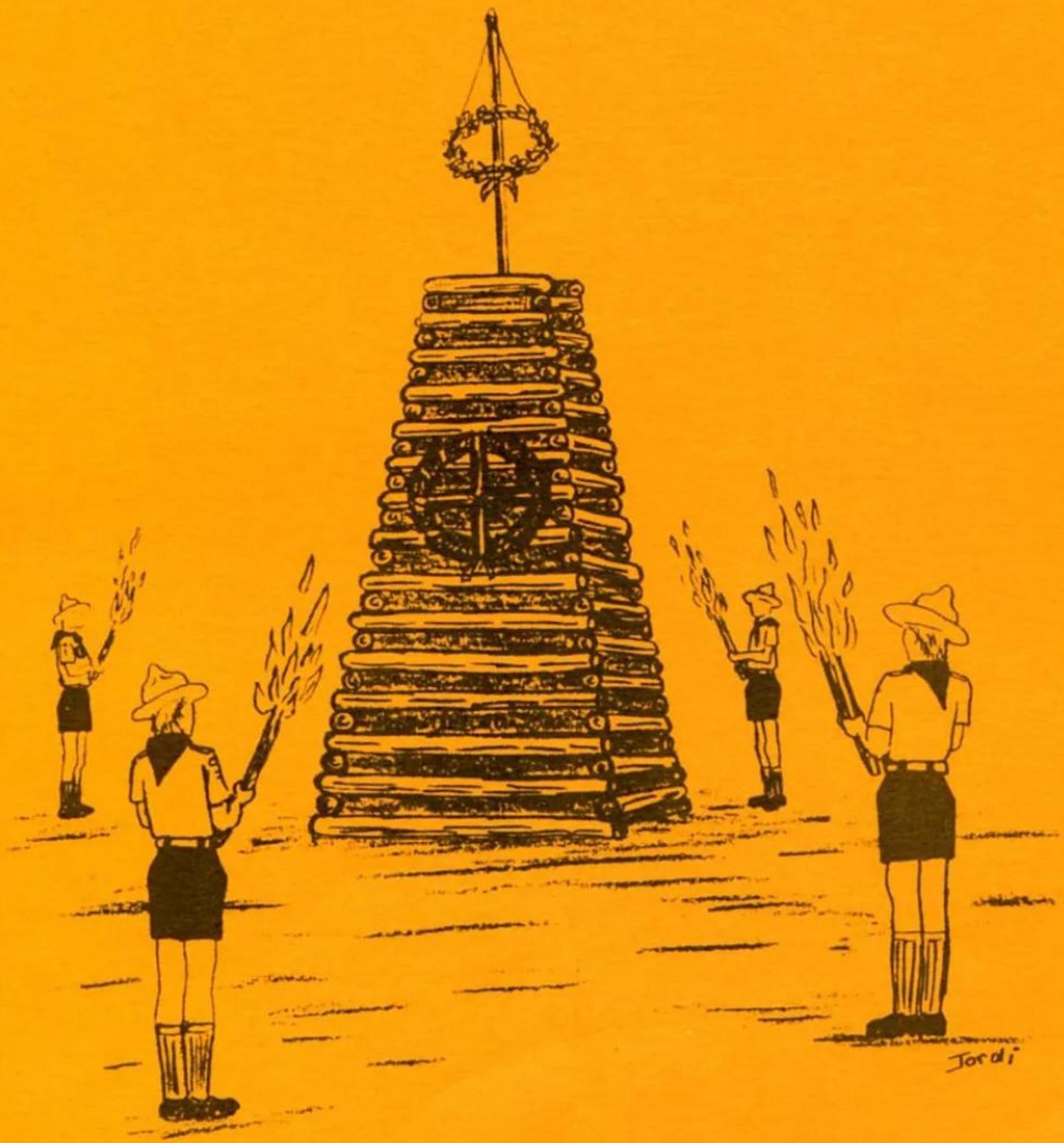
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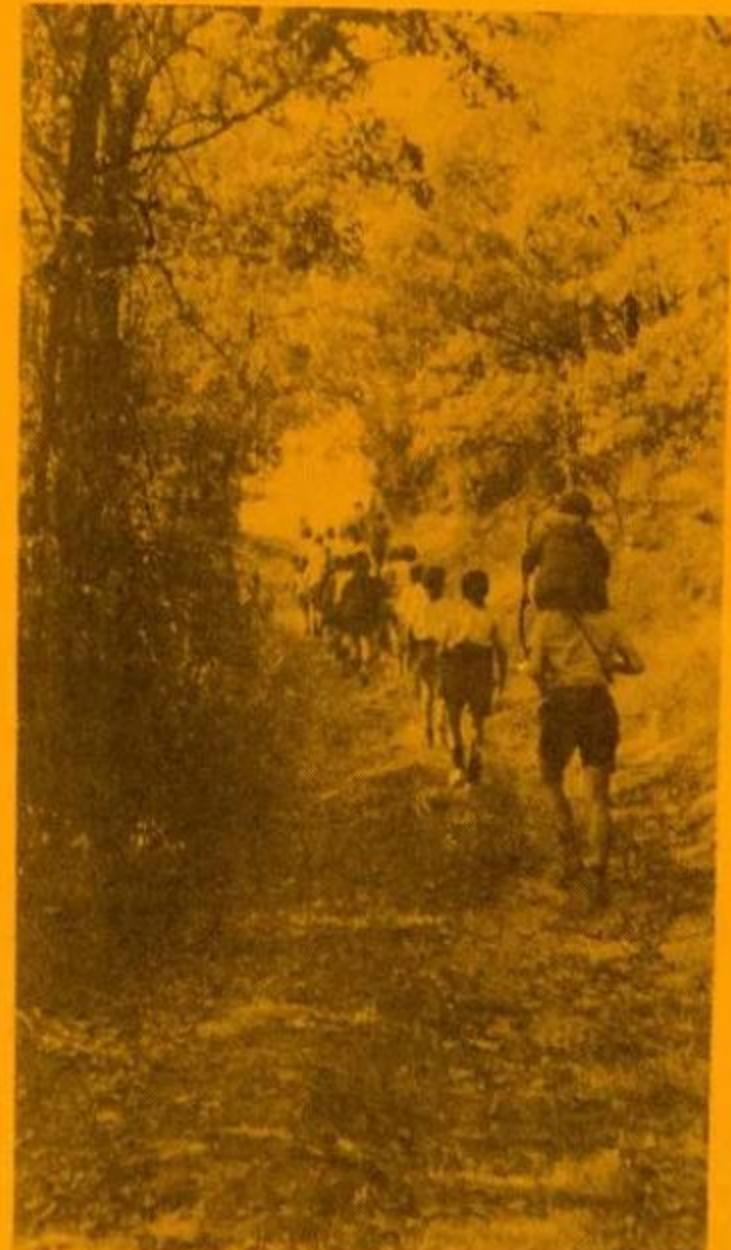
A SERIAL NOVEL

EXCLUSIVE !



MORE IS IN US

I feel sorry with all my heart for boys of your age who do not have the leisure to learn about scouting.



Stuck between possessive mothers, a boring and partisan school, and mindless American series, our generation is not very lucky.

How can we build a strong character with this treatment, grow in our European roots, and above all build our own destiny?

At Delphi, on the pediment of the temple of Apollo, one could read the famous maxim of Thales: "Know thyself". It is by practicing authentic scouting, in a good level troop, that we will be able to tend towards this goal which is, despite everything, difficult to achieve.

Obviously, all of you, young and old scouts, must behave like scouts, always and everywhere. You must be the buds of this new chivalry.

Scouting is first and foremost a school of life linked to a certain aesthetic of the world. It is a wonderful springboard to fully exist while remaining oneself.

With Scouting, there is no need for Rambomania. Let us simply be ourselves. It is from this source that we must draw our strength for the rebirth of our ideal of life.

We have untapped potential within us. We must put it at the service of our community. We want to shout out our hopes and beliefs.

Let us cry together: "More is in us."

Ourson F.

OPEN LETTER TO FREEFALL SCOUTS

I have heard some echoes that are, to say the least... worrying. So-and-so (let's spare young sensibilities...) is threatened by his parents with exemplary sanctions; reason: lower school grades. So-and-so has obtained disastrous results in French or maths or English, etc... All this, in addition to being very worrying for the future of these dear young people, comes to directly threaten their scouting activities.

That's enough! Gentlemen, you are requested to pull yourselves together. How do we seem to your parents and teachers? Are you so narrow-minded that you do not want to understand what we have been telling you all along? Don't you realize that it is impossible to remain a good Scout while letting yourself go to school?



Your life is a whole and should not be divided between leisure on one hand and studies on the other. If you are lazy in high school, it is very likely that you will soon become so in the Troupe.



We have done everything in our power to provide you with the means to improve YOUR academic results. Use them! The study hall is open to you. Your supervisors are ready to help you despite the considerable effort it represents for them. So fulfill your part of the contract.

We can no longer accept the presence of dunces within our units. It is disorderly and bad form.

More is in you, damn it!

Hi!

Fennec S.d.l.

THE NORDWIND SAGA

by Pierre VIAL



The waterfall reels off its crystalline notes in the midday heat. A woodpecker seems to answer it, hammering frantically on the trunk of an ash tree that, leaning over the river, watches over it with its tutelary shadow. Standing on a flat rock that divides the current in two, his legs slightly apart to ensure his balance, Nordwind watches with his green eyes, narrowed by the effort of concentration, for the flash of silver that betrays the passage of a

big trout. There it is. With a sudden jerk, the boy's arm throws the harpoon. But the sharp blade finds only the bubbling water in front of him. Missed. Quickly Nordwind hauls in the rope that, attached to the harpoon, has unrolled with a whistle, and retrieves his weapon - which his uncle, the tribe's blacksmith, has made for him with great care. With a slightly sheepish glance, he checks that he is indeed alone on the river. His friends would laugh at him if they had seen him miss such a beautiful target... A target that, over there, continues to go down the river at high speed. And what would his father say, who is so proud to see Nordwind return from fishing with a beautiful cluster of fish on his shoulder? It is true that, despite his fourteen years, Nordwind is already almost the size of a man and that his reputation as a hunter and fisherman is well established. But, isn't it, everyone misses the mark?

Good. Don't miss the next prey. The boy focuses on the water, a very clear, milky green - made of melting snow, higher up in the mountains, under the May sun. There! Pushing with all the strength of its fins, the fish slips into the current, weaving between the rocks that make the foam of the current gush out. The harpoon cuts through the air and strikes the beast full on, piercing it through and through. A cloud of blood quickly mixes with the



whirlpools of water. Nordwind pulls his prey towards him. It is a beautiful salmon trout, with a belly the color of steel, which has only a few jolts at its feet. Beautiful piece. He takes it by the gills and happily wades back to the bank, where three other fish are already lined up. Come on, the return to the village will be worthy of a boy who never returns empty-handed. And there are two meals assured for the family. His sister will take advantage of it again to croon mischievously that with such trophies Nordwind will have no trouble finding a mate. She knows that this kind of allusion has the gift of horrifying her brother. And she takes advantage of it. Ah girls, what a breed!

A glance at the sun, high in the sky. Come on, it's time to go home. With long strides, Nordwind enters under the cover of the forest. He follows the trail he left in the morning, at dawn. He quickens his pace, his stomach tugging at a hunger that has been present for a long time. But suddenly Nordwind stops. Deer tracks cross his trail. Oh, hey. He'll have to come back tomorrow, he thinks. With Gondebald, the companion of childhood games who has become the one for tracking game? Gondebald is not a very good hunter, and tires quickly. But the presence of a friend, and the joy it brings - even if he is jostled a little - is well worth a little patience... It's agreed. Nordwind will go and warn him this afternoon. Tomorrow, we're hunting! After a moment of hesitation - follow the deer trail for a few minutes? Nordwind decides to continue on his way. His hunger is really very throbbing. A few berries picked this morning have been digested and forgotten for a long time. Why not take up a running pace? Nordwind slows himself down internally: is it worthy of a future warrior to run like this towards food? Didn't his father teach him that knowing how to endure hunger and thirst is the first quality of a fighter? Nordwind thinks about the ceremony by which, in a year, he will receive the weapons of the warrior, which will make him a man. He knows - because this is the kind of thing that we tell each other in hushed tones, between adolescents - that on that day he will have to pass endurance tests. What will they be? The secret is well kept by the elders. But whatever they are, they must be something quite other than a few stomach cramps... Stoically, and to discipline himself, Nordwind forces himself to keep his strides measured. Moreover, the slope of the hill he is climbing is becoming gentler, the crest is no longer far away. From there, he will only have to go down towards the valley in the hollow of which his village is sheltered.

Nordwind takes a sudden step aside. Lost in his thoughts, he almost steps on a viper coiled at the foot of a bush, which spits its displeasure before fleeing without asking for the rest. Nordwind, amused, smiles as he watches the snake slip between the brambles. He loves all the beasts of the forest, and never kills without necessity. Peace to you, beautiful viper! And forgive me for disturbing your nap...

Whistling, Nordwind takes the last few steps that separate him from the ridge. But suddenly his lips freeze. Dumbfounded, he watches a column of black smoke rise over there, above the trees. His village! His village is burning. Like a madman, Nordwind hurtles down the hill, not caring about the branches that slap him as he passes. His chest on fire, he throws himself headlong into a rocky scree that will buy him a little time to get to the bottom faster. Sharp-edged stones roll beneath his feet, and stabs of pain strike his ankles, poorly protected by his leather sandals. But the boy doesn't care. He is gripped by anxiety. What happened?

there follow...)



THE OLD LADY

Report by Bertrand S.P. of the weekly Falcons of the Balder Troupe Balder Troupe (in "La - brouette", Groupe Léonidas Valence bulletin).

Today I went to visit a very dignified but somewhat sad old English woman. We talked for a while; I told her about the Balder Troop, the Free Scouts; I told her that you were looking forward to meeting her and that that day would come soon, so I felt that this respectful old lady was already much less sad, yes much less...

By the way! I'll introduce her to you:
She was born in England, in 1978, her parents are the ROVER establishments, she



travelled extensively throughout the world, and rendered many services to the British Army, for whom she worked all her life, often in difficult conditions. She lost count of the number of sick and wounded she had to transport, because that was her job... ambulance. Yes, she was an ambulance. Oh! not one of those shiny city ambulances that we are used to seeing, no, she was a military ambulance, she could transport up to four patients lying down and... believe me, she took care of her customers.

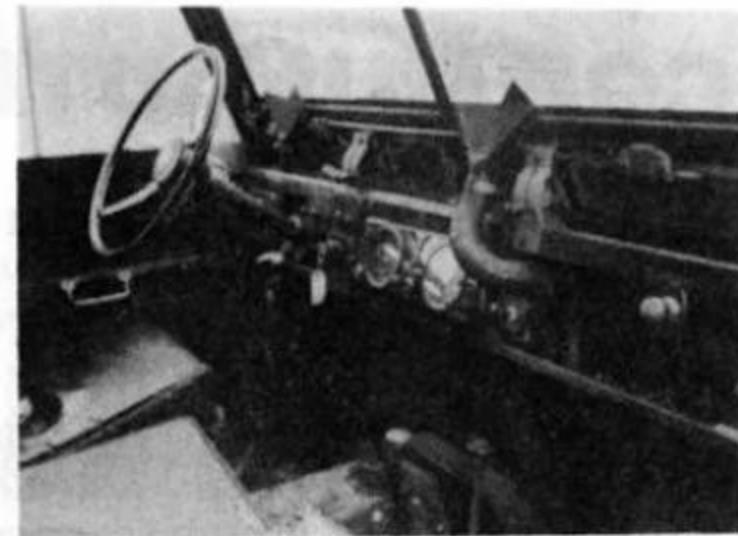
Like an old star who would evoke her past, she said to me, with great pride: "You have seen my cabin, huh, what do you think? Spacious, air-conditioned, insulated with glass wool... Have you seen my tinted windows and fitted with mosquito nets, and then for the lighting, look at my two ceiling lights... It's awesome, huh?..." Listening to her, I was already thinking, it is so comfortable that Fennec will no longer want to put up his tent and will surely make it his HQ.

A question was burning my tongue, I didn't dare but I risked it anyway: - "Tell me, please, what are your measurements?" "Oh boy! You take me for a model..." "Well!?"

- "It's okay, I understand, you know I'm more of a muscular type: 5 meters long, 2 meters high, 2 meters wide, and 45 cm of ground clearance."

- "....."

- "That leaves you speechless, huh? Wait, I'll also tell you about my muscular side: my 4-cylinder engine is 2.2 liters; my power is 85 din horsepower, or 13 tax horsepower, and I have four-wheel drive. You know, when I was young, I wasn't afraid of anyone."



- "Yes, but don't worry, I was told you're going to have a makeover, we're going to get you back on wheels..."

- "It's true, I don't dare believe it."

- "Ah! that's not all: Fennec told me he was going to give you a new dress, a beautiful new paint job." - "I blush."

- "Well, we're going to leave each other; I'll see you soon. You're going to take us to all our camp sites... and you'll see, it's not sad... the jokes, the songs, the games..."

- "I feel like I have ants in my wheels. See you soon Bertrand, say hello to everyone. You know, I'm happy because the Free Scouts are in good health and that's going to be a change for me."

Bertrand

"IT'S NOT LIFE THAT'S DIFFICULT,

THIS IS LOVE..."

A. de Saint-Exupéry
(in Citadel)

COMMUNITY OR SOCIETY

Why deny it, the feeling of belonging to a community has almost disappeared from our civilization. The market society has destroyed the links between individuals in short, selfishness has become master of the system.

This is why it is important that at your level, scouts, a tight weave is woven. Together we must create a deep and intimate relationship, drawing our strength from our European roots.



A community mutual aid must be born and prosper within our units. While the foundations of this community are already in place in our initiatory Clans, each of us must make an even greater effort in this direction.

The aim of this action is not to blend into a levelling anonymity but on the contrary to bring one's qualities, one's skills and why not one's affection, to others.

Nature has designed us all differently, each possessing a sum of potentialities. Our community aims to develop the gifts that you carry within you and to assert yourself as a responsible and self-controlled individual. In this way, you will be able to fulfill, in your turn, your role by helping your scout brothers with your knowledge and experience.

It's time to stop navel-gazing, a tough task awaits you. Will you accept it? Will you surpass yourself?

Ourson F.

BATS



First of all, it is appropriate to re-establish some truths:

- Do bats jump at humans' heads and get tangled in their hair?
 - + No, of course. This is an unhealthy legend, never scientifically verified. For the Church, the night is the kingdom of Evil and nocturnal animals, bats, owls, owls (the bird of wisdom among pagans), etc. are demonic creatures, as is the Wolf. It was therefore necessary to create a halo of terror around them. Which was done, unfortunately for these poor beasts, very useful in other respects, some of which were properly (?) exterminated.

Do bats bite necks to suck blood?

- + There is only one bat in the world that feeds on blood, the Vampire, and it lives in... South America. It is also important to know that it only sucks small animals or livestock. For humans, the work would be too difficult. Our Bats are exclusively insectivorous.

This unpleasant reputation comes from the myth of vampirism (central Europe) which is too often compared to that of the werewolf.

Do Bats Grow to Gigantic Sizes?

- + Ridiculous Here again, ignorance is great. To give an example, the largest bat in Europe, the Great Noctule, has a body that never exceeds 104 mm in length, its maximum weight is 76 grams, its wingspan rarely reaching 50 centimeters.

Do Bats Still Live in Caves?

- + Again no! Bats are flying mammals that move in the summer, from breeding sites to hibernation sites with low and constant temperature and high humidity. If hibernation sites are quite frequently caves, outside their period of lethargy (to survive in winter, bats hibernate by lowering their temperature) bats live almost everywhere.

On the other hand, some species migrate. An anecdote on August 21, 79 a pipistrelle left Natusius in Lithuania (USSR) and arrived on November 12, 79 in France at Pontcharra (Isère). That is 1600 km in 83 days... Last precision most European bats mate in autumn. Females keep the sperm of males during the winter. Fertilization begins in spring and a young is given birth after 45 to 90 days (depending on the species) of gestation.

HOW TO OBSERVE BATS?

METHODS TO USE

HOW TO FIND THEM?

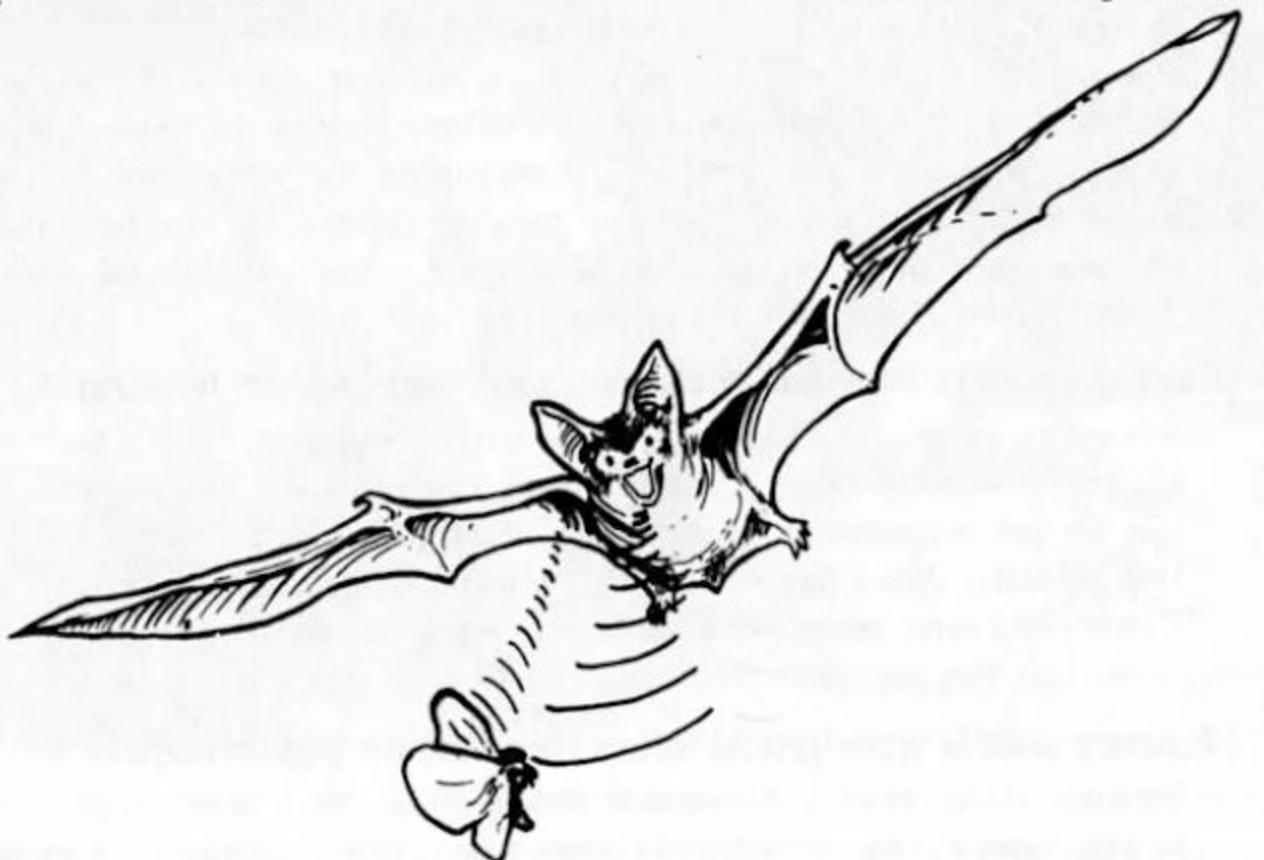
1. BY PROSPECTING

Mine galleries, undersides and interiors of bridges, drainage under roads, caves, cellars, underground passages, water catchments, attics, ruins, bell towers, quarries, abandoned electrical transformers, hollow trees, birdhouses, behind shutters left open for a long time...

2. BY QUESTIONING

+ foresters for hollow trees, + speleologists for caves, + firefighters, roofers for species that live under tiles (church under renovation in particular),

+ residents of the targeted area.



WHEN TO FIND THEM?

Mainly two periods: mid-June to mid-August, mid-November to mid-March. The transitional periods are less known.

1. Mid-June to mid-August re-breeding period.

If you are lucky, you can find large groups of females with young. It is also possible to observe isolated individuals (especially males). Some species can gather in March or April (Greater Mouse-eared Bats and Greater Horseshoe Bats).

2. Mid-November to end of March: wintering.

Small groups and isolated individuals may be encountered. However, large hibernating colonies have been observed (Mniotera, Mouse-eared Bats).

Note: the behavior of bats during the breeding season is poorly understood. The roosts of some species are occupied very briefly. It is possible to observe nothing in a site that is nevertheless occupied if one does not come there regularly.

Speleologists, novice naturalists believe they have found animals hanging from the ceiling of a cave. This is only true for horseshoe bats and some mice. Most bats are trapped in small spaces (cracks, crowbar holes, spaces between two tiles or two stones of a wall, cracks in a beam), especially for wintering.

You should then look carefully with a flashlight at the many holes where they can be found. It is useless to prospect in flooded areas or cluttered with materials (hay, old tools, etc.) or covered with spider webs.

1. PRECAUTIONS :

+ bats bite and some species can cause a lot of pain (Greater Horseshoe Bat, Greater Mouse-eared Bat),

+ they can carry parasites and, perhaps, diseases,

+ an amateur can kill a bat by capturing it, their wings are fragile and a broken bone condemns the animal to die.

Similarly, warming up a hibernating individual means making him consume energy that he may need vitally if the season is bad.

2. TWO LESSONS:

+ Never capture a female who carries a small,

+ Never shine a lamp on a breeding colony as you risk separating the mothers from their young by disturbing them.

It is possible to determine Rhino-lophes and some mice without touching them, by measuring them in their natural postures. In any case, the manipulation must be as short as possible.

Photography will make

service in this case.

An extension net and a long, stiff wire with a hook at the end constitute the basic equipment for catching.

3. DIRECT PROSPECTING:

To simplify, if you are dealing with kilometers of galleries, it is necessary to prospect as a priority:

+ the entrance to the caves, + where you find traces, urine rings on the ceiling, piles of guano or isolated droppings (sometimes held in place by a spider web), dried corpses of young or adults. + where you hear screams.

Note a pile of fresh excrement (gua-no) with dead young probably indicates a breeding colony. If there are no individuals, return in the following years to the breeding season.

4. NET CAPTURE:

Despite their detection system (sonar), bats get caught quite easily in bird nets if they are placed on their usual route.

Placed at the entrance of a cave, on the edge of a forest, at the edge of a pond or a watercourse, nets can capture many species that usually go unnoticed (especially arboreal species). This type of capture also provides useful information on the habits of these animals (hunting time, hunting ground).

DETERMINATION

When you find a bat, what should you do?

The main thing is determination. There are 30 species in France and you can make an interesting discovery.

Let us remember that one of the causes of the decline in bat numbers is disturbance (ringing in particular).

To go quickly, you just need to prepare your equipment (notebook, pencil, caliper or ruler, camera) in advance and not hesitate in the measurements.

The determination will be made after all the criteria have been noted and the animal released at the same place of capture.

Note that if pellets of nocturnal raptor or carnivore droppings are found in a bat site, it will be interesting to dissect them to study predation problems.

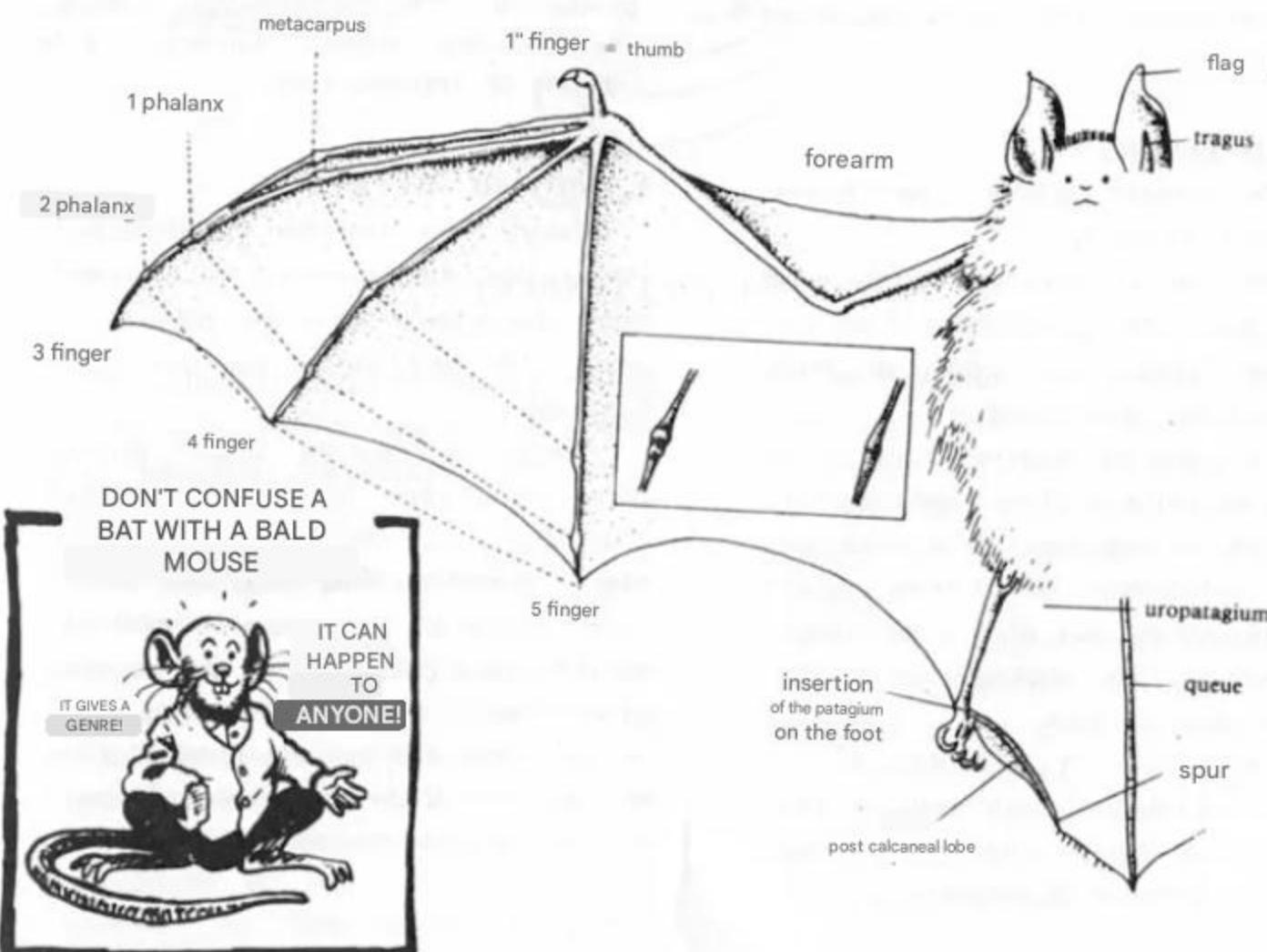
+ A lot of information can be obtained from the corpses and skulls found in the stations.

+ Occupied lodgings will not be mentioned precisely in documents that can be read by anyone.

The name of the municipality is sufficient.

The naturalist scout works on a living being. His constant concern for the preservation of life must be exemplary in the eyes of all.

REMINDER: Capture, even momentary, even with the best intentions, is not permitted by law.



IN-FLIGHT IDENTIFICATION:

It is often easier to see or hear bats in flight than to find their roosting, breeding or hibernating sites. The problem is identifying them.

A certain number of criteria are already known, but it is essential to complete this work by observing certain little-known species in flight and to find other criteria for determination. In-flight photography with sensitive films and the use of the ultrasound receiver will allow progress to be made in this area.

DETERMINATION KEY:

The lack of space in Casque does not allow us to include our "Determination" file. This contains 30 pages, a table of determinations in flight, a determination key by examination of skulls and a determination key in hand. It is available (25 F including postage) on simple request.

In Helmet No. 8: "The threats to bats" and "How to protect them".

Fennec M.

Jean-Louis FONCINE in Valencia!

No need to introduce Jean-Louis FONCINE.

Co-founder and Director of the "Signe de Piste" collections for years, inimitable scout writer, great defender of young people, one of the most published and most read authors of children's books, we tend to forget the rest of his work and his talents as a journalist.



Holding a conference on "Chivalry" in Valencia on May 23, he will take advantage of his presence in this city to spend the following weekend with the Balder Troupe.

Let's bet that the weekend will be scouts eventful and that the Valence will know how to put their elder to work.

BIG GAME

The veils of night silently covered the river and its surroundings. The moonbeams pierced with difficulty the dark curtain and came to surround with a pale halo the Scouts who had been patrolling along the valley since the afternoon.

Added to the exhaustion was an anxiety that grew as the day faded. But, by the Gods!, why was it a boy from their Troop who had been kidnapped? And why still no sign of life? The camp was going so well...

No tired ear heard the hooting disturb the silence of the evening. Three furtive figures slipped from trees to bushes. Bare-chested, smeared with mud, leaves in their hair and eyes shining with excitement, the fauns seemed to have returned.

The forest will long remember the first battle, unreal shapes falling from its trees to greet with strange black snakes falling from their wrists, the scouts returning from the water supply.

The cave where the tired boys had set up their bivouac will keep inscribed in all its stones the following attack which stunned the sleepy lookout and petrified the sleepers.

The patrolmen sent out to scout out the area never returned. The noises grew louder and louder around the rocky conch. Sometimes screams rang out through the night; a boy patrolling the woods would suddenly feel himself clinging to his ankle or see a leafy devil emerge from the ground in front of his feet.

Anguish and anxiety oozed from the trees, the rocks, the path, the river...

Then what joy after the final attack to recognize the two leaders who had gone shopping in Besançon and all the missing brothers, curiously covered in mud, too!

As for the kidnapped man, he was sleeping peacefully in a car...

A long moment by the fire finished drying the fear and dread which flakes off and disappears to give way to the certainty of having lived a great adventure together.

And late in the night, which had become peaceful again, the Loue resumed its unchanging song, completing the sealing of its complicity with all these boys with bare legs and such noisy games.

Marten



DIOGENES WAS ASKED WHERE HE HAD SEEN COURAGEOUS MEN, NOWHERE, HE REPLIED, BUT I HAVE SEEN COURAGEOUS CHILDREN, IN SPARTA.

Reported by Diogenes Laertius

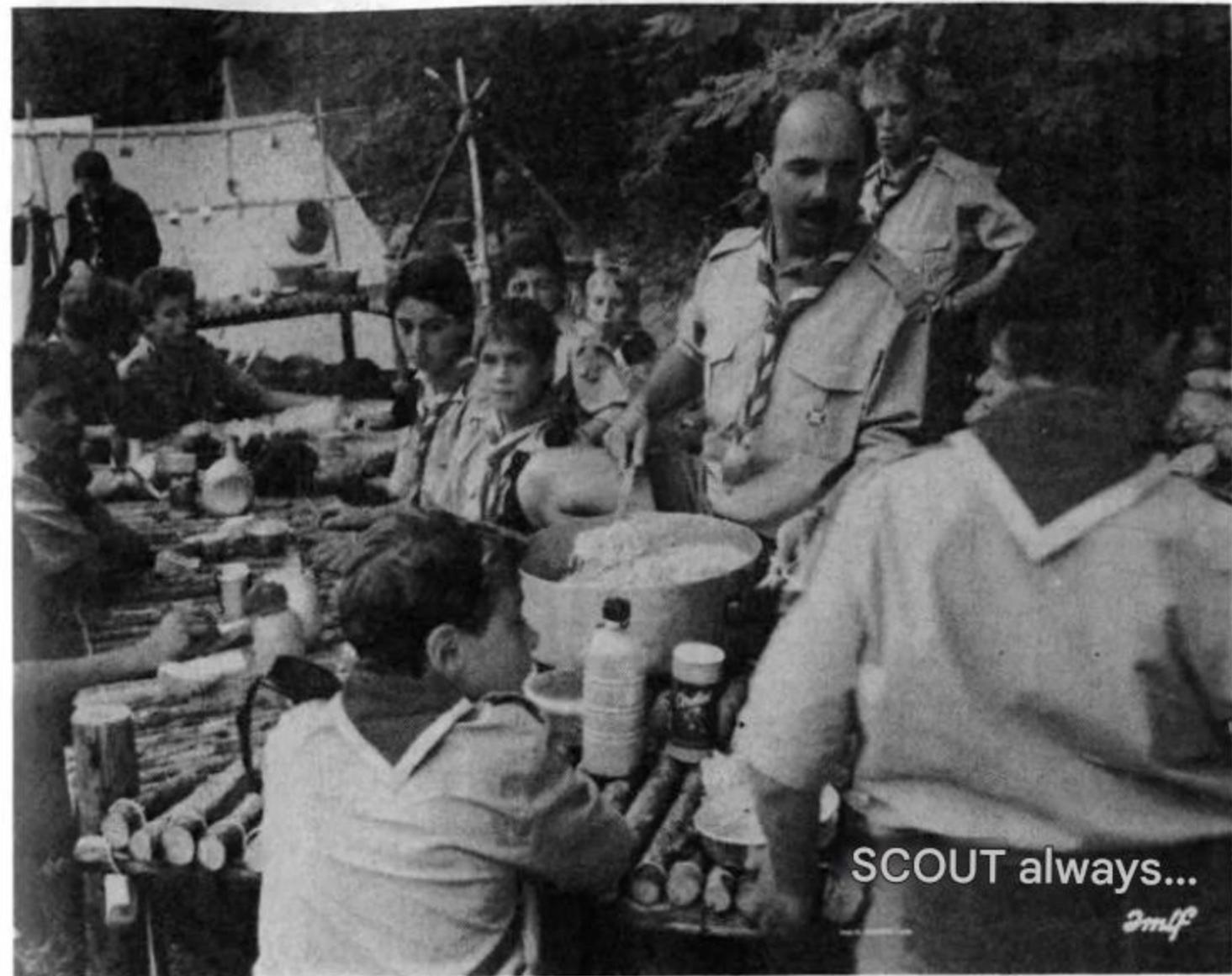
movie theater

SCOUT ALWAYS...

movie theater

Scandal! Nonsense! Betrayal!... What have we not heard about "Scouts toujours...", this good joke by Gérard Jugnot? The virtuous (?!!!) indignation of Scouts or former Scouts has somewhat surprised us. Clearly, the sense of humor and proportions is seriously declining.

We went to see this farce and found it to be as full-bodied as we could wish, without philosophical pretensions and quite funny. "Bien-Bien-Phu", "l'Abbé" and the others allow for some gentle swipes. Who can deny that, more or less, we too sometimes fall into excess? We gently mock our faults, we caricature the Old Chiefs who forget to reset their clocks to the time of a youth that they sometimes tend to forget. Should we take offense? Scouting is an institution and, as such, has a tendency to become sclerotic. A little laughter can only help it shake off its wrinkles.



As for these dear little ones, the picture we paint of them is far from inaccurate. Of course, we are not dealing with model Scouts... but these are boys like those we see every day and one of the merits of the film is to show that an incapable leader, if he pulls himself together, is able to instill a completely different spirit in his pre-delinquents.

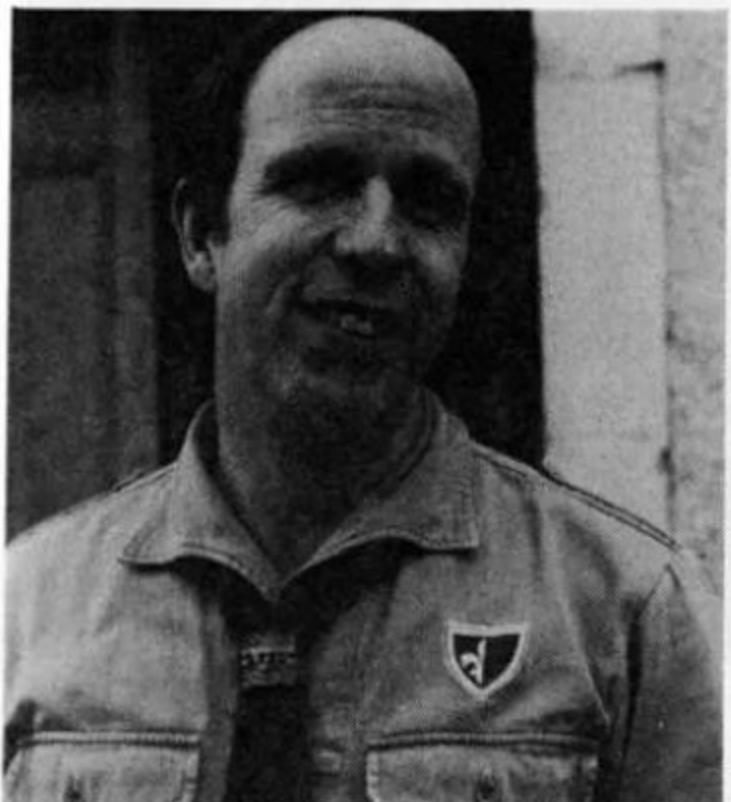
A Model Scout Troop is very pretty, provided that the said Scouts have some punch. Rather than having to mother some dressed-up rags, I prefer, for my part, to grapple with boys who may be unruly, but lively! The vocabulary that shocked some sensitive souls is none other, alas! than that which charms our sensitive ears on a daily basis... Once again, the film, despite its Rabelaisian exaggerations, remains honest.

This does not imply that we should erect these faults into institutions and refrain from trying to change certain things. Simply, Gérard Jugnot shows them to us with this wink that makes what could otherwise be a destructive criticism pass.

IN BRIEF...

THE BUTTES SCOUT LIBRARY AND ARCHIVES

The Library and Archives Scoutes de Buttes (Switzerland) could be summed up in a bird name: Flamingo.



It was from him that the idea of gathering together in one place the greatest possible mass of scout documents came. This is not a museum but a working tool.

STEPS

The Free Scouts' test and ceremony booklet:

STEPS

came out of the association's presses. In 21 x 15 format, it presents itself with a new four-color cover face (graphic design by Christian Cance), 60 pages, photos,...

In short, the basic working tool for a scout. On sale at the national headquarters of the Free Scouts: 20 Francs.

At a time when some leaders doubted their action, convinced that it was based on outdated and obsolete principles, Flamant had the idea of launching into "the battle" the documents that he had been receiving and purchasing for more than fifteen years.

The aim is to provide scouts and their leaders with essential equipment.

Friends from all over the world participated and now the B.A.S. is a spacious building with dormitories, kitchens, meeting room and... library. Many Free Scout leaders go there from time to time, for the books of course, but especially for the exceptional atmosphere that reigns there. Because without the spirit of service (and self-sacrifice) and the extreme dedication of Flamant and his family to the scout cause, the B.A.S. would not exist.

It is this atmosphere with an authentic scout family that we invite you to discover when you visit Buttes.

As for the author of these lines, he will meet in Flamant in August.

A SINGING SCOUT LEADER!

His name is Didier Farsy, his stage name is Didier Frédéric and he sings...



DIDIER FREDERICK

Our Marseille Group Leader even sings very well. Author, composer and performer, he has recorded 6 cassettes representing a musical journey of 15 years ("Je suis taureau", "Paroles", "Et si je te disais", "Petits Frères", "A Marrakech", "La vieille").

You can get them by writing directly to Didier (1, rue Mondovi 13006 Marseille). Each cassette is sold for 50 F (postage included).

Please note: "La vieille" is sold for the benefit of a child welfare organization. "Petits Frères" and "La vieille" contain some scout songs.

Some excellent titles in passing: "rally song", "He is so beautiful my son", "Camp d'alsace". Thanks to Didier and have a good trip.

F.M.

THE SCOUT MARCHAL MUSEUM

Claude Marchal, one of the first subscribers to Casque, is a passionate collector. His two passions? Scouting and mechanical music.

A retired industrialist, he divides his time between Paris and Bullet. And it is in this Swiss village that he decided to bring together the various objects with which he has enriched his collections over the years.

This is how a real little museum was born, where scarves, pennants, standards, drawings, postcards, badges, etc. rub shoulders with automatons, music boxes and barrel organs.

But the two passions sometimes come together, as witnessed by a music box



which plays the scout call (Claude also offered one to the Free Scouts) and an automaton which represents BP sitting and writing "Scouting for boys".

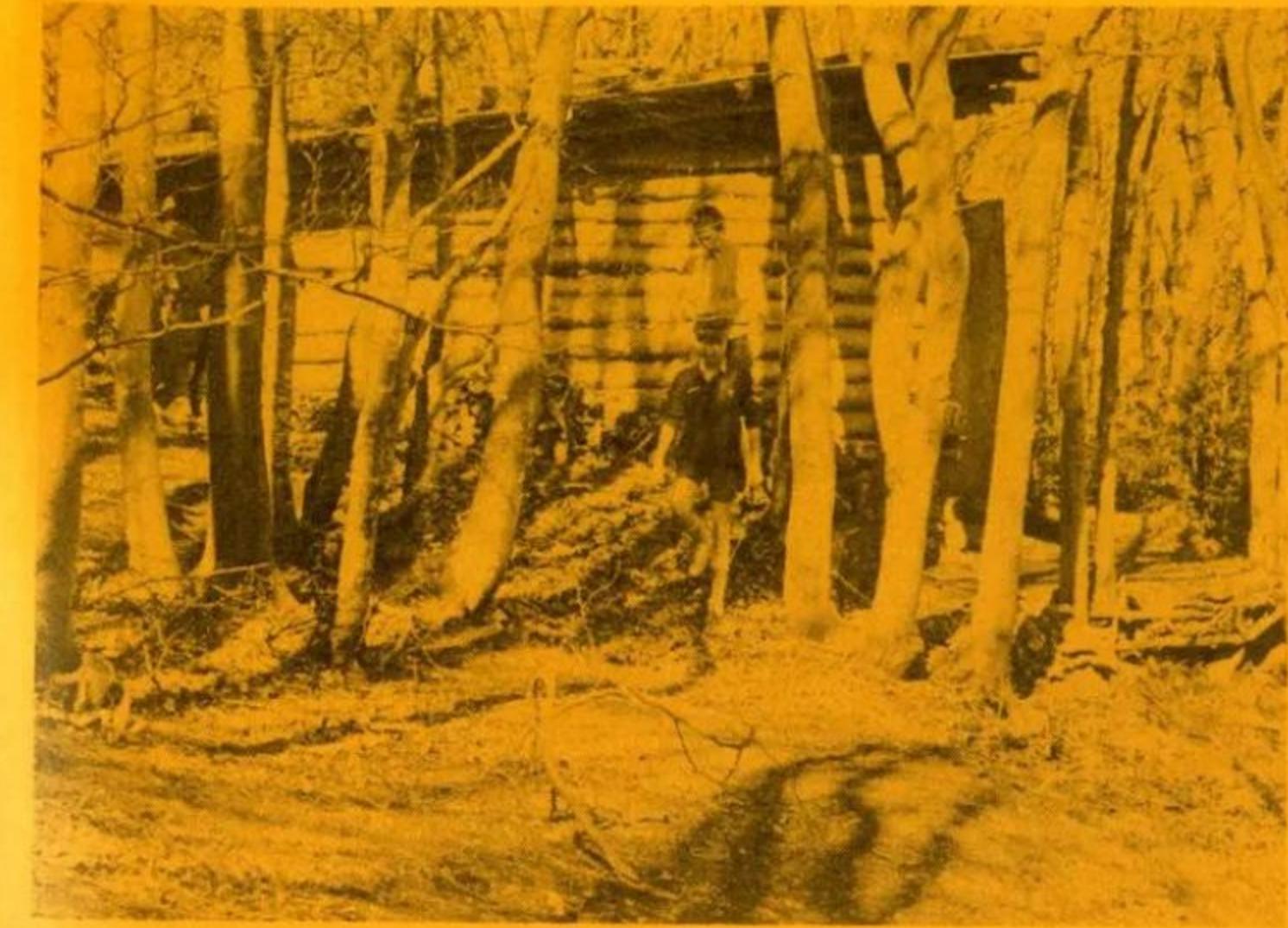
Readers of "Casque" passing through Bullet can stop there, Claude will be happy to show them around his treasure cave.

THINGS ARE MOVING IN GENEVA

While Swiss Scouting seems to be moving towards a most curious pseudo-scouting, in the canton of Geneva the reaction is lively. The new Cantonal Chief (the very competent Jacques Jeannerat) is full of good intentions and many leaders are aware of the quality crisis their units are going through. There is no doubt that with some technical advice, good will and a lot of work, there will soon be Scouts in Geneva as free as we are.

The photo below shows the Geneva Scouts who were the service team during the recent meeting of regional delegates of Swiss Scouting.

... guys who want more.....



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Contributors to this issue:

Bertrand LEBRETON, FENNEC M., FENNEC S.d.L., MARTRE I., OURSON F., Pierre VIAL.

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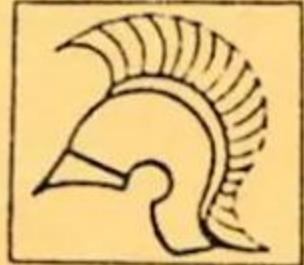
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HELMET

Quarterly

No. 15 - May 1988



SCOUTING AND CHEVALRY IN EVERYDAY
LIFE (III)



MORE IS IN US!

Martre Norbert, after having diligently read the last 2 issues of Casque, what does "Chevalier" evoke for you?

Norbert - Well "Scout", of course...

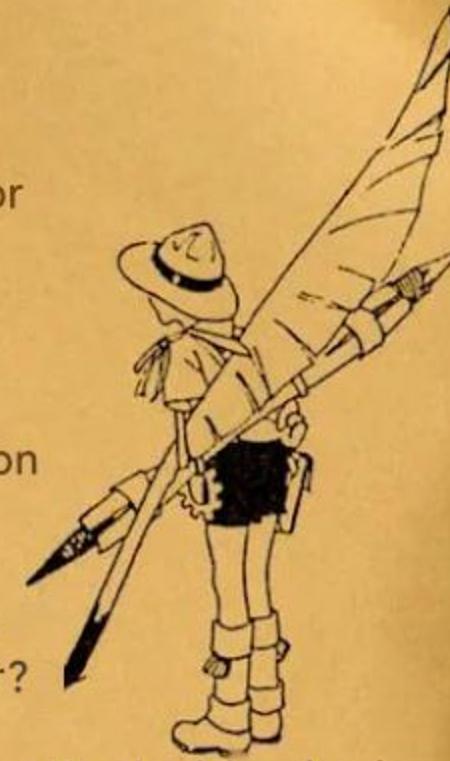
B-But again?

N - Frankness, Dedication, Purity!

M - You mean that the Scout and the Knight agree on these 3 principles?

N - Exactly.

M-Good. To stay on the same subject, but changing domain, for you is a knight only a knight in armour?



N - No. If he is bathing in a river and a dragon attacks him, he is capable of fighting naked!

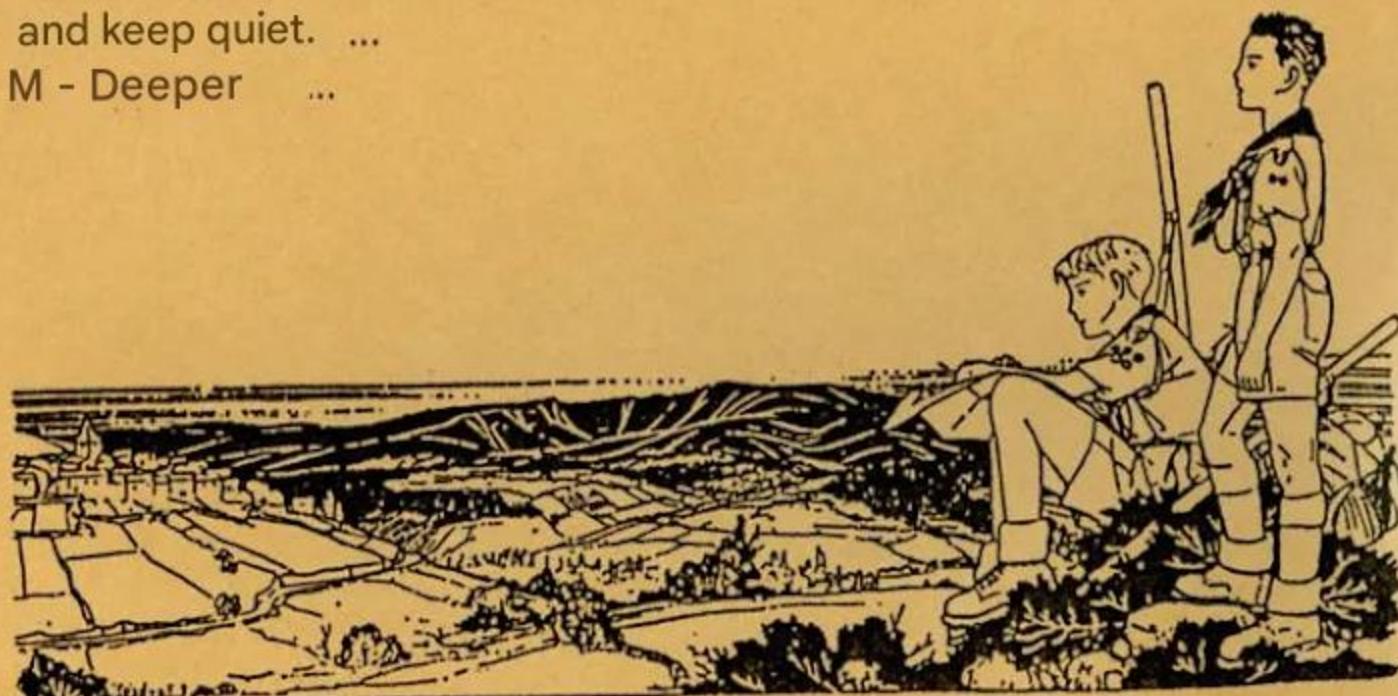
M- And a scout, is he only a scout in uniform?

N - No, of course! But I see what you mean... A scout is also a scout at all times of his life, as the knight is in his river, even naked!

M - And can you clarify your answer with some judicious examples born from your personal experience?

N-Well, at school or in class, speaking out against something that seems un-fair or wrong, even if you are the only one doing it or if it is easy to stay in your corner and keep quiet. ...

M - Deeper ...



N - Article 2 and 10! The leaders show us by their example a certain path to follow, our parents teach us things, and to be loyal to them is to act as they would like us to act. And above all, a scout who thinks white, acts white, and speaks white, not blue or pink; that is what it means to be Pure, to be without mixture, to think what we say or do, and vice versa.

M - In short, being a scout is something absolute, which is done neither partially nor without seriousness...

N- Yes, and it's also something difficult!

M - I know that! But what makes life exciting, the mountains or the wheat lands?

N - Guess! I already have my answer.

M - And which one?

N - Well... MORE IS IN ME, of course!



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THE QUEST FOR THE RING (III)

THE STORYTELLER: Now all the children are standing, and dancing in a circle around the fire, some beating a tambourine with a mallet, all with their foreheads covered with their scarf;

CHILDREN: "The fire sings.. the breeze whistles.. and whistles the breeze.. and sings the fire..!!!!"

THE STORYTELLER: The troubadour has stopped jumping up and down, and with a circular gesture makes the sudden outburst die down; the children resume their places and their murmurs slowly subside. A boy throws a bundle of dead branches into the center of the fire, which throws up its sparks.

THE TROUBADOUR: "... I spoke about it with a rock, a rock standing right in the middle of the thorny moor, and who saw these things, yes, who saw these things ...

.. He saw these things because he saw the blood dripping from the skins scratched by the thorns...

.. Blood running down bare legs ...

...The purple marks at the height of the torso ...

CHILDREN: "And the fire, and the wind, which sing and whistle???"

THE TROUBADOUR: "... the wind too, companion of the rock standing on the moor, and the fire of course, communing with it from the other end of the thorns...

CHILDREN: Let us listen, let us listen to the fire, let us listen to the breeze, who alone know what really was in the past!!!!"

THE TROUBADOUR: "... When dusk came to soften with its gentleness the cruel bites of the sun on the Territory, nothing was decided and everything was to be done...

... Gone, the Trolls decimated, the Orcs defeated,
Gone are the Riders who until then had held the situation in their hands,

Well hidden, the Guardians never seen but stronger from Clue to Clue, concealed,
the Knights skillfully allied for the duration of a quest with the fearsome Riders...

.. And the Lords, whose powers are increased tenfold by the approach of night?...

... What the rock told me, made me know everything, understand everything, but made me promise to keep everything...

...to keep everything...

CHILDREN: "Yes but the fire, yes but the breeze, who really knows what was once????"

THE TROUBADOUR: "... Well, as night approached, everyone seemed to regain their strength knowing the Secret was so close, knowing the danger was more present than ever... ...The Orcs were ready to give up, but finally decided to try their luck in spite of everything...

...The day after...

... The Guardenians had faded into the beeches...

.. For the Night, Sheltered from the Lords ...

... The Trolls had taken refuge in the rocks...

.. For the night, carefully hidden from the Lords themselves ...

.. But the Knights, and the Riders...

... *Las!* ...



CHILDREN: "What do the fire and the breeze say, who alone know what once was, what do the fire and the breeze sing and whistle???"

THE TROUBADOUR: "... Knights and Riders had found refuge in an old dilapidated hut, thinking they were safe, and all exhausted had fallen asleep... The

... Lords of the Night, disappointed at not having found the Orcs, the Trolls and the people of Gardenia, filled the darkness barely pierced by the glow of the stars with their howls of joy, joy at having found something to satisfy their thirst for blood and combat...

... No one, no one, heard the screams among those sleeping...

....The battle was formidable, the cries from the astonished throats were heart-rending, the blows of the sword-garruche defending lives and Honor were muffled and powerful...

... For worse than Death is not dishonor?

...For worse than Nothingness, is not Oblivion? ...

... The Chief Knight and one of the Two Senior Riders were captured and subjected to the suffering of the moonbeams with their bodies tied in the branches of the Great Beech...

... Cruel defeat, yes, great defeat...

... Which did not, however, affect the will and the Desire of the survivors who swore Vengeance and strengthened their Determination to find the Ring...

... The day after ...

...Time to close the wounds of fatigue...

...To be able to compete with others for the Ultimate Goal...

... Because who knew who had the most Clues?...

... WHO?...

CHILDREN: "The singing fire, the whistling breeze, who alone truly know what once was!!!!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)



SINGLE GATEWAY

CLIMBED IN ONE HOUR, THIS IS AN EFFICIENT BRIDGE FOR SUMMER CAMP

EXECUTION :

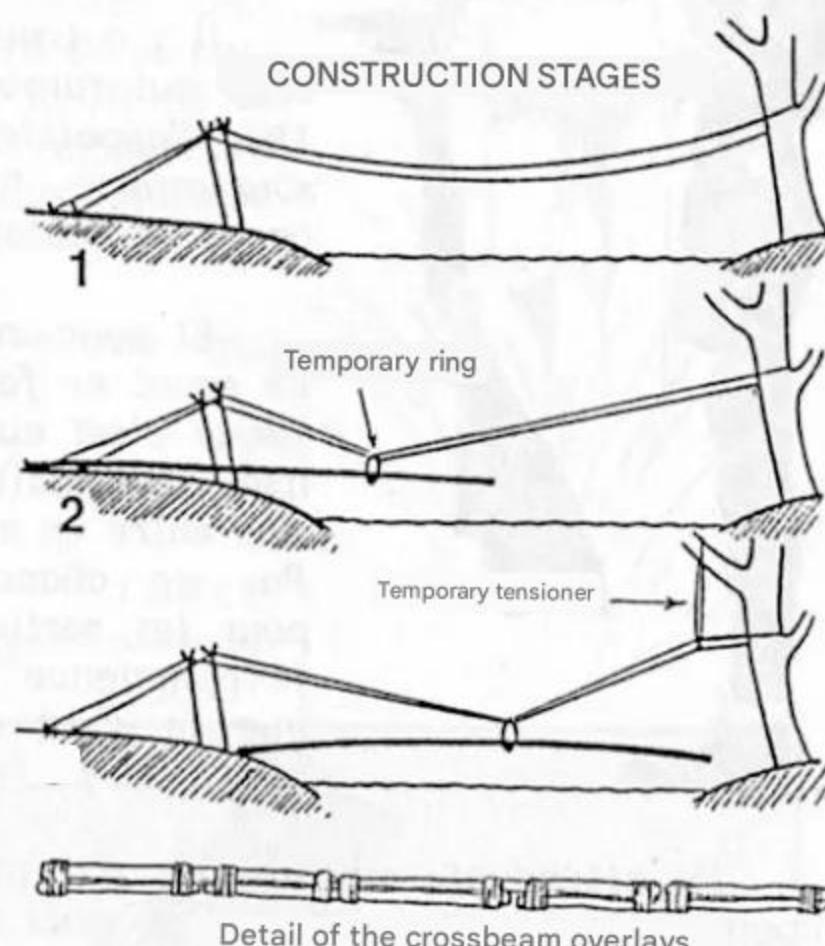
A scout crosses the stream with the end of a rope attached to his waist. He fixes the rope so that it hangs about 1.50 m above the middle of the stream and then returns the end to double it (same height in the middle).

LAUNCH:

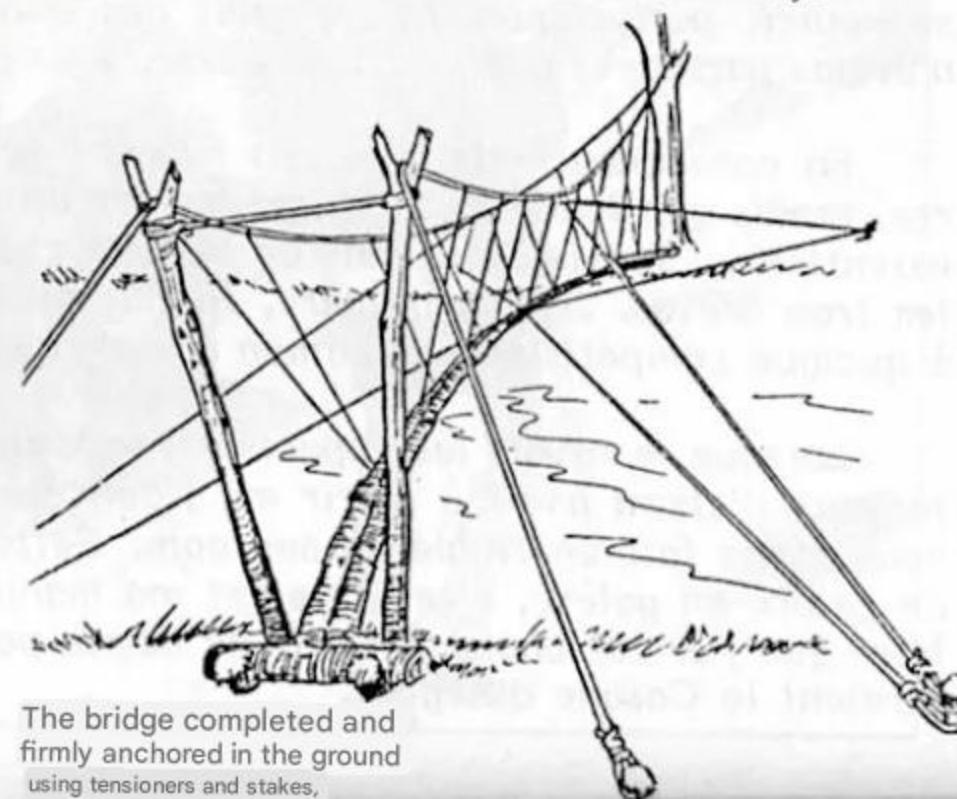
It is done from the starting bank and by the advancement system. The deck is made on the bank, and gradually it is advanced above the water by means of a temporary rope ring.

WALKWAY APRON:

It is made of thin poles doubled by alternating the ends and fixed by whippings as in the sketch opposite. When its length is great enough for it to rest on both banks at the same time, it is suspended from the starting rope with thinner ropes that an acrobat will place. The whole thing can then be stiffened with tensioners. 3



The acrobat at work



The bridge completed and firmly anchored in the ground using tensioners and stakes.

THE VOICE OF THE WOLF (I)



"Choose your ideas carefully, you will have to live with them..."

(Neo-European proverb)

There are three kinds of people: scouts, those who could have been scouts, and the others... I belong to the first category, subspecies "activitus interruptus due to work".

And for once, it's true. The scout does nothing by halves... It so happens that this is also the definitive and generalized opinion of the master baker with whom I began my apprenticeship last year. No luck! Well, no luck for the scout outings, because for the rest I am beginning to discover - divine surprise - that the City of tomorrow may not be built without me.

In the meantime, my holidays have taken the deplorable habit of starting when my friends' holidays end, and my frustration is periodically fed by the story of the latest adventures that I did not share with them. I pass, you can imagine...

As a result, our meetings have become rarer, while their very rarity makes them more precious to me, more... essential. I now live to the cyclical rhythm of these all-too-brief reunions. I prepare for them, as one mentally prepares for some competition or exam that one knows is important.

When I see my friends again on the occasion of these reunions, I want first to have to offer my loyalty to our Law, and to what we have done together in its name. This loyalty that I carry from galley to galley is in fact my way of not forgetting that I was chosen, one evening at camp, to be one of those who would wear the Silver Helmet.



Little did I know that night that at the very moment I was swearing my Promise by the light of the torches, others were silently renewing their oaths of allegiance, preparing to welcome me as the equal I had become.

So here it is...

Now I know. I know that (beware, good people) one scout can hide many others. There are many of us who no longer wear the scarf of the pat'. But our handshakes and the pride in our eyes make us recognize each other more surely than the common Zothers will ever be able to do.

We are the scout beast that rises, rises...

We are the Clan.

FURET Apprentice baker SCOUT



THE ROAD ELVES THE ROADERS' JOURNAL

A

WORD FROM THE C.N.R.

This issue of Casque is an event. For the first time, comments on the quote of the quarter have reached us. The latter has awakened the sleeping, liquefied the petrified, unlocked the chained... it's a pleasure.

Among the tons of mail (yes, yes...) we have selected Yves' letter. Here are some excerpts:

"A civilization exists only through the men who founded it (...) it evolves because men evolve in contact with the changing realities that surround them". "The concept of civilization no longer exists if the men who compose it decide one day to ignore what preceded them".

In conclusion, Yves transforms St Ex.'s quote to bring it up to date: "Because our society is based on what is provided to consumers, not on what they could demand."



There are still lucid minds in the SL Routes of France and Navarre and that is fortunate since that is partly why they were created. Let us hope, however, that the discourse is accompanied by the appropriate behavior. Too often still, we criticize our "merchant society" to start consuming as soon as the word comes out of our throat. Let us be honest with ourselves, better still be pure, it is our honor.

It is certain, as Yves understood well, that the world in which we live has only very distant relations with the concept of civilization stated by St Exupéry.

Today, values have shifted. Men are no longer judged solely on their market value ("he's worth \$50,000/year") and not on their merits or their contributions to the community.

All SLs, and especially Rovers, must be ready to give before receiving. Not out of pure philanthropy, but in the hope of living fully as opposed to those who are content to exist. We must not be part of those who suffer history, it is up to us to inflect it in the direction of our ideal. A question of effort, will, sweat!



When Roman civilization entered into decadence, the people asked for "bread and games". Between "fast-food" and "Telemago", we are served! Bon appetit!

BEAR

QUOTE OF THE QUARTER

"(...) I am of a bold and generous temperament, foreign to the ordinary suggestions of common natures. My tastes are not those of fashion; I feel for myself and neither love nor hate according to the indications of the newspaper (...). I am not happy with what is enough for the Plebs, and I seek in the jewels that heaven has placed within the reach of men, other jewels than those with which it is crazy (...)."

NEW SONGS

BALLAD OF YESTERYEAR

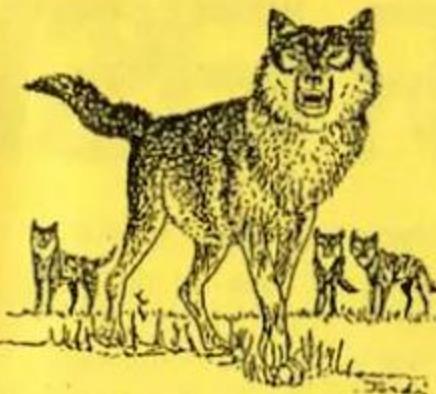
Friends, come and contemplate the flame
When the day slowly fades; It tells us of old
legends And the heroes of ancient
days;

Lost loves, legends, The sighs of
the handsome troubadours, The tears shed on
the ashes, Hopes vanished without return.

Still resounding, over there on the plain, The
heavy hooves of the palfreys Leaving
for that distant land Where perhaps one
will become king.

Dirt or rocky roads Where death awaits you
around the bend; Grassy valleys for
feasting And the tender games of love.

Remember the time of conquests, Of blood
that was shed without weakening; We
preferred to die in the quest Rather
than deceive or fail.



SEEONEE

The Jungle Journal

AKELA

Akela is the Chief of the Clan. He is proud of his mission, a bit arrogant, and does not accept that his duty is dictated to him. Well aware of his rights, he maintains his position despite the difficulties. Thus, at the Council Rock Akela does not even move his ears in front of the agitation of the young wolves.

He simply says: "-

Look well, oh wolves! The Free People, what have they to do with the orders of anyone, except those of the Free People?"

Standing up to danger, he does not stoop to begging, while reminding his Brothers of what they owe him. With his irony, he tries to provoke the cowards who are only good at being malicious behind their backs.

"Free People, and you too, jackals of Shere Khan, for twelve seasons I have led you to hunt and brought you back, and in all that time not one of you was trapped or maimed.

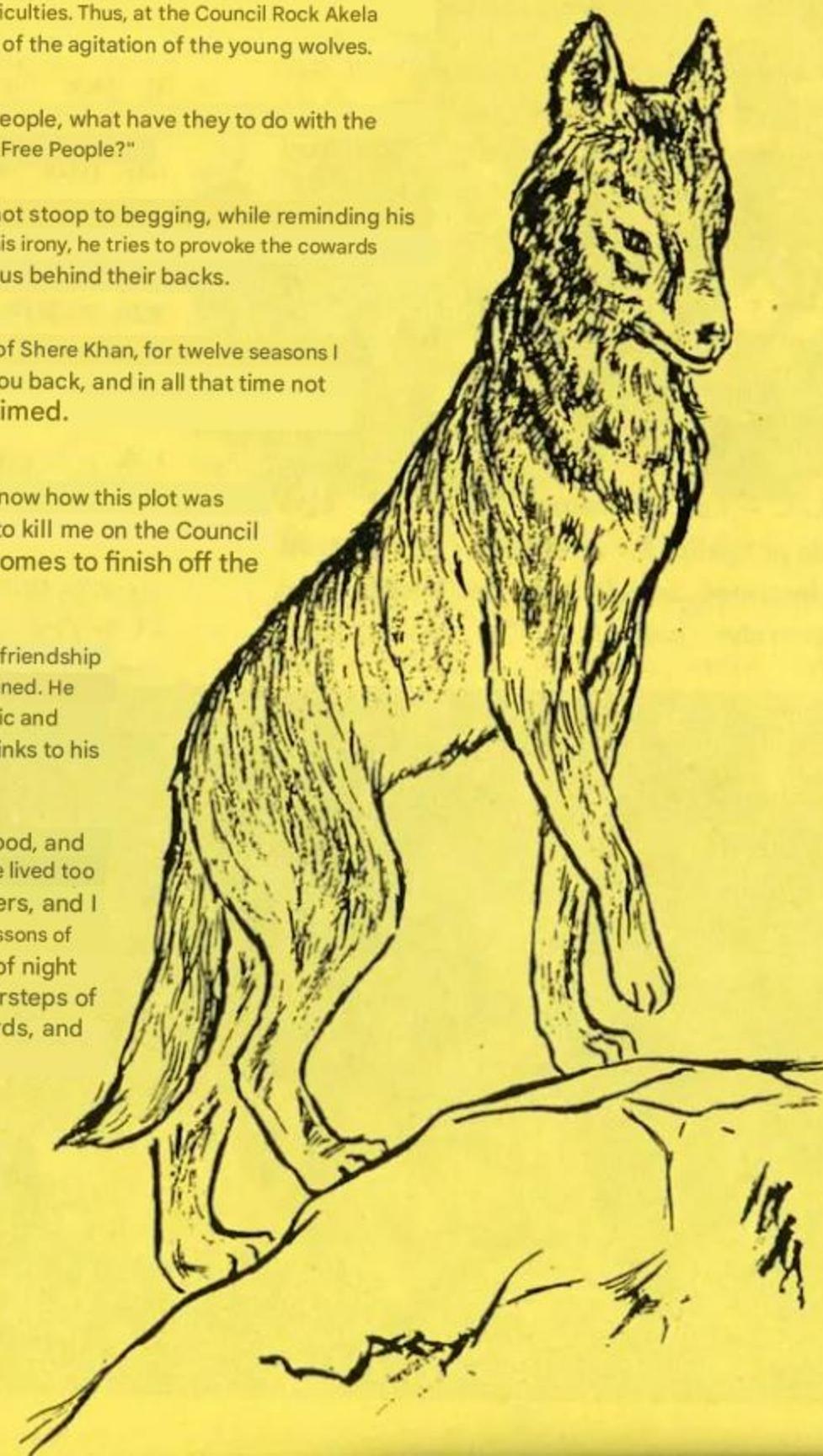
I have just missed my prey, you know how this plot was hatched. You now have the right to kill me on the Council Rock. That is why I ask, Who comes to finish off the Solitaire?"

Loyal, he is true and faithful to his friendship for Mowgli, even when his life is threatened. He cannot admit cowardice. He is realistic and judges harshly, but says what he thinks to his face.

"Mowgli is our brother in all but blood, and you would kill him here! Indeed I have lived too long. Some of you are cattle-eaters, and I have heard that others, following the lessons of Shere Khan, go about in the dark of night carrying off children from the doorsteps of villagers. So I know you are cowards, and it is to cowards that I speak."

Akela agrees to sacrifice himself to save Mowgli, who is threatened by the revolt of the wolves who have listened to Shere Khan, their enemy, yet...

"In order to save the honor of the Clan, I pledge not to show a tooth when the time comes for me to die. I will die without defending myself."



JUNGLE PALATES

OLD WOLF Hello, Agile Language?

AGILE LANGUAGE I - To whom I honor. Himself.

- V.L. Hmmm... (polar silence).

L.A. - Sorry, Old Wolf. I didn't mean to provoke you when you got out of bed... But by the way, why are you calling me? I'm just getting out of school. My snack is waiting for me...

V.L. - Well, let's slide... Imagine that I just received a phone call from the editor-in-chief of "Casque": he's waiting for the "Palabres" to finish issue 15. You weren't supposed to be dealing with that?

L.A. - Hey there, don't go so fast, I'm having trouble understanding. Are you talking to me?

V.L. - Well...

L.A. The "Palabres", it takes two to prepare them. And the last three activities of the Pack, I looked everywhere for you, I didn't find you.



V.L. You know very well that my job has blocked me more often than I wanted!

L.A. Oh really, that's it! I thought that given your size, someone had forgotten you in a pocket somewhere.

- V.L. It's definitely not getting any better!

L.A. - You're so full of nerve. Môssieu is absent for trivial reasons, while me, if in a year, once! - I ask permission to stay at home to play Scrabble with my father, it's a real earthquake!

V.L. You are a sixainier, you know very well that you are indispensable to all activities.... Especially you...

L.A. - That's it, go ahead, brush It's the boss the suck-up now... The world upside down, my whole value system turned upside down.

What if I broke my leg? You'd have to do without me.

V.L. - We would carry you.

L.A. And if... (sigh), and if with dad we left... we changed region what?

V.L. - We would ask him if he doesn't want to sell you. And if he doesn't want to, we would take you away.

- L.A. I'm indispensable, what!

V.L. - That's it. Handsome, intelligent, tivé, ... talkative. Tell me, when are you going to give me these Palavers?

L.A. - Fake token! You suck a lot.

V.L. - But no. I'm just waiting for a little literary effort of his magnificence.

L.A. No!

- V.L. Come on, to please me.

L.A. - No!

V.L. - you afraid of not being up to partor? Are

L.A. - Nothing to do with it. I think it's more like blank page syndrome.

V.L. - Oh well, I'll ask elsewhere. Apparently Patte Adroit has a nice feather...

L.A. - Don't panic, buddy. We can work it out. For example, I've been playing J.B. 007 for a while now and I recorded everything.

- V.L. That doesn't do me any good...

L.A. - You really don't understand anything. You're a stupid leader, or maybe it's just age. You just have to use this tape for this Palaver. We'll try to do better next time.



- V.L. Still, the readers...

L.A. They'll get used to it. As long as they have me.

V.L. - Okay, okay for this time. But for the next issue we'll get down to it. We need constructive "Palabres" with a strong idea...

L.A. - everything, and everything...

OK boss darling, but in the meantime I have a snack that's getting angry... Bye!

V.L. - (disillusioned sigh) And a blow in the water, a Hello my wolf. You're lucky to be a few kilometers away, in the meantime, don't grow up too fast, I can't keep up with you anymore.





Storm on the Whites

Like a sea of cotton, big clouds are gathering above the castle. All the wolves look with an evil eye at this sky that darkens before night. Then the first drops that fall, chase the wolf cubs into the tents; the rumbling of the storm is closer and closer.

When night, now fallen, envelopes the whole camp in its mantle, the six white men are almost in bed. The boys are silent, and all listen to the noise of the storm. The wind strikes with all its force the double roof of the tent, which arches like a soaked sail.

In the tent, Bristly Poil, the six-headed man, hides his fear poorly; the little ones, to reassure themselves, try to get closer to him. We hear dozens of teeth chattering. And Bristly Poil trembles, too. He thinks about what Akela told him when he named him six-headed man. Set an example.

The thunder growls louder and louder, and water occasionally enters the tent. A scream pierces the silence, immediately followed by tears: the smallest has just noticed that his sleeping bag is completely soaked. A wave of panic gradually takes over the entire six. A sort of electric shock then brings Poil bristly out of his torpor. Do not give in. Take care of the boys. He stares at his wolves one by one, then his voice rises and launches into the night the defiant words of a war song.

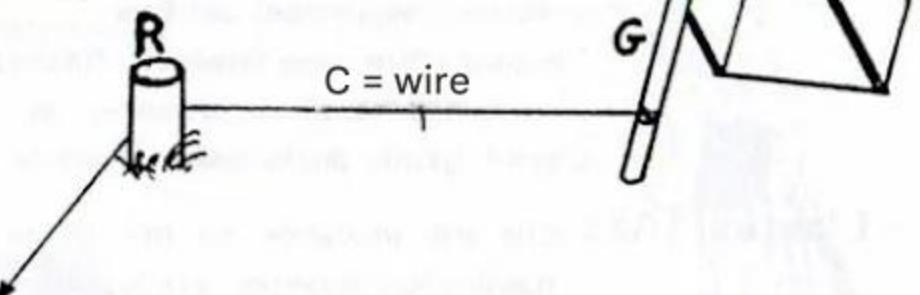
Surprised, the wolf cubs stop crying, even the one with the wet duvet. The voice of the sixainier covers the sound of the rain on the canvas. It is a bit of a fight between him and the storm. Then a voice joins his, then another and another. Outside, the storm recedes. Rough-hair signals to his wolves to approach him. He throws the soaked duvet to the other end of the tent and takes the little one against him who is now smiling. Huddled together, they fall asleep; the "size" stays awake a little longer in case the storm returns...

But the storm has passed, and when the Whites wake up the next day, a brand new sky awaits them. Never again will they be afraid of storms, with their sixainier.

TECHNICAL DATA SHEET

TRAPS

Everyone knows the pigeon baby catcher (see diagram opposite)



Analyzing its mechanism allows us to highlight the existence of 4 basic elements:

- a sensor (C) (a wire pulled from a distance)
- a relay (R)
- a trigger (G) (stick in balance holding the box) (the weight of the box just waiting to fall).
- a force (F)

These 4 elements trigger an action (A): here the fall of the crate.

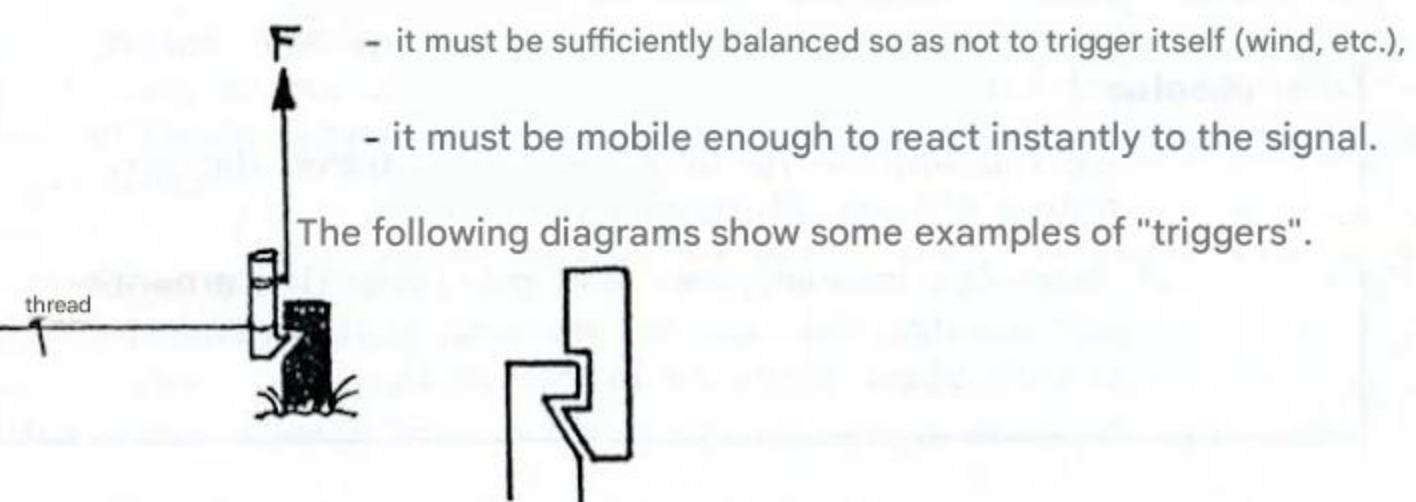
It is interesting to note that most of the "trap mechanisms" obey the same logic:

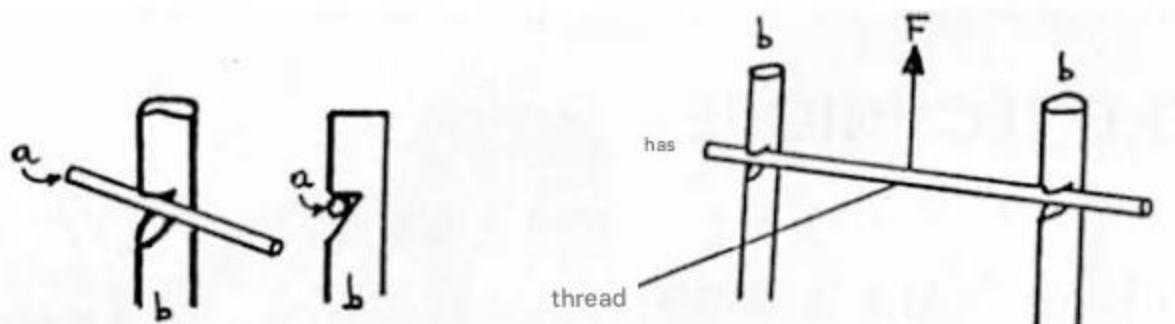
The sensor (C) Its function is to detect and/or transmit the signal which will trigger the mechanism.

It will often be a wire stretched across the passage. But we can imagine other systems (balanced branch, seesaw board reacting to pressure, photoelectric cell, etc.).

The function of relay (R) It is to change the direction of the sensor. (Examples: stake, branch, pulley, etc.).

trigger (G) It is activated by the sensor, and its function is to release the force F. Two constraints make its production the most delicate part:

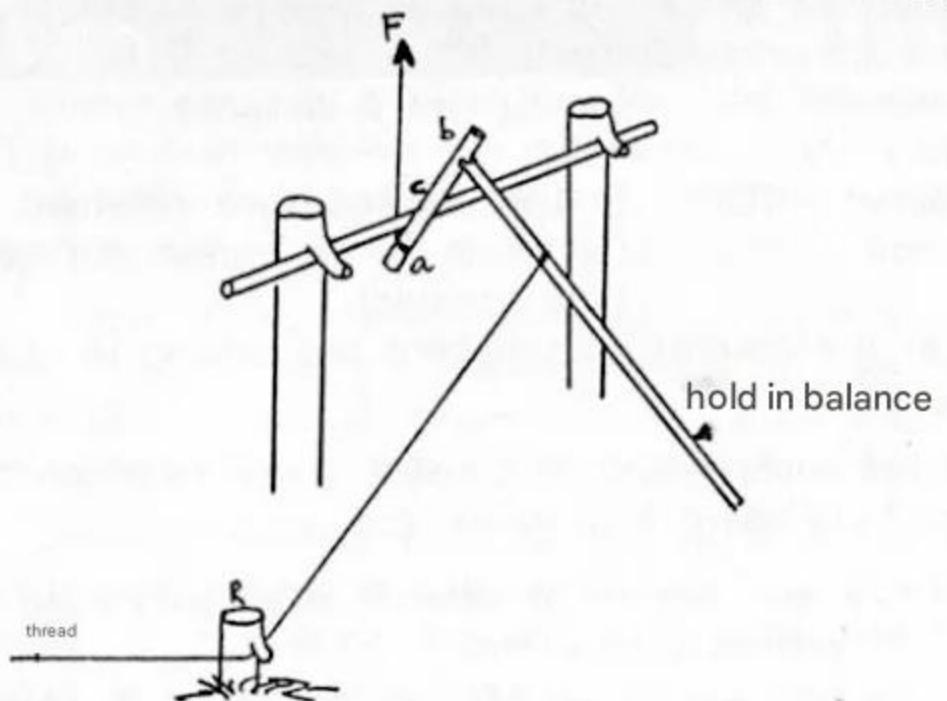




Force (F) It alone contains the energy capable of causing action A of the mechanism.

It allows the sensor to be stretched. It can be a bent flexible branch, a weight suspended from a wire passing over a branch, a spring (camera), the simple gravity (weight of the box in the first diagram), etc.

The action (A): It is imagined according to each person's imagination: triggering a camera, lighting a warning light, sounding an alarm (tin cans), throwing a water bomb, etc.



N.B. : to increase the efficiency of the mechanism, ensure that the contact points (a) and (b) are as far as possible from the middle of the stick (c) [torsion torque].

ATTENTION !

The following rules must be strictly adhered to!

- * The mechanism must not present any danger, even if it is triggered by mistake.
- * All mechanisms must eventually be dismantled, and no trace of them must remain (the scout respects nature!).

READING TIPS

KNIGHTHOOD: An ethic of life from the time of minstrels, an idealistic state of mind surviving - besides among the scouts - in the skies of the 20th century among the fighter pilots of the two world wars, preserved in the 18th and 19th centuries by the last privateers mixing violence and the search for purity, imitating, without always knowing it, the chivalrous ideal of forgotten times.



and lightsabers for them, and for you.

The first is due to the talent of the Englishman Rudyard KIPLING. Written between "The Jungle Book" and "Kim", this story dates from 1897. A masterpiece that does not age, you will let yourself be carried away by the adventure of Harvey Cheyne. You will read CAPTAINS COURAGEOUS in one go, like a "Sign of the Trail". Here is a brief summary:

You witness the metamorphosis of the 15-year-old son of a Yankee multimillionaire, a spoiled child, insolent, with a foul temper, vain, sure of himself and sure of the power of his father's money. One night, through unconsciousness, he falls into the sea. Irish sailors save him. Not believing in his wealth, they ignore the orders Harvey gives them and continue their long fishing season. Forced to live (and



The confined universe of a ship, transatlantic or mixed cargo; whaler or sailing ship isolated on the seven seas, encourages sailors to help each other, whatever their origins. Between seafarers there is a fraternity, a union that does not exclude individual adventure. The participants in the first national sailing camp will not contradict me.

The two works that I suggest you discover (?) enchanted your grandparents, leading them to follow these young heroes on ships that represented nothing other than intergalactic vessels

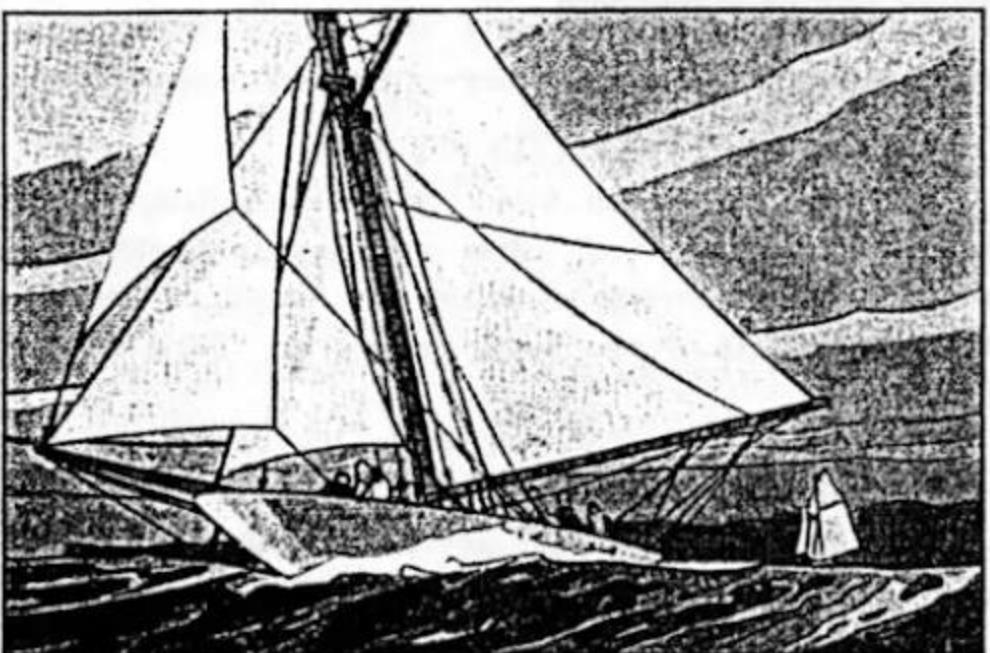
to survive) among these rough sailors, here is our little pest condemned to WORK! He, the notorious slacker, with his \$200 pocket money per month, full of arrogance towards the "common people", will have to undergo the law of the ship: you work, you eat. Little by little, the lesson bears its fruits (of the sea...). The transformation is accomplished, the hard and salutary learning of life is done in contact with these crewmen who took him in; at the end of the voyage his own parents do not recognize him the ugly duckling has become a swan. Read "Captains Courageous", it will not disappoint you.

In our second selection of the quarter, we will take an extraordinary journey with Jules VERNE. This prolific writer gave birth to **A FIFTEEN YEAR OLD CAPTAIN** in 1878. As in "Captains Courageous", the hero is fifteen years old, but he has not been ruined by money. The action begins in Auckland where whale hunters meet every year.

In dramatic circumstances, Dick SAND finds himself at the helm of the sailing ship "Pilgrim", lost in the middle of the ocean. Responsible for his crew and passengers, he fights against the elements raging between the Pacific and the Indian Ocean. After getting lost due to lack of experience, he lands in an unknown and wild land that turns out to be Angola. How far he is from San Francisco... With the survivors, Dick will witness the bloody wars waged by the backward tribes of West Africa, against a backdrop of the slave trade. Always keeping his courage, our young captain will triumph over all obstacles and will succeed in finding civilization again.

You may have already seen the films based on these novels on television, but that doesn't exempt you from reading them. A film is never anything more than a pale adaptation of a literary work... So... leave "La 5" or "Santa Barbara" and immerse yourself (that's the right word) in the adventure...

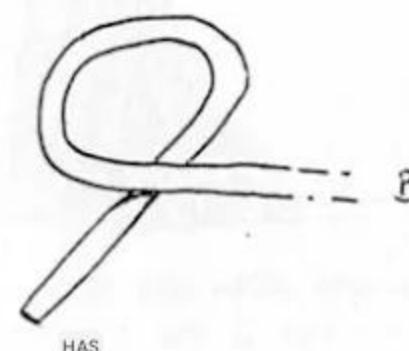
Happy reading!



PANDA

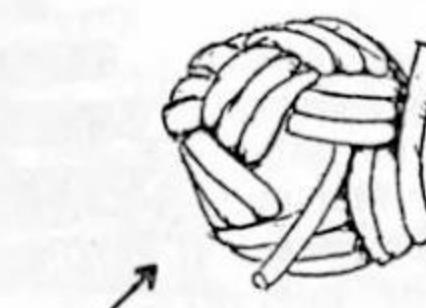
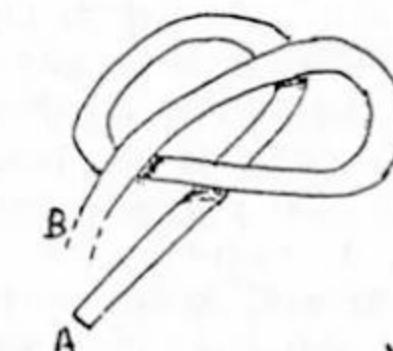
TECHNICAL DATA SHEET

THE

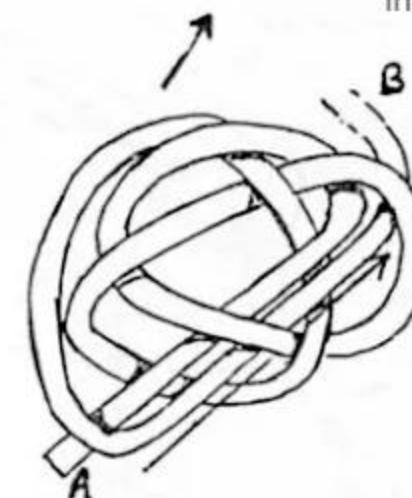


A: Small end
B: Big end

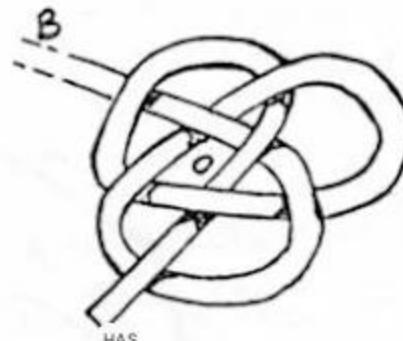
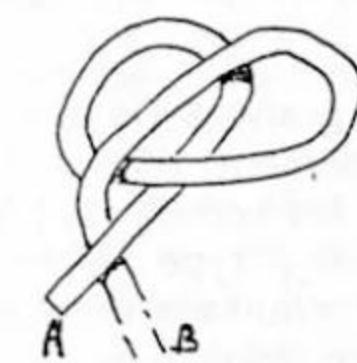
SCARF RING



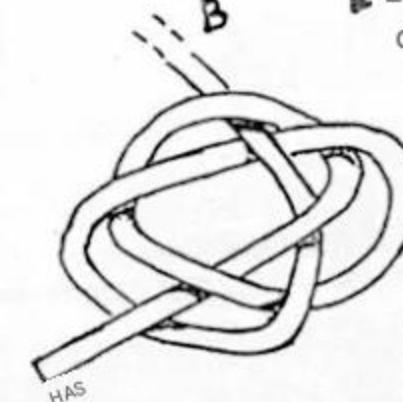
Once the 3 rounds are finished, cut the excess ends A and B and glue them inside.



End B will follow end A while remaining next to it, but without crossing, for 3 turns.



Expand the hole (0) to the desired size.



THE

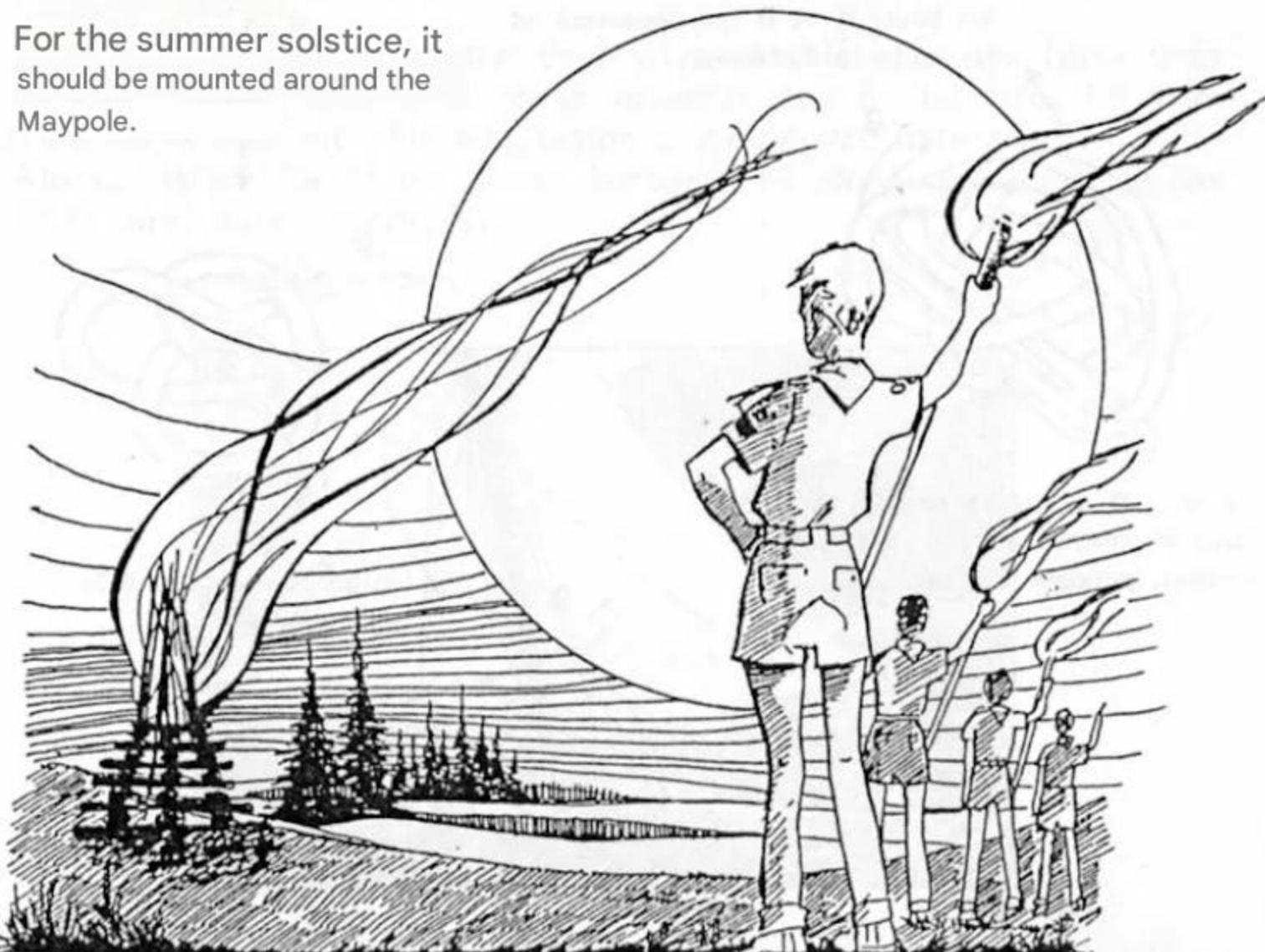
PYRAMIDAL

PYRE

The pyramidal bonfire, built using large pieces of wood stacked on top of each other, in a square, is the best festive fire pit (campfire, summer solstice, etc.). In the center, a sheaf of dry wood is placed, collected at random from the forest paths. Twigs, dry leaves, paper, wood from crates, etc. are added. It is necessary to provide 2 or 3 lighting points, close to the ground, with bark and conifer needles. Then, one continues to build one's pyramid according to the location and use of the fire.

Finally, we light it! Beautiful, large flames shoot up in a burst of sparks. The enchanter Merlin and the scouts are happy. The pyramid pyre, the very type of great bonfire, has the advantage of keeping its structure for a long time.

For the summer solstice, it should be mounted around the Maypole.



TRAVEL NOTES

There is... let's say, quite a long time ago, when I was younger, I dreamed of going to the end of the world, of discovering this ELSEWHERE that adventure books told me about. Since then, I have been there, to the end of the world... and I have come back. I still go back there, quite regularly, because of my job.

I must say that the more I travel, the more I discover how beautiful France is, how rich Europe is in traditions. More and more, I am happy to come back and find this culture that nourished me, that made me what I am. This does not prevent me from being sincerely interested in the world I travel through, from discovering languages, art forms, and extremely rich traditions.

The misfortune is that, as the years go by, we find the same civilization everywhere in the world, buildings, Japanese cars, fast food and Coca-Cola. It seems, when you leave an airport, that you have arrived, each time, in a city, the same everywhere, with its shabby suburbs, its stinking factories and its garish advertisements. People also gradually become uniform and seem to absorb with pleasure the worst of what is wrongly called Western "culture". The more vulgar a fashion, the more insipid a music, the more stupefying a TV program, the easier it seems for them to invade populations who shamelessly deny what was most valuable to them. Of course, the first victims of this phenomenon, which we call "acculturation", are children and adolescents.

Furthermore, each time I return, I am forced to note the same phenomenon here.



We too, French, Europeans and (but it is less and less certain) proud of it, we undergo this same phenomenon of acculturation. We let ourselves be invaded by mediocrity, we indulge in televisual imbecility, we turn away from the noble foundations of our culture. Of course, we live comfortably, but it seems that, in order to (over)fill our bellies, we are ready to starve our minds. Sinister!

Are we gradually turning into cattle?

It wasn't all very encouraging, but I had finally come to terms with it, telling myself that it was inevitable and that I was probably just a dreamer dreaming of an impossible world.



However, just recently I had to go to Taiwan.

For those who don't know, Taiwan, also called For-mose, is a large island, very close to China, where Chinese nationalists who were fleeing the rise of communism took refuge.

Naturally, we are very far there, as everywhere else, from achieving perfection; we do not even approach it. However, I was very surprised to see how we had managed to become Westernized without, however, denying a culture that is several thousand years old. Often, to my great astonishment, children of 10, 12 or 15 years old, rushed - as soon as they knew

that I was interested in the Chinese language and culture - not only to teach me the few usual words that I could remember, but also to explain to me everything that their hesitant English allowed them to transmit of their knowledge. And I was astonished to see that these very young Chinese were immensely proud of their language, their poets, their history, their legends. I listened with passion to "little wolves" with crew cuts patiently explaining to me how the basic ideograms of Chinese writing had evolved over the centuries to acquire their current form. Others told me, as best they could, the story of the Monkey King who bothered the gods to the point that they ended up helping him become a Sage among the Immortal Sages. All this did not prevent them from liking the most "trendy" rock or from dressing in a way that was completely in line with the demands of the latest fashion. But the important thing is

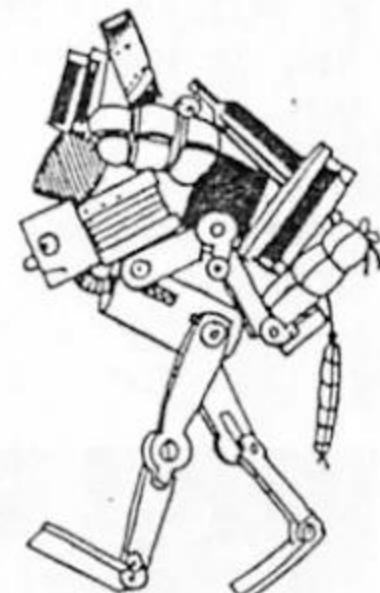


that we felt that although they lived completely in a modern world, absolutely similar to ours, they had not cut themselves off from their roots. We felt that on the contrary they drew from them a strength, a stability that we Europeans are beginning to dangerously lack.

So I found myself dreaming that, perhaps, in our country too...

FENNEC S.d.L. in Taiwan.

SPECIAL CAMP Individual Equipment SELECTED BY HELMET



The "scout" backpack manufactured by ARTIACH for the company TSA (Techniques Sportives appliqués) was selected by Casque for summer 88.

Ideal for 12-16 year olds, light, solid (it is made of cor-dura), comfortable, it contains up to 60 liters (skirt-raise). Its quality-price ratio is exceptional. It is possible to order some for this summer through us. To do this, write to Casque enclosing a check for 342 F (payable to Scouts Libres).

Camp Outfit: The new "S.L." T-shirts have arrived. Green for those over 12, yellow for the Cub Scouts, sky blue for the Sailors, they cost 40 F/each. They are ideal for this summer's camp outfits.

Order them quickly, there won't be enough for everyone.

THE VOICE OF THE WOLF (II)

"The ideas you choose for yourself, have they not chosen you? If they are noble, try to do them some honour."

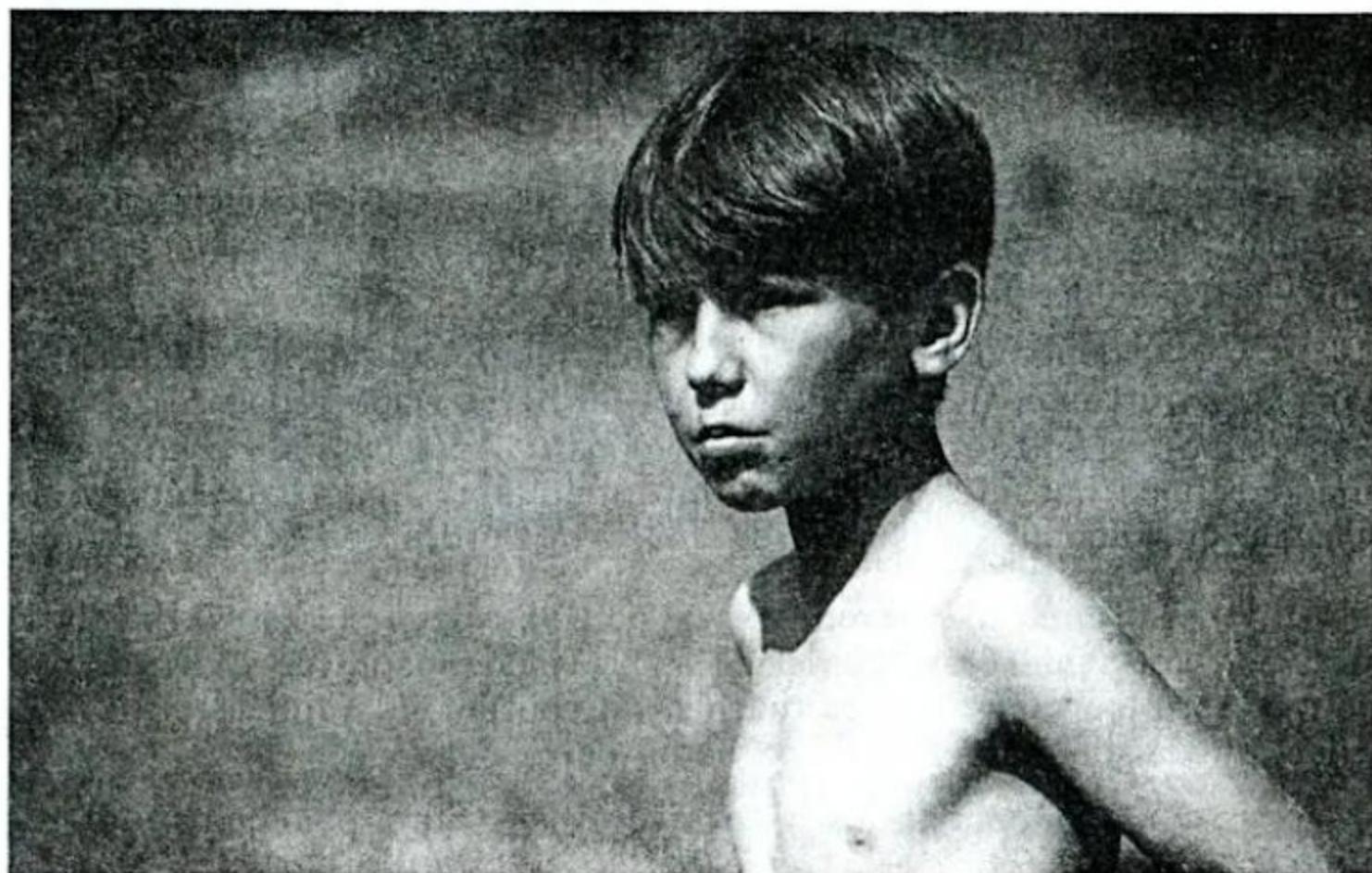
(Neo-European maxim)



If there are 3 kinds of people, there are 3 kinds of scouts: those who are scouts only in uniform and on weekends, the many who are scouts in neither, and the few who try to be scouts everywhere and all the time...

I tend to relate more to the latter type, with the "could do better" label.

When I entered the big family scout, through my voluntary commitment within the quadragon (cf. Helmet No. 14), my life finally took on meaning... Subject until then to the circumstances on which I modeled my behavior, it appeared to me dressed in a new dress, with



colors of the ten articles of the Law; I had chosen a framework around which I was going to build my simplest gestures!

Alas... I quickly realized that it was not so easy. Because I was alone, once I left my beige and blue community; alone facing others, and myself. Because the easy way out required me to put off my most beautiful principles until tomorrow, and I must admit that I cowardly gave in on many occasions! Until the day...

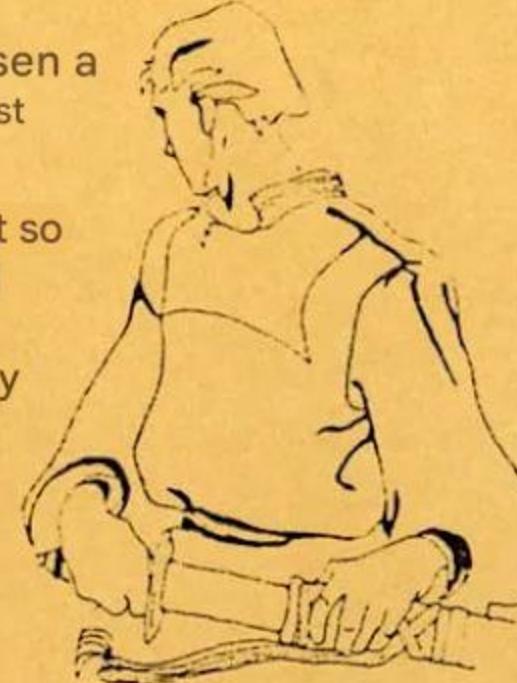
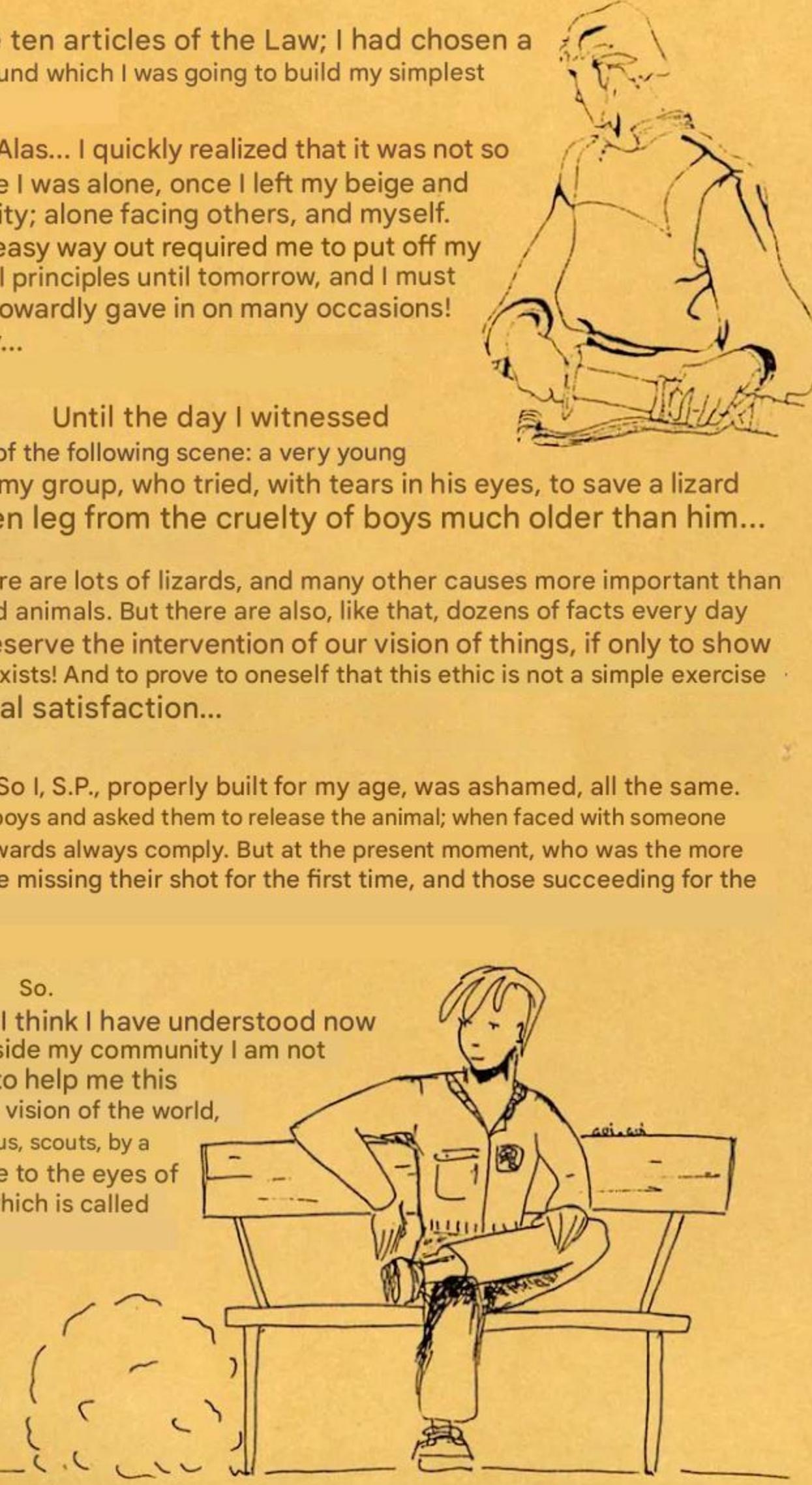
Until the day I witnessed at the college of the following scene: a very young boy, a cub in my group, who tried, with tears in his eyes, to save a lizard with a broken leg from the cruelty of boys much older than him...

Of course, there are lots of lizards, and many other causes more important than that of tortured animals. But there are also, like that, dozens of facts every day that would deserve the intervention of our vision of things, if only to show others that it exists! And to prove to oneself that this ethic is not a simple exercise of intellectual satisfaction...

So I, S.P., properly built for my age, was ashamed, all the same. I went to those boys and asked them to release the animal; when faced with someone determined, cowards always comply. But at the present moment, who was the more cowardly, those missing their shot for the first time, and those succeeding for the first time?

So.
I think I have understood now that even outside my community I am not alone. I have to help me this very particular vision of the world, which connects us, scouts, by a thread invisible to the eyes of "others", and which is called Fidelity.

"FIDELE"
S.P.,
SCOUT.



ISSN 0763-1960

HELMET



Quarterly

No. 14 - February 1988



KNIGHTHOOD THROUGH CAMPS AND OUTPUT (II)

MORE IS IN US!

In the last issue we saw (or rather just touched) chivalry as it may have originally been in bodies and minds; but broad allusions were made to the survivals of chivalry in our own day.

There is no point in hiding any longer from the less perceptive readers the obvious analogies that exist between Chivalry and Scouting. Law and Promise, scout behavior, scout community, service, games, are all typically and frankly "chivalrous" points!

Anyway, rather than stupidly demonstrating what is only obvious, it is better to leave you with the rest of Casque and wish you a pleasant read.

Casque sends you its best wishes and hopes that Plus is in you for the year 1988.

P.S. Following numerous letters, Casque, like you, deplores the fact that many subjects are not covered in depth, but 26 pages per quarter, do you understand...



THE QUEST FOR THE RING (II)

THE STORYTELLER: The troubadour has fallen silent; all that can be heard is the cracking of logs licked by the flames.

No child moves, perhaps for fear of damaging or breaking the fragile silence that has settled in.

Then from behind the circle suddenly appears a monster girded with straw and with a crude helmet on which two paper horns shine; he circles the fire in a somewhat mad dance then runs away with a great laugh.

CHILDREN: "Ahaaaaaaaaaaaaa!!!"

THE TROUBADOUR: "... Do not be afraid, fear has no place here because the spirits of the Heroes that I invoke protect those who listen to me. Shh!... Do you not hear anything?..."

THE STORYTELLER: The wind has risen and strikes the groaning embers, casting astonishing reddish colors.

CHILDREN: "We hear the fire, we hear the breeze, who alone truly know what once was!!!!"

THE STORYTELLER: The troubadour stands up and begins a strange dance as he begins the rest of his story.





THE TROUBADOUR: "...These five peoples met at the borders of the Land of Lurking Death and faced each other...

... They faced each other but did not use magic or iron, they stared at each other but did not insult or hate each other...

... They were all facing both Power and Death, and each of them knew that they would not have one without the other. ...

... That is why before penetrating beyond the wood and tearing each other apart they set up a huge table where all took their places and ate and drank ...

...Where everyone took their places before tearing each other apart..."

CHILDREN: "We hear the fire singing, we hear the breeze whistling, who alone truly know what once was!!!!!"

THE TROUBADOUR: "... When the disk of Helios crossed the edge of the earth again, and the dew-soaked grass seemed to ignite in the purple of its rays, Orcs, Trolls, Knights, Riders and people of Gardenia had disappeared, swallowed up by the wood that encircled the Forbidden Territory..."

CHILDREN: "We hear the fire singing, we hear the breeze whistling, who alone truly know what once was!!!!!"



THE TROUBADOUR: "... The wind soon brought to the terrified ears of the border beggars intense clamors, dull blows and long blasts of horns ...

... The final phase of the struggle for the One had begun, and the first fortunes were mixed...

... Some say the first clash was between the Riders and the Night Lords, others say the Trolls and the Knights of Mordor, but who knows, yes, who really...

... The result was that the Trolls were half decimated, and the Riders pushed back the Lords whose vision marked them cruelly...

... The result was that strange alliances were formed, and it is said that a Rider accompanied the people of Gardenia in the quest for the Clues, and that they thus came remarkably close to the Goal...

.. But should we really trust what we hear...

...The questioned rocks also revealed the Knights' audacity and their success in the pursuit of the Quest, the setbacks of the Orcs against the Riders, the ravages caused in bodies and minds by the terrifying Lords of the Night, and the skillful and discreet progression of the surviving Trolls...

.. Should we trust what we hear?..."

CHILDREN: "Only we listen to the fire sing, the breeze whistle who really know what once was!!!!"

(To be continued)



BIRTHDAYS

"B.-P."

On February 22, 1857, 131 years ago, a little Robert Stephenson Smyth Baden-Powell was born in London, who was to become Lord Baden-Powell of Gilwell, Grand Cross of the Order of Victoria, Knight of the Order of the Bath, Grand Cross of St. Michael and St. George, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor, holder of more than 20 other illustrious orders, Doctor "honoris causa" of several Universities,

...

We simply call him "B.P.". He was the great initiator of Scouting but also a great warrior and a hero. We will not retrace his story here: every scout knows it... Only one thing matters, when we talk about "modern chivalry" we can think of B.P.!

131 years ago, it is important to remember.

ALT-WANDERVOGEL
BUND FÜR JUGENDWANDERUNGEN = ORTSGRUPPE BONN



Hans BLUHER

Another anniversary brings us to address our fraternal thoughts to the Wander-vogels who celebrated on February 17 the centenary of the birth of one of their spiritual leaders: Hans Blüher.

HUMOR...

MOOD...

TEST: ARE YOU CHIVALRY?

To find out if you have a chivalrous spirit, choose the number of the answer that seems most appropriate to you in each of the following situations.



Your choice

A- The little neighbor falls off her skateboard and cuts her knee open. What is your reaction?

- 1: "That's right, skateboarding is prohibited on the sidewalk."
- 2: You take pictures for your reporter badge.
- 3: You sacrifice your favorite scarf to make a pressure bandage.

B A mosquito lands stealthily on your arm.

- 1: You let it happen: after all, mosquitoes are human beings, like us.
- 2: You crush him savagely before he has time to do any harm.
- 3: You wait for him to sting you (self-defense) to brush him off with a contemptuous flick.

C-Your CP forgot his cold meal for the weekend. What are you doing ?

- 1: Nothing, we must not encourage parasitism.
- 2: You ostentatiously pass him one of your 36 little hazelnut-filled cakes.
- 3: Nothing, the patrol has already put everything together.

Add up your answers. You have:

Total =

NEWS BRIEF



Sir... you are very busy, can I help you?

-4: You are a yellow-livered jackal.

between 4 and 7: Yeah.... Not great, huh? Read the last Casque carefully again, you may not have understood everything

between 8 and 9: Write to us, we are interested in you...

+9: You are either a vile cheater or bad at math. This is bad.

Signed: FUREX



WINTER SOLSTICE LEONIDAS GROUP

It was in the now customary setting of the National Speleology Center that the Winter Solstice celebrations took place. Cubs, Cubs, Scouts, Rovers and leaders of the Leonidas Group of Valencia as well as a few friends celebrated in the tradition but with pomp the longest night of the year.

No snow but the cold was there for the big and small games, the raids and other outdoor activities.

Ceremonies, wakes, "pantagruelian" meals, gift giving, took place in an enthusiastic and warm atmosphere, the Center unfortunately starting to become too small for the entire Group.

It was an opportunity for the Scouts of the Bal-der Troop to celebrate the 20th anniversary of their CT (our beloved Editor-in-Chief).



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C.P. TRAINING CAMP

It went perfectly between 26 and 30 December. The report will be available in about two weeks but you can already reserve it by sending us 35 F per order. (+ postage: 3 F 70). Limited edition.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF S.L.

A new President at the head of the S.L., it is the Head of the Paris Group: Pierre POU-LAIN alias Furet...



NATIONAL SAILING CAMP 1988

Candidate Scouts for this second edition (August 88) are requested to make themselves known as soon as possible. A questionnaire will be sent to them by return.

3616 type PRESS

"CASQUE" is listed on the press telematics file...

THE ROAD ELVES THE ROADERS' JOURNAL

Incredible! Extraordinary Fabulous! The first version of The Road Elves so appealed to the S.L. truckers that I had... no reaction! In short, our section had no flaws, it was perfect.

Okay, we can still count on the fingers of one hand the road clans in our movement. However, if the elder branch is not quantitatively transcendent, it must be qualitatively so (or at least manifest itself a little...).

So, I'm counting on each of you for the next issue and why not, on the C.P. (potential future road users).

Rest assured, I will not go on any further so as to leave you to think of a worthy response... (not being a great literary man, you can write to me in the simplest prose, I will understand!).

BEAR



A WORD FROM THE C.N.R.

The scout age is a blessed age: everything seems easy, one experiences thrilling moments where great games follow memorable evenings and solitary raids. The intensity of the moments experienced is almost palpable.

However, for many, the horizon is dark: this life as a *coureur des bois* has an end, one cannot unfortunately be a scout all one's life.

The Road is there as a transition between one world and another, it must be a springboard for the fight of tomorrow.

Paradoxically, the Road seems to be - in terms of numbers - the poor relation of Scouting: many scouts never become Rovers. The first reason (need it be said?) is that if the Road does not attract, it is simply because it is perhaps not attractive.

But there is another reason. The Road can be scary. Scouting is not a game, it is not a leisure organization, those who do not understand it do not want to "get on" the road; others who have understood it may fear this demanding commitment which will take them out of their little bourgeois happiness.

A Rover Scout cannot be a "consumer" of scout activities adapted to his age. Being a Rover Scout is not "ready-made" or "pre-digested": everyone has to put their hand in the dough. I can easily understand that this can put off a lot of old scouts who are convinced they have already given; so... the Clan and its demands!...

It is difficult, from a certain age, to question everything, to force oneself to follow a code of honor and loyalty. It is much easier to advocate great values, to discourse endlessly on key ideas, than to live according to a high ethic. We then say to ourselves "the scouts, it's not my age anymore", or "I'm in a big class, I have to work seriously". Too bad for them: they are already little old people.



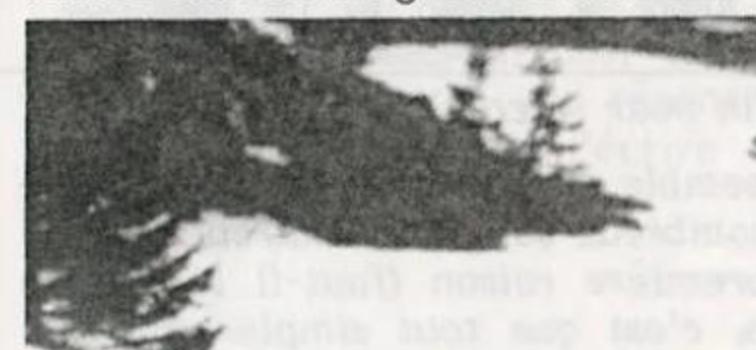
.../...

What can we say about those who become truckers? Mrs. Dugland will say: "they are big, slightly backward louts", to which Mr. Duschmoll will reply: "their motto is to serve. That's suspicious."

Why should we, Rovers, care what people think of us? Let us continue on our path in the direction we have set for ourselves.

We must avoid falling into the nets of ease, whether physical or intellectual.
We must be ourselves first and foremost and not an image modeled on the concerns of the outside.
We are proud to want to be strong.
Our path must not tolerate any compromise so that our chivalrous ideal pierces the darkness of individualism and petty happiness.

So, if our efforts are not in vain, we may see the pillars of the future Chivalries grow tomorrow.



BEAR

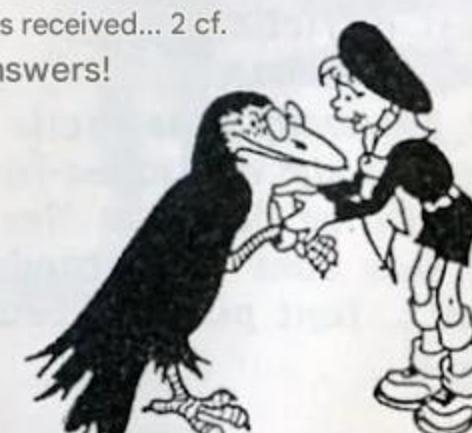


The last quote being perhaps too long, here is a sentence from the same author that I hope is more explicit²...

"For a civilization is based on what is demanded of men, not on what is provided to them."

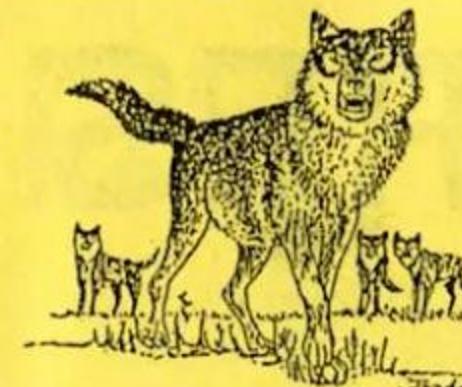
SAINT EXUPERY (Citadel)

'cf. answers received... 2 cf.
future answers!



SEEONEE

The Jungle Journal



in the jungle... I know



BOOK I

-O Akela, and you, Free People, purred his persuasive voice, I have no right in your assembly. But the Law of the Jungle says that if there is a doubt in a matter, outside a question of murder, concerning a new cub, the life of this cub can be bought for a price.

- To kill a naked cub is a disgrace. Besides, he can help us hunt better when he is old enough. Baloo has spoken in his favor. Now to Baloo's words I will add the offer of a freshly killed fat bull... if you will accept the man-cub according to the Law.

- There is no one in the Jungle who knows that I, Bagheera, bear this mark, the mark of the collar And yet little brother, I was born among men It was because of this that I paid the price at the Council when you were a poor little naked one... but one night, I felt that I was Bagheera, the panther, I broke the miserable lock and went away. Then as I had learned the ways of men, I became more terrible in the jungle than Shere-Khan.

- Oh! thou art a man's cub! said the panther with infinite tenderness, and as I have returned to my jungle, so thou must in the end return to men.

... Others hate you because their eyes cannot meet yours, because you are wise, because you have pulled the thorns from their feet...

... Go down quickly to the huts of the men in the valley and take some of the Red Flower that they grow there; so when the time comes you will have an ally stronger even than I or Baloo or those of the tribe who love you. Go and get the Red Flower!

- And I paid him the price of a bull when a bull was accepted, it is a small thing, but the honor of Bagheera is perhaps worth a battle, said Bagheera in his most unctuous voice..

- And an oath? said Bagheera, lifting his lip to his white teeth. Ah! they do well to call you the free people!

...We can do nothing but fight...

... You are the master, Bagheera said in a low voice, save Akela from death, he has always been yours. friend...

What qualities in Bagheera!
What an example for all little men! No one better than she could truly complete Mowgli's education in the jungle.

She is not part of the Clan, but knows the Law better than the wolves!

She shows a great sense of reality and knows the value of the experience she gives Mowgli, even at the cost of her self-esteem.

She is capable of great tenderness, proud and devoted, to her Little Man, and makes it understood in a few words. Her pity is real but not heavy.

She shows decision and initiative with great calm. She is organized and knows how to plan.

She never runs away from danger and imposes herself on Shere-Khan because she is not afraid. We feel her contempt for cowards and the weak.

She loves adventure and knows how to lead it. She shows herself to be a faithful and loyal friend.

JUNGLE PALATES

BAGHEERA - Happy New Year, Agile Language!

AGILE LANGUAGE Happy New Year, my little Baghe!

B. Hey, you look funny this morning... What's happening to you?

L.A. Oh, nothing much... It's this new year actually, it ages me a lot. You realize, I'm going to be twelve this year, and twelve years... that's not nothing!

B. It's true that it's not nothing, but you'll see, you get used to it very quickly.

L.A. I hope... But in September, I won't be at La Meute anymore...

B. Oh! vein...

L.A. What do you say?...

B. I was saying that the Troupe is really cool.

L.A. - Ah... but, for the palaver, how will you do it?

B. I don't know, we could ask Commissioner Louvetis-me for an exemption so that you can stay with the wolves a little longer, just long enough to find a wolf cub who can handle the language as well as you!



L.A. I would have time to be 70 years old, a wolf like me, there are not two; no, we would have to find something else.

B. Within nine months, we will surely have solved the problem.

L.A. Exactly, we do wonders in nine months.

B. You seem to know something about it.

L.A. Experience, my friend, I apply the motto of Socrates!

B. And do you really manage to re-recognize yourself?

L.A. Not always... I'm a little afraid of seeing myself as a gifted person.

B. - ...

THERE. -!

B. Agile language, since what you say is read by millions of readers, what do you wish them for 1988?

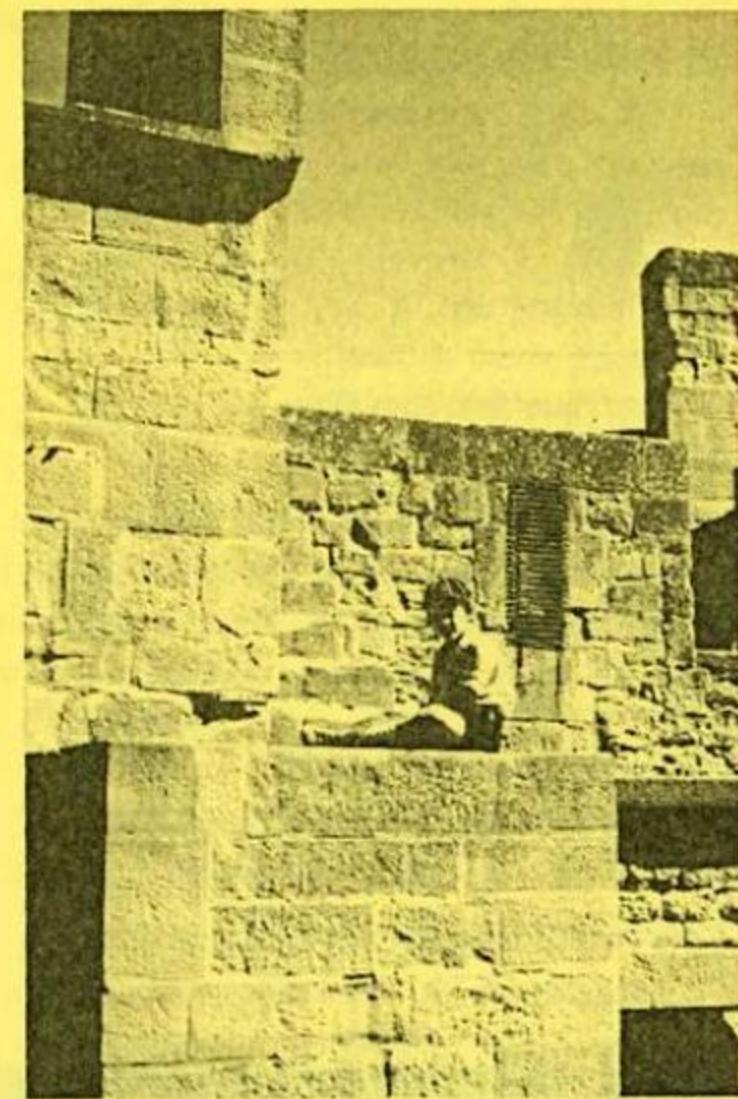
L.A. I wish them good health, that's what they say I think! And then I wish them to win lots of money so that they can take out a super "benefactor" subscription to Casque and then, and then lots of nice things.

B. And for me, apart from a happy new year, what do you wish for me?

L.A. Well, a very good year, why?

B. For nothing, see you soon Agile Language... and don't forget next weekend...

L.A. Don't worry, Baghe, I'll be there... Bye, bye...



· "Know thyself", for the uneducated...



GAMES FOR KNIGHTS

This morning the trumpets sounded at the castle. The Lord has organized a great feast. The tournaments follow one another and tonight the champions will be honored.

CHAMPION OF BALANCE

You have to overcome your vertigo and go through a circuit as quickly as possible, looking at the ground through binoculars - taken upside down (the ground thus appears 4 m away). The course is marked out with 2 strings 20 cm apart, which the knights must not touch.

FLEXIBILITY CHAMPION

A well-inflated balloon is attached by 1.50 m of string to the belt of each knight. The idea is to burst the opponent's balloon by kicking it. This game can be played by 2, but also by 4, 5, ... knights.

RESOURCEFUL CHAMPION

Which cunning knight will be the first to bring back a fish to the

Lord? Cardboard cut-out fish (with a ring on the head to catch them) are placed 2 meters behind a barrier. So, quickly, you have to find a stick, a hook, some string, and...

FIRE CHAMPIONS

In the evening, a torch per six is planted on the field. The lord is 200 m from each torch and the knights of each six are placed every 30 m, up to their torch. At the given signal, the first knight will carry a lit candle to the second, and so on until the last one who must light the torch. If the candle goes out along the way, it will have to be relighted at the starting point. The winning team is the one that brandishes its burning torch first.

Happy hunting...



READING TIPS

Scouts are the Knights of Modern Times. Several novels in ; the Signe de Piste collection compare their young heroes to the squires of yesteryear. One of those that any scout worthy of the name must read is without a doubt "GRAND JEU" by Jean VALBERT (NSDP n° 66). I cannot resist the pleasure of giving you the beginning of this story:

"The chief didn't look happy. He was staring at his three CPs. And the three CPs, clearly, weren't proud.

- Let's sum up, he said. Four present at the Hiron-delles, three at the Cigognes, three at the Mouettes. Ten boys, counting you, for a meeting. It's the end of January, and since the start of the school year in October, I've never stopped reminding you of two instructions: assiduity, recruitment. You'll see the result. It's no longer a troop, it's a sieve! You know, Chief, it's not easy, said Paul.

-

- Did I ever say that Scouting was easy? What did you expect when you made your Promise, when you were invested as a CP? For everything to work by itself? A chair on a treadmill?..."



You may be used to hearing this speech, so this book will offer you some solution.

The story is that of Michel who is attracted to Scouting and believes in it. In a year and a half, the Mouet-tes will discourage him. After a failed summer camp he moves, and in his new city, he finds a leader and with his help launches a patrol outside the established troop. Michel and Guy, his friend, will present their jackals to the three other patrols of the Trou-pe azu during the big game that gives its title to the novel. Because Michel is a scout, he commits to serve as the knights served. CP, read Grand Jeu and have it read, there will always be something left!

The second book recommended for this first quarter of 88 is the latest published by Signe de Piste: 'MIK AND THE STONE OF THE SUN' by Mik FONDAL (NSDP No. 138). A story of a megalithic excavation in the heart of Brittany, a stolen stone and here is the tiger cat on his way to new adventures! Mik and his team will discover the person responsible for the theft and pursue him to Germany. This book, in addition to its detective story, asks the fundamental questions about the destiny of Europe. On both sides of the Iron Curtain, Europeans must-



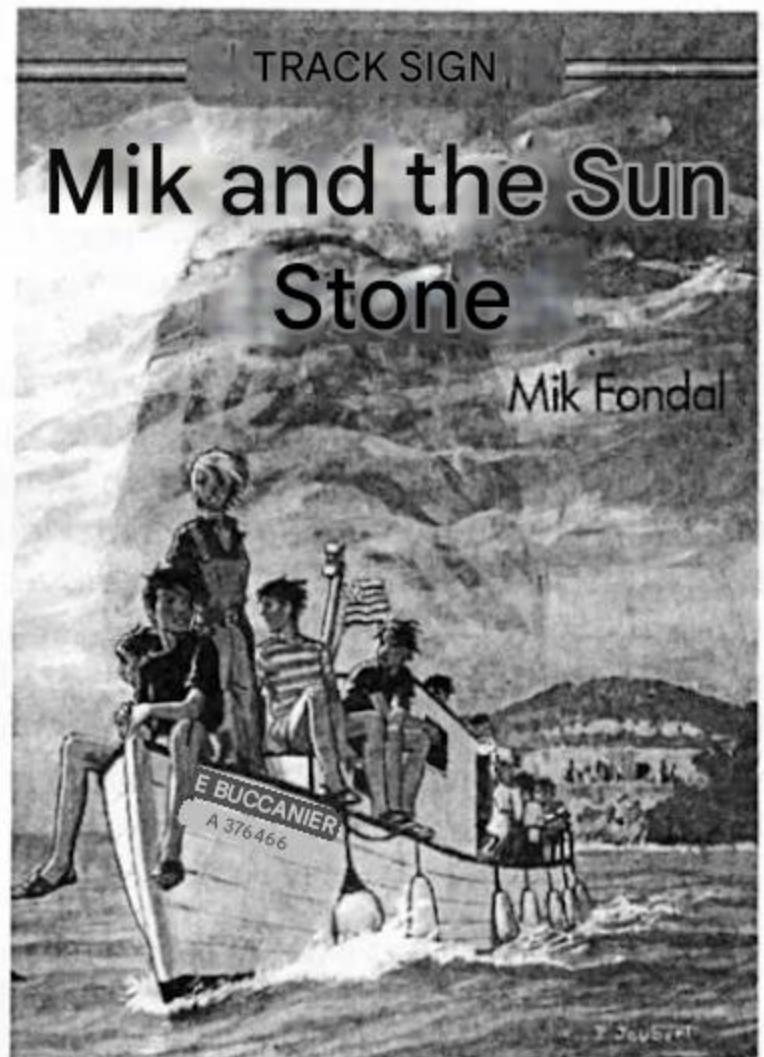
How long can they let themselves be dominated by the "great powers"? What difference is there between a Bavarian (FRG) and a Saxon (GDR), aren't they both Germanic Europeans of the same culture? Does anyone still remember that in the time of chivalry, no borders stopped friendship and the desire to be together? Unless the civilization of comfort makes us forget that he who does not fight for his own is doomed to disappear...

A book in the vein of "GLAIVE DE COLOGNE". Good blood cannot lie, moreover, since this FONDAL is none other than a FONCINE.

Some scouts from Valencia will also have fun recognizing dear friends who served as models for the heroes of this novel, which is perhaps a true story...

If you like Adventure, you will like it and above all it will allow you to reflect on the sometimes tragic situation of young people of your age who must risk their lives to defend their culture, to have the right to be free. While reading this book, think of their sacrifices, so that they are not in vain...

PANDA



SERVE !

S.L.s with 50 F to use wisely can subscribe to the "SERVIR" review of the Scouts-Raiders of Languedoc-Roussillon. Brother movement, sister magazine? No doubt, the content will prove if it were necessary- that we let's walk together... in the same direction. Don't hesitate, you won't be not disappointed. (Scouts Raiders 7, rue d'Arsonval 34500 BEZIERS).

CASSETTES VIDEOS

Mounted mainly from slides transferred to film (with zooms, tracking shots, etc.), with music and commentary, they will be available at the end March. The result is breathtaking. One relates in more than 350 views the summer camp 87 (in Corsica) units of the Leonidas Group (300 F + postage). The other shorter- presents the first experience of a national sailing camp (August 87) attempted by the Free Scouts (250 F + postage).

VHS

Order them now by subscription. Their price will increase after they are published!...

TECHNICAL SHEET I



The road is long

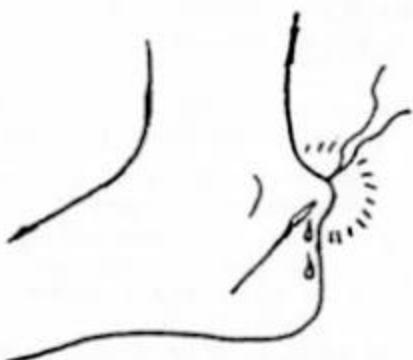
Not everyone can walk. Without habit and training, the first person who comes along will set off in a disorderly race towards the goal.

But, halfway through the race, collapsed on the side of the road, panting and drooling, he will watch his competitor, "who knows the music", walk past with a wise step.

FEET

The good walker has good feet. He knows that cleanliness keeps them that complexion... of (sorry), keeps them strong and flexibility.

As soon as you arrive at the evening stage, a complete wash (including feet) removes the dust and fatigue of the route.



THE SHOES

A biker's helmet is not used to make mayonnaise, a toothpick is not a jackhammer, one swallow does not make a spring, and basketball shoes or sneakers are not walking shoes.

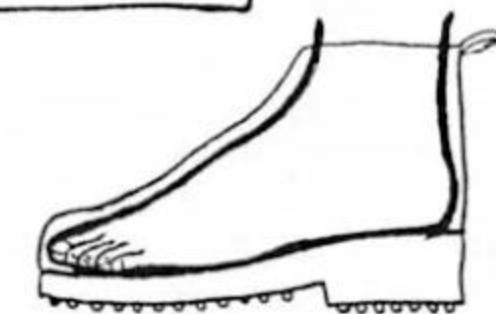
The best walking shoe is one made of leather, with a sole thick studded or fibrame, whose arch follows the shape of the arch of the foot and supports it under its entire surface. Polishing makes the leather hard and brittle. Grease, on the contrary, softens it.

Attention! The shoe is the size of the foot of the good walker, neither too narrow nor too wide. If necessary, wedge the foot with an extra pair of socks.



If by chance he finds a blister, he bursts it (thread threaded through it and 90° alcohol). A good remedy: a cold foot bath with alum or formaldehyde (one tablespoon per liter of water), for ten minutes.

Before setting off, applying powder to your feet prevents them from sweating too much.



No brand new shoes at the start of a long walk, nor shoes already worn by someone else (second-hand or inherited from dad), which have creases that do not match the new owner's walk. Beware of injuries, blisters and warts.

AT THE STEP

Airy shoes; if wet, stuff them with paper. Do not place too close to a fire.



SOCKS

Clean to start with (washed the day before), or at least a night of airing has restored their elasticity. An excellent tip: soaked in tallow or lard, the socks, after a good walk, will have become as soft and resistant as a chamois leather.

CLOTHING

Light, airy, not very tight; no belt or straps that hurt. No "butt-slapping" bags or watches, compasses, knives on the belt.

Bring a hat for the sun and a lightweight raincoat that is easily accessible.



THE STOPS

We walk for 50 minutes: road discipline, in a file, no stragglers. At night, we use protective light signals if we are on a road or a busy path (but please, in nature, everyone does not wander around with their flashlight beams). A stick or a pitchfork will be of great service to those who know how to use them. Walking early in the morning is the best time. Avoid extreme heat and, if necessary, walk at night by moonlight.

There is always a wiser group leader who — decides on the pace, the stops and also the necessary moments of relaxation. If you walk in several groups, you decide on rallying points, signals (messages, telephone, Morse code). Under no circumstances do you race with the others. Unless, of course, it is a competition or a "forced" march. But even in these cases, when a group arrives before the others with all its members (or just one) unable to take another step, it is not a success. You have to know how to pace your efforts in order to arrive quickly, certainly, but in good condition.

Every hour, we stop for ten minutes: we sit down, feet raised (on the embankment), we lean on something or we remain standing. We do not take off our shoes and we do not lie down. Beware of cold snaps (sweating). At the stops, and even at the evening bivouac, we eat little and lightly, but nourishing foods: sugar, chocolate, fruit. It is better to refresh your face than to drink liters of cold water.



Finally, you should know that talking too much and singing makes a walker out of breath. This is why you always stop a walking song at the bottom of a hill, no matter how small. Good road songs also allow for deep breathing.

Q.P
HAS

TECHNICAL SHEET II

THE GARRUCHE

DESCRIPTION

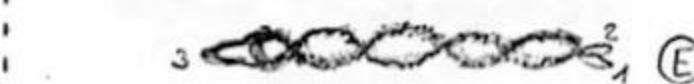
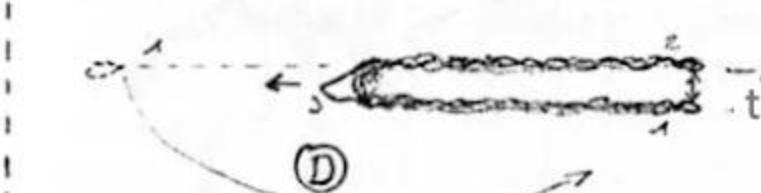
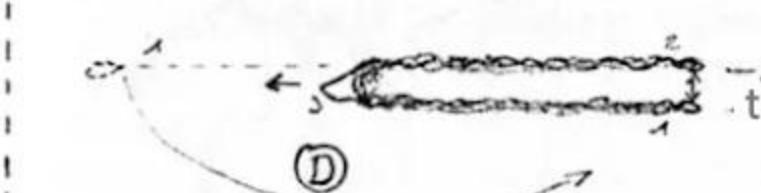
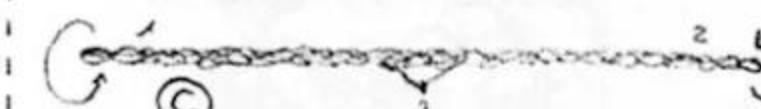
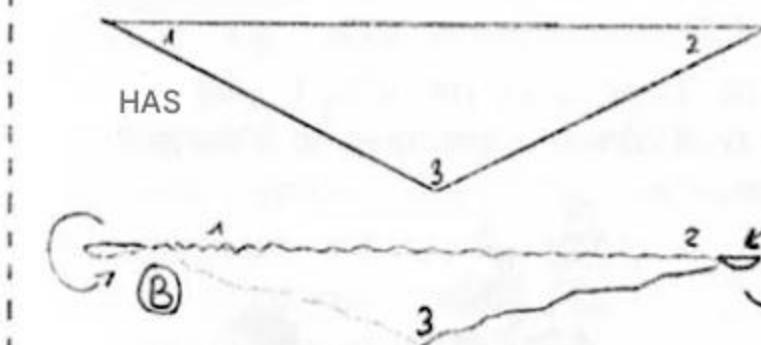
The garruche is a triangular piece of fabric, of variable size, twisted and knotted, generally comprising a medium-sized, flexible rope handle.

HISTORICAL

The garruche was (probably) born in interwar scouting. The first accounts of its use come from the Parisian SDF troops of the 1930s, led respectively by J.L. Foncine and P. Joubert. Created with a view to "re-virilizing" scout games, the object was soon forgotten after the war, and is currently only used by a few units.

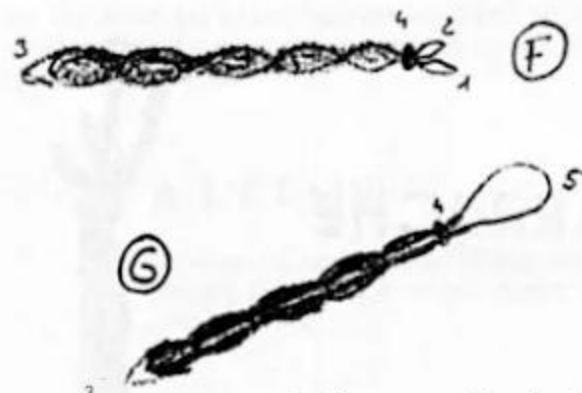
MANUFACTURING TECHNIQUES

The garruche itself consists of a body of energetically tortured tissue (1), as indicated in the following drawings:



A The scarf is held at points 1 and 2 (at both ends) by two boys. Each boy twists the scarf in the opposite direction to the other, in order to obtain a twist. The scarf must remain taut. When the point (3) is almost sucked into the twist and the movement becomes

C difficult, the two ends (1 & 2) are brought back side by side, taking care to stretch point (3) in the opposite direction. While firmly holding the two ends against each other, point 3 is released and the scarf rolls up on itself.



⑤ Simply tie the 2 ends (4) and finish twisting by hand. Then add a handle which allows you to hold the object better, while gaining a little length!

3 To firm up the fabric (especially not nylon), it is best to completely soak the garruche in water and then let it dry after slapping it several times against the ground (carpet and hardwood floors are not recommended).

The handle should be flexible enough not to burn or bruise the wrist, and thick enough not to hinder blood circulation. It is preferable that it be sewn to the fabric, for reasons of solidity.

USE

We frequently encounter two cases of use of the garruche:

In duels: The garruche remains a noble... and harmless way to settle conflicts that cannot be resolved otherwise; it is better to exert oneself with loyalty and aesthetics than in a brutal rag-picker fight. In this case, a circle (variable size) will be drawn on the ground and each of the two adversaries will try to make the other come out of it (body contact prohibited).

In the games, the garruche not only allows a manly use of strength and courage but also the revelation of the value of boys; not being dangerous (at most it is sometimes painful) and this, whatever the force deployed to handle it, a small but courageous scout will be right about a strong guy fearing blows (nothing to do with wrestling).

Here are some basic rules; it is not a regulation but a "plus" - let's say technical - brought to the ethics of honor and respect of the scout law:

- generally practiced with bare torso and legs, no blows
- tolerated to the head, throat and "parts",
- maximum length tolerated: 75 cm, handle included,
- Just as an opponent on the ground (unintentionally, of course) must be spared, one cannot block the other's weapon in one hand at the same time as striking him with the other,
- Finally, virility and courage do not mean brutality or wickedness. The CT will ensure that this spirit is strictly maintained, because although it is a "toy", the garruche nonetheless symbolizes "the Weapon"...



THE VOICE OF THE WOLF

Riddle...

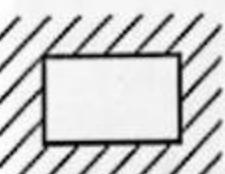


What is this ?



(tumultuous and unanimous chorus of Casque's assiduous readers): "It's him! It's the Unconquered Sun! It's our standard..."
That's true, sly reader, but it's also something else...
(puzzled choir): "????! ..."

Well, this drawing is us. Well, it's the representation of us and our Scout law by mathematical set theory (chorus: "oh!"). Let me explain...



First, there is the exterior.

And the outside is those who are not part of the inside (see chapter "inside"). These are those who are outside our law, either because they do not know it, or because they cannot or do not want to recognize themselves in it.

Those who find our law too restrictive, too demanding, will be outside. They love adventure and value loyalty, but only in the movies. It's more comfortable.

Also part of the outside are all those who, knowing our law, reject it as being irreconcilably opposed to their ideas. Let us not delude ourselves, there are many of them. They are recognized by their principles (which differ from ours) such as:

"The important thing is to succeed at any cost..."
or "every man for himself..."
or "we are all the same..."
or even "only pleasure counts..."

Note, I say that they are "external to our principles", but one could say the opposite, namely that we are external to their vision of the world. Question of point of view, the important thing is our reciprocal awareness of belonging to different groups, and destined to remain so...



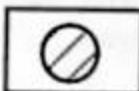
Then there is the inside. The group of people who have decided to make the Scout law their law. Us.

In math, we will talk about sets, groups.

In history, we will speak of a chivalrous order.

As for us, we will define ourselves as... members of a community?
(the clan?)

Words differ, reality remains.



Finally, inside the interior, there is... the scout himself.

Because if the law is the shared ideal of the Clan, it is also an ideal assumed and lived individually. To accept it is to freely decide on a "style", it is to adopt a "certain way of living" (and perhaps one day of dying?).

The scout law does not exist only when we are together. We are scouts even (and above all?) when we are alone.

For orientals, there are an infinite number of "ways" ("Do" in Japanese) to achieve self-fulfillment. Ju-do, Aiki-do or Ken-do ("way of the sword") lead to the same goal (wisdom) by different paths. Could the scout ideal be one of these ways? (the first person to talk about "backpack-do" has a forfeit).



But let's get back to our favorite quadragon between the inside and the outside, there is the border.

It exists, we all feel it intuitively, there are the scouts, and the "others".

Yes or no. White or black. The scout does nothing by halves, and when he decides to cross the border

he dives...  That's the promise.

Like the knighthood of knights in the past, the Promise is the commitment before the rest of the community of the one who now wishes to adhere to the ideal of the law.

The Promise badge then becomes the mark of his commitment, of his belonging to the group.

This moment is the culmination of a process in which chance may seem to have played some role. One day we met some scouts, or we were invited to an outing by a friend... We enjoyed it. We stayed... Destiny.

The Promise, however, is quite different. It is in fact the expression of a double will:

* the scout freely decides to make his Promise. No one forces him to do so, and he gains no benefit from it.

"What do you want..." asks the ceremonial. Enter...

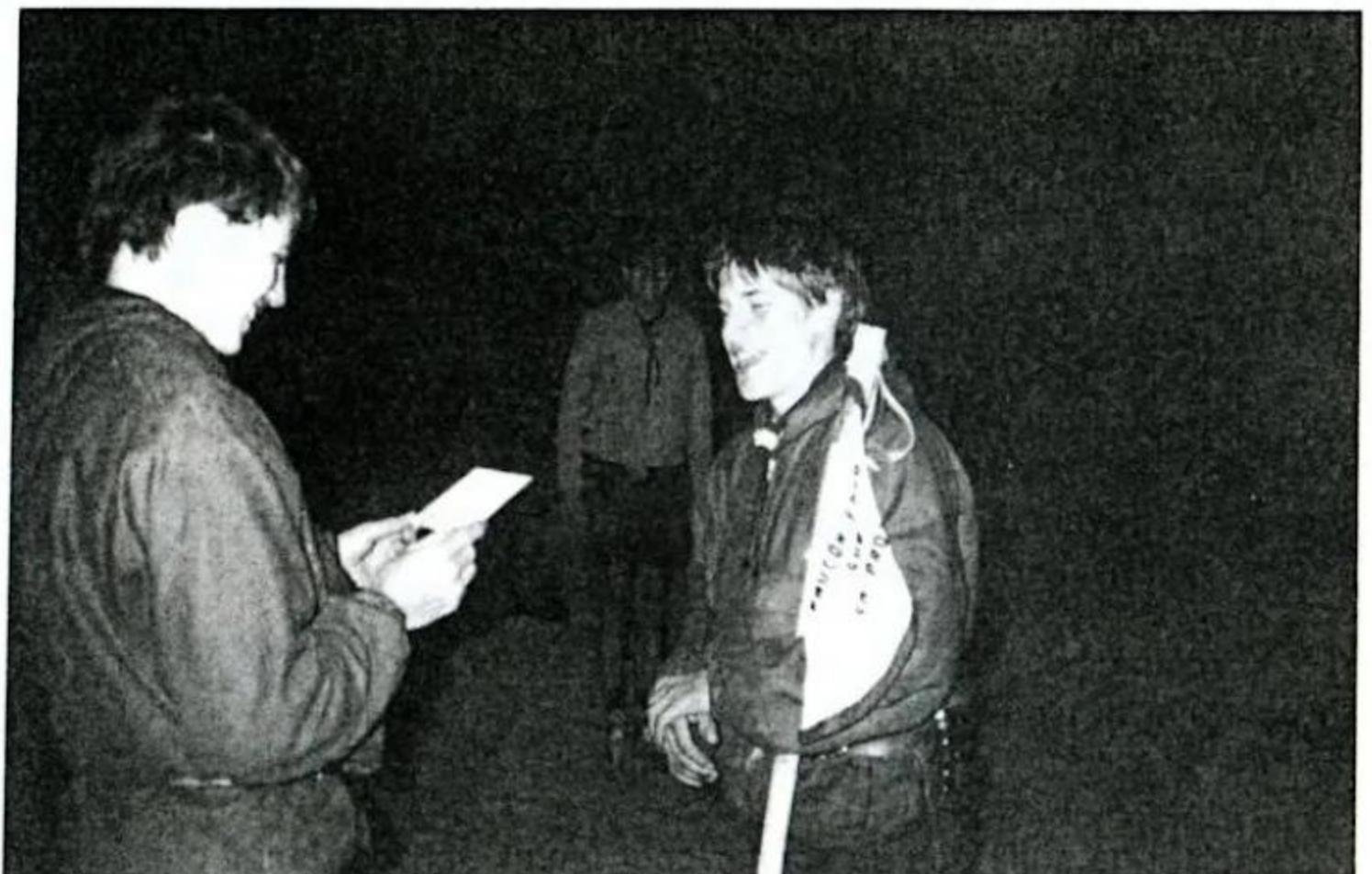
* But it is not enough to ring the bell to enter, you still have to someone opens the door for you... There is the other will, that of the clan which accepts and decides to welcome a new member.



As the knight has the privilege of arming new knights in turn, the court of honor has the privilege of choosing (and therefore possibly refusing) its peers, its equals.

Our brotherhood is not for sale... It's not that common.

So, scouting is a community of Ideal, and the law is the founding element of this community. This is what distinguishes us from many other "groups", to which we belong by simple taste (club, ...), spatio-temporal coincidence (school, ...) or social conformism (look carefully ...).



But this chivalrous ideal of ours is not a hazy abstraction. It is a concrete reality that exists at every moment of our games, our adventures, our camps...

Our brotherhood lives in everyday life. We write to each other, we call each other, we go to the movies together, we lend each other things we wouldn't lend to anyone else, we make more or less crazy projects. We are a community of life. Tomorrow, if we want, we can have our schools, our neighborhoods, our cities...

But will we want it? The knights fought to defend their honor, their lands, their traditions. And we, for what ideal will we dare to fight?

POEM

WINTER SOLSTICE

(Fritz Dietrich)



A snowy sky has fallen on the earth. The waters of the rivers carry ice cubes. The earth is empty, and nothing stirs The forest the world makes a silent choir.

The day seems more tired than before, As if it were already struggling to rise. It falls back more quickly too. And long is the night that weighs on it.

Men, once upon a time, left the earth. They disappeared behind the walls. Someone, however, kept a flower, and watches over it

Throughout the winter of the world.

Stir up, stir up the embers!
Become in your turn the flame's assistant! That at the end of the night, in your heart, One day the Sun returns!



HELMET

Quarterly
No. 13-October 1987



WHEN WILL THE TIME OF THE
KNIGHTS RETURN

MORE IS IN US!

Don't panic, here we are again! True to the appointment and invigorated by two good months of rest, the editorial team of Casque, this year more numerous and younger, has brought you in its luggage some new features - as if rest does not mean idleness - that it offers you from this issue.

The most important of these changes is that from now on your magazine will deal with one theme per year. This year, that is to say this issue and the three that will follow it, we will focus on: "When will the time of the Knights return". You will discover the other new features yourself as you read on.

Why is Chivalry presented like this, in a futur-like mode? Here are the reasons:

- This theme corresponds to a historical reality, particularly linked to France and Europe, which is situated at the time of the Middle Ages,
- it corresponds to a state of mind, even an idealized mentality which has developed from this reality,
- This state of mind still exists today since a scout is necessarily a bit of a Knight by the ideal and the Scout Law that he commits to follow during his Promise!

- and it is a state of mind that deserves to extend to the future. Let us imagine for a moment a society governed by a sense of Honor, courage, fraternity and service, sacrifice, loyalty!

But we discuss, we discuss, and we forget the main thing, namely the profound role of Casque to distract you and interest you, without speeches or sermons. Also, let's make way for Chivalry, past, present and future!

And may more be in her forever...



A LITTLE HISTORY...

"Good morning!
History as you conceive it may seem boring, but in fact it is not.

Besides, I am living proof of it!

To convince you, let me tell you about Chivalry... and listen to me until the end, because I don't like to tire myself out for nothing, even for your newspaper!"

"Chivalry was born around the 11th century, and brought together specialists in horseback combat, which had become the only truly effective form. This Chivalry quickly acquired (adopted, if you prefer) rites, the most important of which was knighting, the handing over of weapons during a ceremony which marked the end of the boy's military education and the beginning of his life as a knight, in the service of the people and peace."

"Are you still following me? Well, then I'll continue..."

"In France, Chivalry unfortunately quickly becomes hereditary and no longer necessarily consecrates merit (I myself have an uncle who is a Count of something...). Under the influence of the church and the crusades, Chivalry quickly becomes "sacra-lized" (you only have to look it up in the dictionary).



Then, over the following centuries, the virtues (same!) of chivalry are attributed to the nobility in general; this morality conveyed by the main works of medieval literature (from the Middle Ages...) is in fact imposed on the whole of the European aristocracy (I don't know if I told you but there are very good dictionaries...) which sees in it the justifying criteria (which justify) its social superiority."

"Wait a moment, I'm catching my breath. Does anyone have a glass of water?"

"Thus, this ethic of honour has exercised a deep and lasting appeal that we still find today, for example with civil or military ceremonies such as the awarding of the Legion of Honour or other distinctions."



"Well, that's it for Chivalry in general. Now let's look at chivalrous behavior."

It is a certain way of living that constitutes the essence of Chivalry.

At the base of this morality, there are two major virtues (have you found them?...), which appeared in the 11th century:

- bravery, that is to say military value. It is prepared by the education (preparation for combat) of the future Knight.

- loyalty, which requires never betraying the faith one has sworn. Most Knights were thus bound by the oath of loyalty sworn to their lord or to the King."

"Is everything clear? Is it okay, can we continue? Okay, let's go."

"Then during the 13th century two other virtues appeared:

- largesse, that is to say, contempt for profit (desire to earn money). A Knight had to be unproductive in the economic sense of the term and devote himself only to combat, to respect for his morals; he thus distinguished himself from the bourgeois. His carelessness with regard to money and his generosity made the chivalrous life inseparable from the party... and very often from ruin!

Courtesy finally, the duty towards the lady of his heart. It is a transfer of

- the notion of service: the Knight was at the service of his lord, he also becomes the servant of the ladies (hi, hi!!). Hence the gallant and distinguished character of Chivalry...".



"Not too tired? Okay, let's finish!"

This ethic (this vision of the world) is entrusted to the custody of a set of codified rules (yes, a bit like the Scout Law), and its non-respect leads to the loss of Honor and the exclusion of Chivalry. This ethic triumphed in the aristocratic conscience (!) of the Middle Ages, the time when the Orders of Chivalry were born, true expressions of a social dream...".

"I would be doing things by halves (article 7...) if I did not mention these Knightly Orders at the end of my speech. A knightly order, you should know, is a restricted company, closely linked by the same faith and the same oath and gathered in a brotherhood around rites and traditions.

These knightly orders have left a deep mark on the history of European civilisation (for example, the Templars, the Teutonic Knights, the Order of Malta and so on), and it would take little to make me say that Scouting is one of the last expressions of these orders... but I can't tell you more, the rest must come from you!"

"I hope that you are a little less stupid now, and that the story seems a little less complicated to you. As for me, I have to go, because you are not alone and others also need my knowledge... See you soon perhaps!"



LITTLE
LORD OF
BISQUERLE



First participation of the SL within the FFDS: the development of the 88 calendar with the other member associations.

For a first attempt, it's a masterstroke!

This calendar, with its two unpublished works by JOUBERT, its 17 color photos, its 16 pages and... its class, is already very popular.

He is the spearhead of funding for the Free Scouts, so we must all mobilize to make this annual campaign a success!

For our external subscribers, it is on sale by mail order at the price of 25 F + 5 F postage (write to us).

Ah! Last information: it exists in 4 different versions (SL, ENE, SGR and Raiders).



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Texts Akéla, Heinrich Anacker, Jean Anouilh, Bagheera, Fennec M., Fennec S.d.L., Jordi, Marten, Ourson, Panda, Little Lord of Bisquerle, Saint Exupéry, Balder Troupe.

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THE QUEST FOR THE RING (I)

This summer, on a moonless night and a sunless morning, a very powerful moment took place which knighted several dozen scouts by their behavior...

It was originally a great game, but it was more than a great game, and no one could say after the fact at what exact moment the myth took over from reality to surround the boys in short pants with cuirasses and skins, to gird on a real sword in place of the gar-hive... It was a magical moment, such as only exists once a year, a century or a life. Fortunately, there was a bard-troubadour among them who had the good idea to transform the din of the battles into pathetic refrains and the howls of the knights into glorious verses... But there it is, I hear him plucking the notes of his lyre, he is going to start! I must hurry and sit down among the other boys around the campfire... follow me, without making a sound...

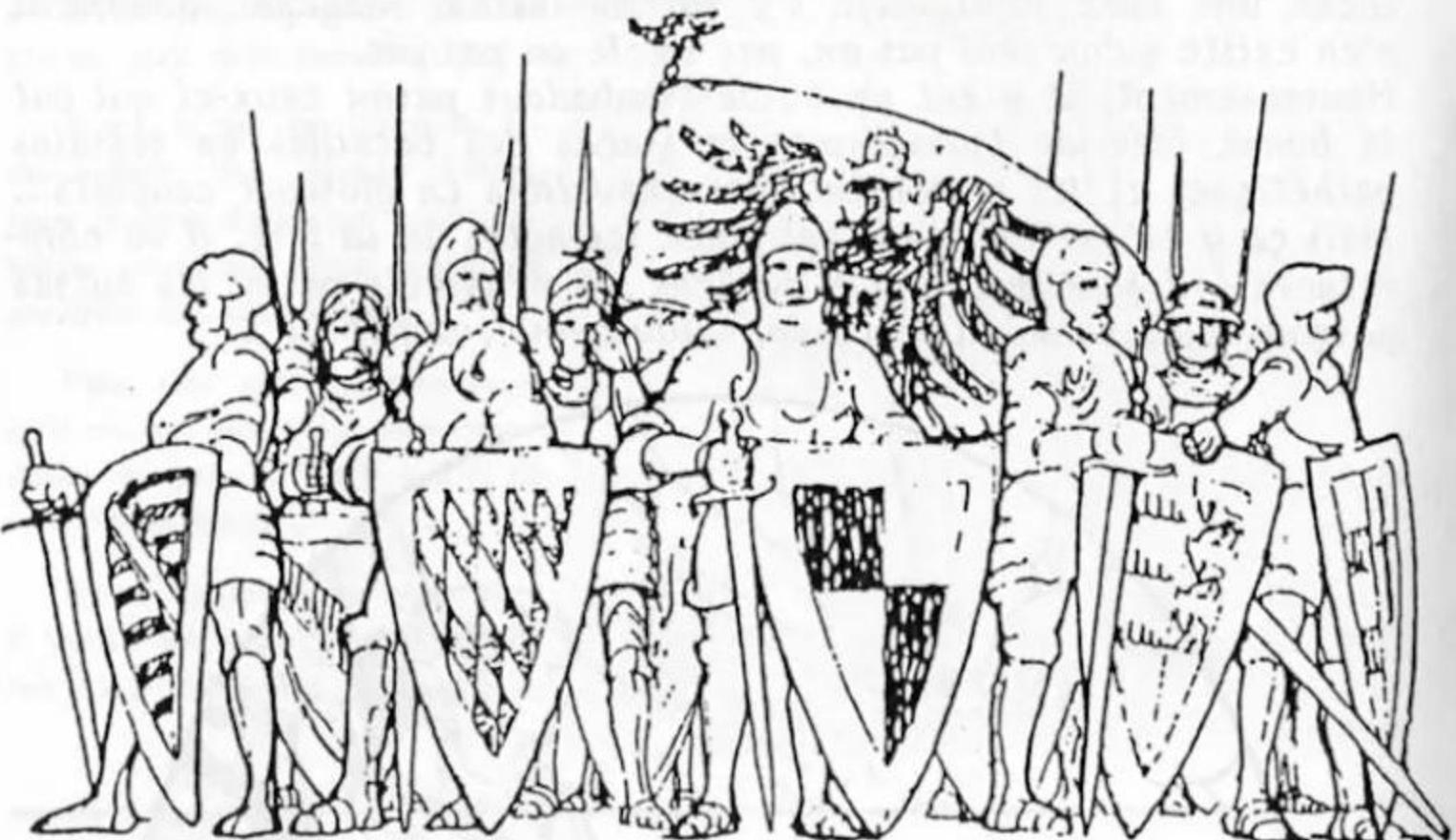


THE TROUBADOUR: " ... Listen to the sparks cracking, listen to the fire singing, it is he who knows better than I the story that I am going to sing to you!"

Listen to the wind moan, listen to the north wind whistle, it is she who knows the true story of the Quest for the Ring...

... In ancient times, in all the troubles of witchcraft and wars, a quest took place, a fantastic quest that caused the disappearance of entire peoples and highlighted courage, will and nobility but also cowardice, desire and greed...

... In those times, stained with pride and arrogance, five peoples had survived, five warrior tribes who had sacrificed their past and their future to the Ring, and all five possessed the same information which was to lead them to the One..."



CHILDREN: "Listen to the fire singing, listen to the breeze whistling, they are the ones who really know what once was!!!!"

THE TROUBADOUR: "... You should know that the Ring was lent all the powers a man can imagine, and it is then easy to see how much he was coveted. Only no one even knew where to look for him, in the depths of the icy abysses, the deep seas or in the roots of a hundred-year-old oak, no, no one knew..."

... No one until the day when five peoples came into possession of a map, a map indicating the territory in which an ancient wizard located the Ring, without specifying anything further...

... These five peoples esteemed and hated each other, despised and envied each other, for all aspired only to possess the One Ring. Among these five were the Wind Riders, impe-

killer riders with horses so fast that they were thought to ride on the wind; among these five were the Knights of Modor who claimed to be descended from a fairy people and whose links with witchcraft were known to all; among these five were the Orcs, a tribe of ferocious cannibals feared for their great strength; among these five were the Trolls, a curious people of the underground who knew things that no one knew; among these five finally were the Guardenians, cruel fanatics in the service of their god. And everyone knew!..."

CHILDREN: "Listen to the fire singing, listen to the breeze whistling, they are the ones who really know what once was!!!!"



THE TROUBADOUR: "...They knew that he existed deep down from the distant lands a mysterious territory, nicknamed by the few peasant-beggars who stood respectfully at the border the Land of the Prowling Death. A thousand rumors ran about this country and its guardians whose name alone filled travelers with dread the Lords of the Night Who they were, no one knew, sirens or gloomy monsters, vampires or macabre knights, simple natives or guardians of the Ring, for no one had ever then both entered and left ...

... One day, however, five peoples touched these borders with the firm intention of entering and emerging more powerful than any before!..."

CHILDREN: "Listen to the fire singing, listen to the breeze whistling, they are the ones who truly know what once was!!!!"

THE ROAD ELVES (!) THE ROADERS' JOURNAL

Hear ye, Rovers, listen to this.
Helmet in its magnificence, granted us some columns
within it. It's up to you to fill them.
While waiting to find another support, you will find in "The Road Elves":

- the word of the
- C.N.R., the quote of the quarter (on which you are asked to think a little and to send us the results of your intellectual research [!] before the next issue).
- the articles, reports, reflections that you send us will communicate.

Counting firmly on all the SL Routiers, I leave you to healthy asphalt meditations...

BEAR

P.S. You can also suggest a less crazy section name!



A WORD FROM THE C.N.R.

Adventure, friends, so many things that attract great scouts to the Route.

Yet any young person can find this by going away with friends on the weekend. The Clan has one advantage over these conglomerates of individuals, however. It gives the Rou-tiers the feeling of belonging to something special, which strangely resembles an organic system where everyone has their place.

This community is, unfortunately, quite unstable. Indeed, a danger awaits it: self-sufficiency. The Clan must not live withdrawn into itself, otherwise it exposes itself to the terrible ravages of sclerosis and intellectual consanguinity. It is absolutely necessary to prevent the Clan from becoming a collective navel (however fulfilled it may be). In a word, the Road must open itself to the outside, this is where the notion of service comes in.

By becoming a Road Driver, you commit to doing "always more". This openness that the service brings to the Road creates the obligation to get out of your daily routine. Nevertheless, we see a problem looming on the horizon. What services are we talking about? Ethiopia and its famine? The boat people and their distress? With all due respect to the



great souls, lucidity must remain the guide. The natural community of a Rover is the clan, which itself is linked -organically- to a group, a city, a region, a people, a homeland... and so on. It is more logical, and preferable, that Rovers take care of causes within their reach, causes more specific to Europe: this is called sweeping in front of one's own door...

It is inappropriate to see a Routier spend his time crying (and acting?!) for Burkina Faso when the old man or the child on the floor above is dying of hunger or abuse!

There are two other reasons for making such a choice:

- be able to assess the service to be provided, monitor it, and try to resolve it daily and not through one-off actions,

- to allow each member of the Clan to have their share of real effort and contact with life.

This choice is not a dogma. Each Route community has free rein to choose the type of service it wishes to render. If it wishes to take care of the third world, so be it! But be careful. This Clan, once its service is rendered, must not ignore the miseries that surround it. Likewise, do not fall into the following trap:



QUOTE OF THE QUARTER

Base acts give rise to base souls.

Noble deeds, noble souls.

Base acts are formulated by base motives.

Noble acts for noble motives.

If I cause betrayal, I will cause betrayal by traitors.

If I build, I will have it built by masons.

If I make peace I will have it signed by cowards.

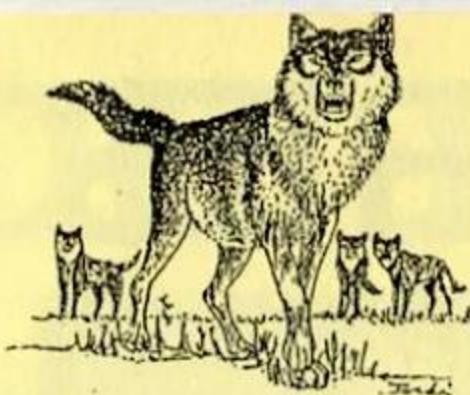
If I kill, I will have heroes declare war.

organizing surprise parties to fund the fight against world hunger... there is no point in being obnoxious.

Finally, it is not the service itself that is important but the spirit in which it is rendered. Only actions requiring a sacrifice from their authors are true services.

Did not B.P. say: "Two paths open before every man: that of selfishness and that of service. He must choose for himself what should be his real motivation in life. Selfishness is the most comfortable; service involves sacrifice."

Bear



SEEONEE The Jungle Journal

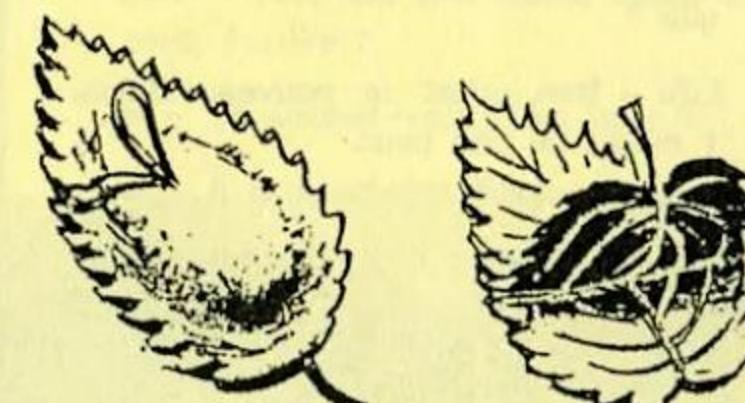
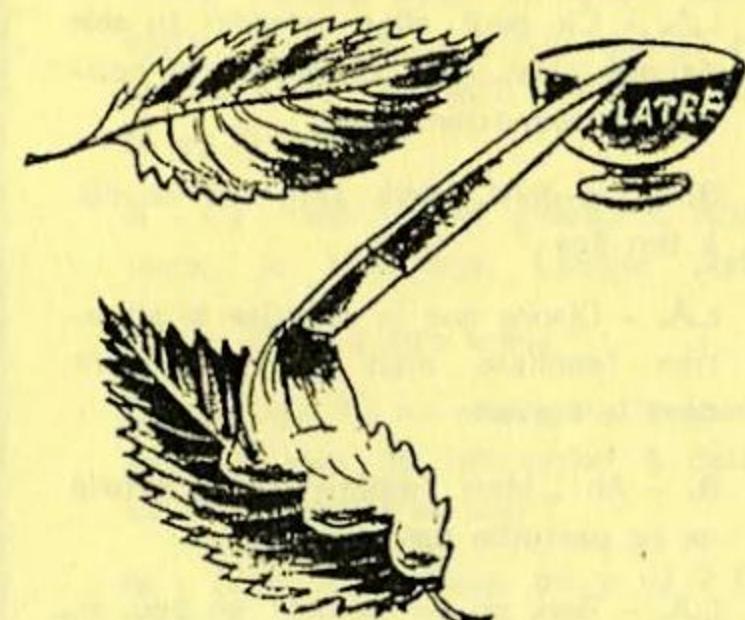
It's autumn, the season of fallen leaves and romantic colours.

A great time to prepare, in packs or at home, pretty collections of leaves of all species and colors.

Today I'm going to give you an idea for a collection that will be more decorative than a ceramic leaf herbarium.

You choose beautiful dead leaves with visible veins and dry them well.

After having prepared a not too thick plaster slurry, you put the tree leaf in your left hand, veins upwards. With a brush, you brush your leaf with several layers, putting more in the center, so that the edges are thin, but still solid. Before the plaster sets, you put a loop of string or a curved wire, to be able to hang it.



Well done, it is superb and can then be used to decorate the Pack table on Solstice evening or the family meal at Christmas.

And when you don't have much money for Christmas presents, Mom and Dad will be very happy to find in the tree a pretty object made by their little wolf...

JUNGLE PALATES

AGILE LANGUAGE Ho, ho, Bagheera...

BAGHEERA Hey, Nimble Tongue, how are you?

L.A. – It's okay, but you know what it's like, right, family, work, the daily grind...

— B. Say, already so many worries at your age?

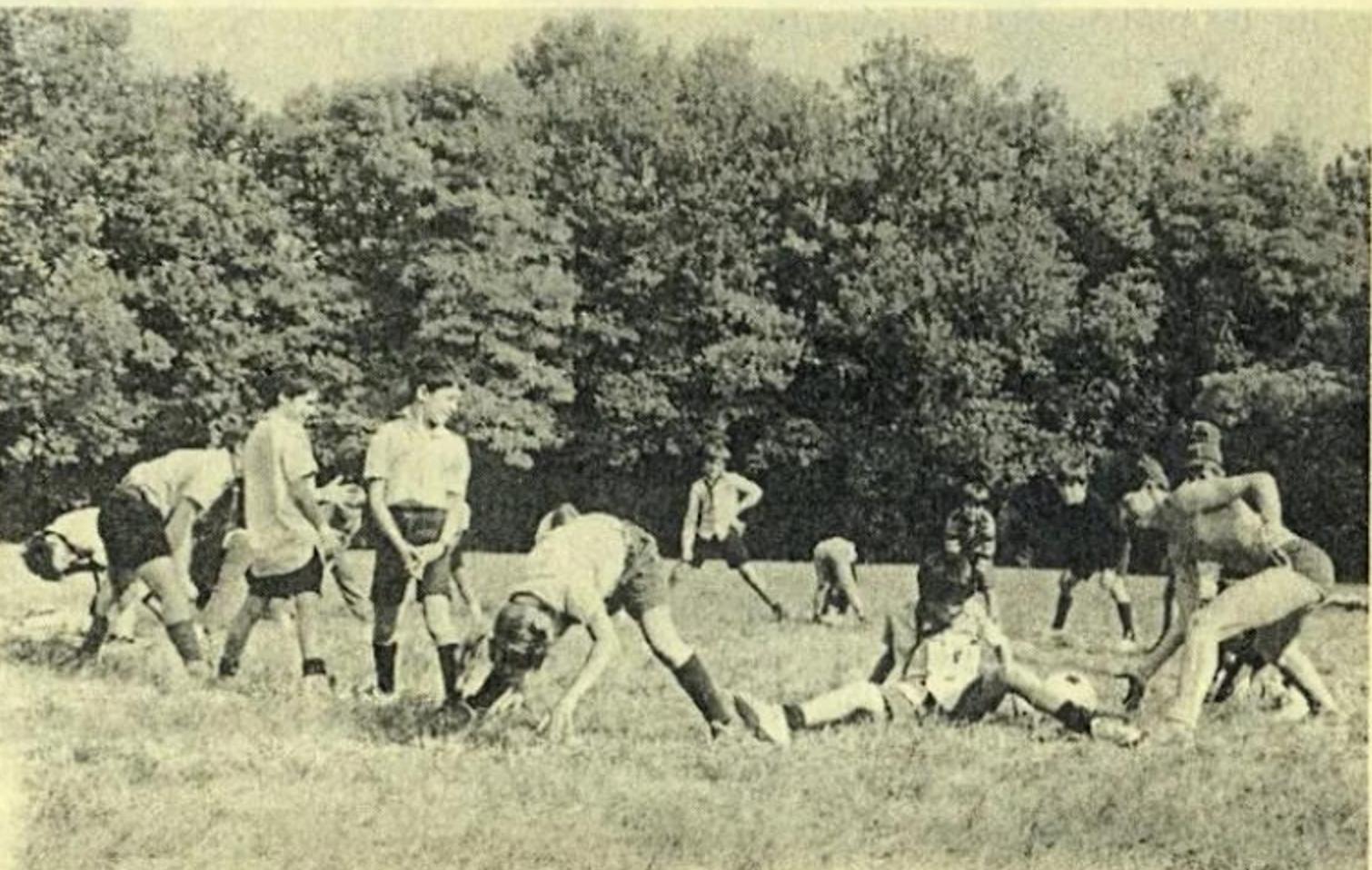
L.A. – Let's say I have the family situation under control, but it shows in my work.

B. – Ah! But I hope the Pack doesn't bother you, at least?

— L.A. Well, right now a little bit, if...

B. Oh really, and why, A-gile Language?

L.A. – Well, he's the new Baloo, he scares me a little.



B. – Hold on!

L.A. – Yeah, the only way to not find it too ugly is to look at it upside down!

B. But what you say is mean...

L.A. – Bad?! You've never seen him up close, it seems.

B. – Yes, but I don't find it mo... not too ugly, though.

— L.A. So you're not normal.

— B. And then, when we talk about the wolf...

L.A. – ... we can see the tail!

baloo Hello Bagheera, hello Agile Tongue.

B. Hi Baloo, what are you doing around here?



b. I'm going to the movies... none of you want to come with me?

B. You've come at just the right time, old friend. Agile Tongue was just telling me before you arrived that it had been ages since he'd been to the cinema!

b That's lucky! Come on, I'll take you, Nimble Tongue.

L.A. That is to say that...

B. – ... that you don't want to impose yourself, but you know, it makes Baloo happy to take you. Right?

— b. Sure So, shall we go? It's about to start...

L.A. I... Yeah, yeah, okay, I'm coming!

B. And have fun, huh?

— b. See you next time Bagheera!

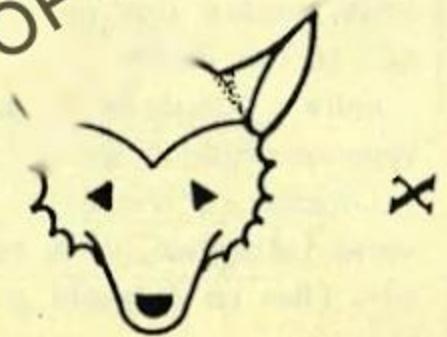
L.A. – That's it, next time we'll have something to talk about...

B. Okay, you'll tell me about your film...

THERE. – Grr...

Bagheera

BEST OF OUR



an anthill at home

Ant watching is a fascinating and very rewarding thing. However, it is quite difficult - especially in this season - to be able to do it outside at leisure. One solution: make a mini anthill at home.

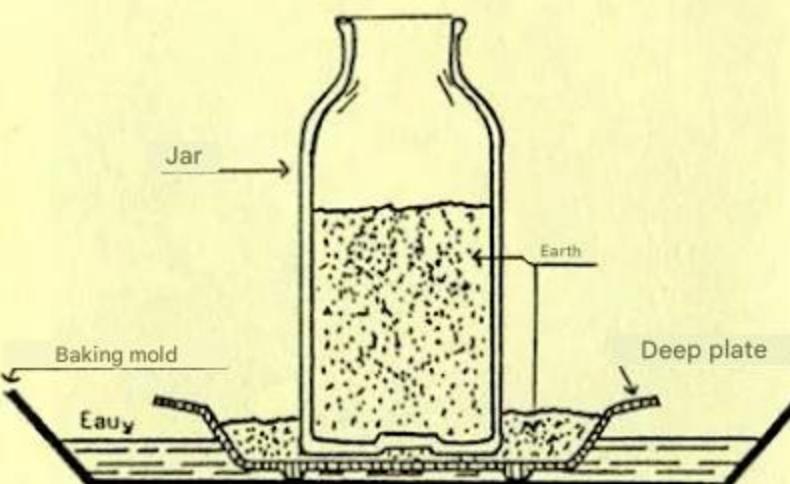
Materials needed:

- a pastry mold,
- a deep plate,
- a large jar or bottle,
- of earth and water.

How to do it:

1) Fill the jar with soil, 2/3 full.

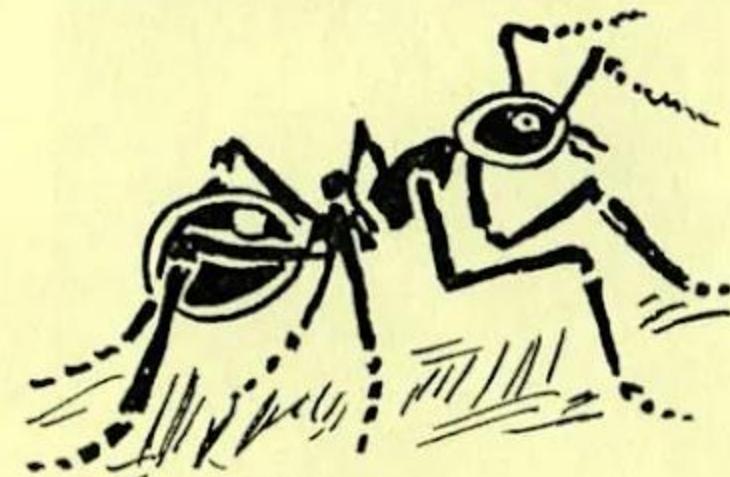
2) Catch at least fifty ants using a stick covered in very dry sugar syrup. Simply place this "bridge" between the chosen anthill and your jar.



3) Place the jar in the middle of the plate, which will also be 2/3 full of soil.

4) Place everything in the middle of the mold and fill it with at least 2.5 cm of water.

5) Feed the ants small pieces of fruit, biscuit or sugar crumbs, small dead insects, etc., placed on the plate.



SOME ADDITIONAL INFORMATION:

- It is best to take the soil from the anthill because it is aerated and easier for the ants to dig.
- Add a teaspoon of water to the soil in the jar every 3 days.
- Without a queen, your anthill will not last more than two months, which is enough for interesting observations. However, if you want to carry out a real breeding, locate a small anthill of ash-black ants, under a stone. As soon as you have uncovered it, catch with a large spoon everything you can reach: workers, larvae, eggs, taking care not to let the queen escape, recognizable by her large shiny black abdomen.
- When you are not watching your charges, cover your breeding with an upside-down cardboard (be careful not to let it touch the jar), because ants like darkness. They do not dig where there is light.

NEWS BRIEF

OFFICIAL BELT OF THE S.L.

A new production of our very-very-high-end belt has just been decided. Given the enormous investment that this represents, we have decided to ensure its sale by subscription. The quantity produced is limited (be careful, they are so in demand that we have not had any left for three years!), so reserve yours now by paying at the National Center...

(140 F for all SLs 155 F for others [+15 F postage])

GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF S.L.

It will take place at the National Center on Saturday, December 12 at 4 p.m. All managers and (major) truckers are invited. All additional information on our minitel service (3614 + SL2 Internal Bulletin).

NATIONAL TRAINING CAMP FOR C.P.

It will take place as every year from December 26 to 31. Register urgently (very limited number of places) with the National Scout Commissioner at the National Center.

CALL FROM THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

Casque is looking for potential collaborators (writers, photographers, cartoonists...) amateurs or professionals (volunteers!). Contact the newspaper.

F.F.D.S.

The statutory AGM took place in Paris on October 17 and saw a number of changes:

- new federal badge (opposite) which you will soon find in fabric (for your uniforms) and in stickers (for fun).
- your General Commissioner (Bruno PE-RALDI alias Fennec M.) was elected secretary.
- head office, songbook, federal file of camp locations, etc. Additional information on the FFDS bulletin or on "SL2".



THE VOOR CHAMOIS

A compact but elegant and tall-legged body stands out on the rocky ridge. Its fine white head, barred by a wide black stripe, is surmounted by two small cylindrical horns, straight, barely curved backwards at their ends. It is not surprising that with such an appearance and such lightness of action, the Chamois was formerly classified in the Antelope family. Today it belongs to a small circle, the RUPICAPRINES, which includes the Rocky Mountain goat (North America), the Goral and the Serow (Asia).

Its coat varies in color and length depending on the season; in summer it is red, more or less yellow with a brown-black stripe along the spine and darker legs. In winter it becomes almost black with longer hair. In addition, the male has a mane, which gives it this shaggy and massive appearance; personally, it is at this time that I prefer them.

The Chamois is the only current ruminant that can be considered typically European, because with the exception of the populations of Asia Minor, its entire range is on our continent; this without taking into account the populations introduced into other countries, such as New Zealand in Oceania.

Head and body length: 1.10 to 1.35 meters.

Height at the withers: 0.7 to 0.8 meters.

Horns:

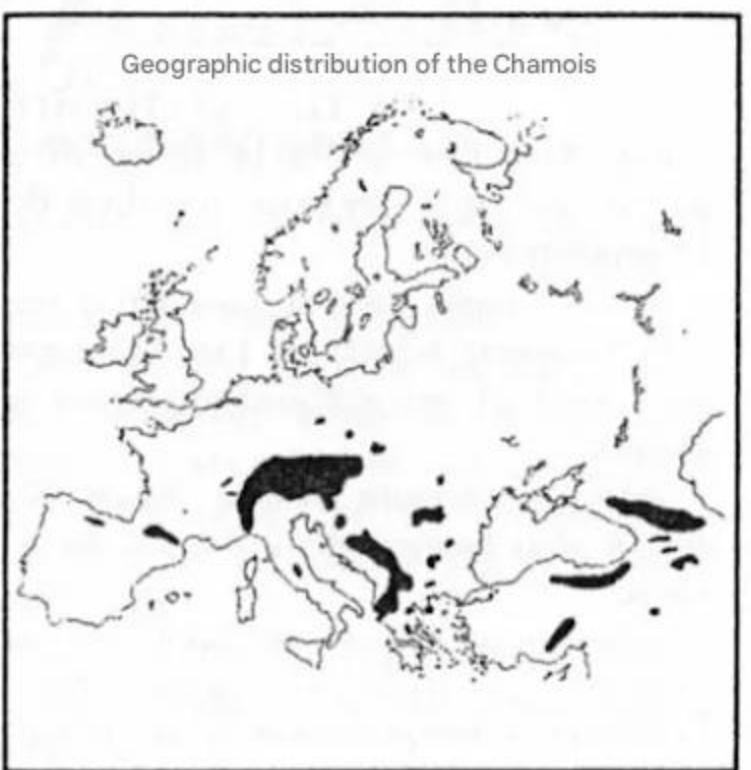
14 to 17 centimeters high, sometimes more.

Weight of males:

between 35 and 50 kilograms up to 60 in the Carpathians.

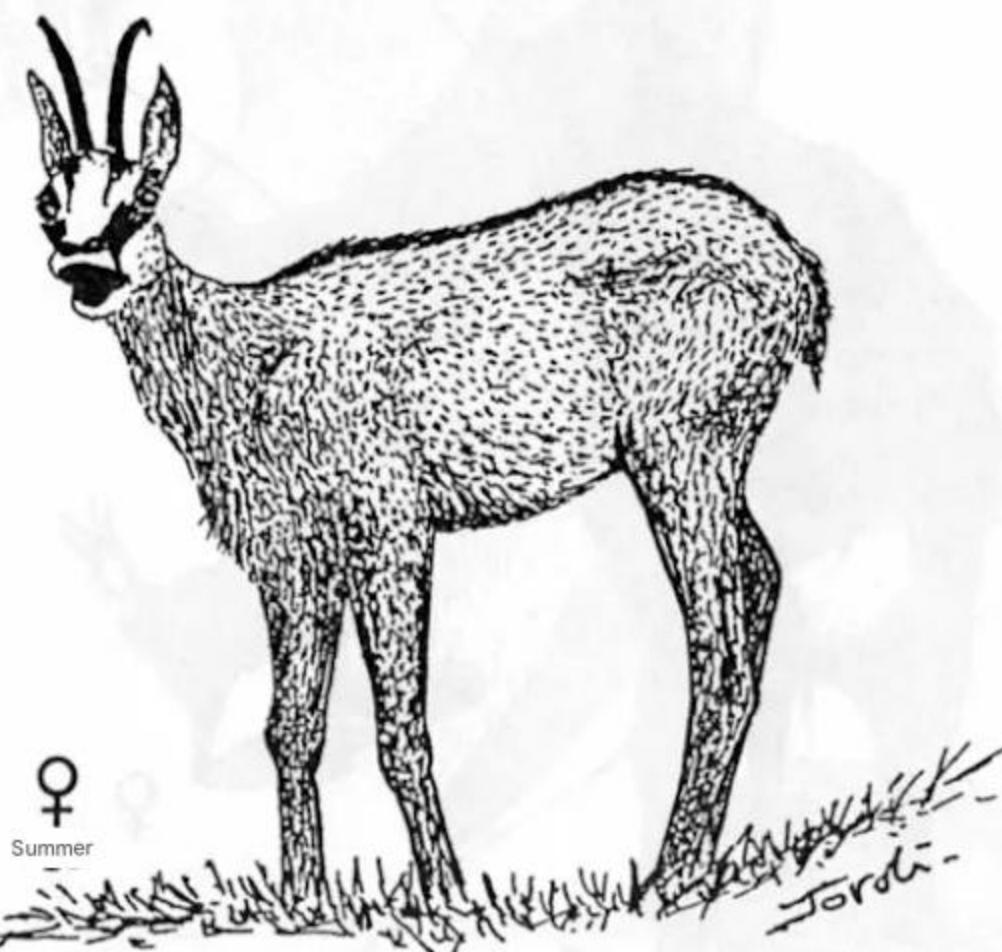
Weight of females:

from 25 to 40 kilograms.



There are at least nine subspecies, eight of which are European in France, two of which are present, the Alpine Chamois in the Alpine massif and the Isard in the Pyrenees. The latter is lighter than its Alpine cousin, with some variations in the colour of its coat. Note that in the Alpine massif itself, the Chamois of the French Pre-Alps are heavier than those of the Alps themselves. This is due to the fact that this species is originally the host of the mid-mountains (800 to 1500 metres above sea level), and that the optimum ecological conditions for this animal are not the Alpine grasslands, with their harsher environment and climate.

Contrary to popular belief, the Chamois is a species of the lower levels and hilly environments in the Drôme for example, it is found at the foot of cliffs, near scree, in forest areas and at low altitudes, often below 1000 meters, or even up to 250 meters. In fact, what determines the distribution of the Chamois is above all the presence or absence of scree; scree represents safety for it, and a refuge in case of danger because the Chamois is unbeatable on unstable terrain where its robust hooves are particularly adapted. No predator would risk following it on such mineral chaos!



The Chamois is one of the rare diurnal mammals; it moves mainly in the morning and evening, with two rests for meals and rumination, one in the middle of the day and the other in the middle of the night. It mainly eats low plants, drinks little (the water supplied by plants is generally enough for it). Its eyesight is excellent, its sense of smell very good but its hearing on the other hand is not very developed. Observing the Chamois up close is not easy because there is always at least one lookout who keeps watch and who at the slightest alert lets out a dry and high-pitched whistle, we say that he hisses. This is followed by a general alert which can turn into a strategically ordered and rapid retreat. In such circumstances, the Chamois are capable of astonishing performances, such as for example making a climb of 1000 meters of altitude difference in about fifteen minutes!

GAME

CHECKMATE!



THE THEME:

Long ago, on a distant chessboard, the Rooks, Bishops and Knights united to dethrone the King and Queen and eliminate the loyalist Pawns. But once this dirty work was accomplished, they soon came into conflict again for the sole domination of the chessboard, and a wind of war blew among the pieces...

THE FRAME:

The game takes place on a wooded and uneven terrain, clearly demarcated: This is the chessboard. Three groups are formed (the Rooks, the Bishops and the Knights) each with a pennant. The number of players is at least fifteen, the upper limit depends on the size of the field. Captures are made with the classic scout scarf.

THE GAME ACTUALLY:

The groups gather in the center of the chessboard and each move away in opposite directions at a sufficient distance, the game master whistles. Each group then plants its flag where it is and determines around (2 meters), an area in which it does not have the right to enter.

At the second whistle, the game begins. A group has won and becomes master of the chessboard when all three pennants are in its camp. If a boy takes an opposing flag and in his escape his scarf is stolen, he plants the flag at the place where he was "killed". Any scarf taken can be redistributed. Only one flag can be carried at a time (in the case where an attacked camp has 2). An attacker is not allowed to linger in the neutral zone around the flag (about a minute...)...



BALDER Troop

READING TIPS

Since Robin Hood and Iva-nhoé, the fearless and blameless knights of 19th century literature have accompanied the heroes of the legendary sagas of the Song of Roland or the Round Table in our dreams!

Baden-Powell, in writing the articles of the Law, gave Scouting the heritage of Chivalry; the Scout would be the valiant of the atomic century...

A collection focused on adventure and scouting, such as *Signe de piste*, had to have historical novels in its catalogue.

Here are two examples:
The Eaglets of Montrevel by L. SIMON and S. DALENS (NSP 57): Charles V the Wise, King of France and Du Guesclin his constable fight against the English of the Black Prince, with the Hundred Years' War as a backdrop and its exactions caused by the brutality of the soldiers and the large companies living on the land. Around Renaud de Montrevel, the fifteen-year-old orphan chased from his estates out of loyalty to his king, a troop of boys of his age gathers, and for these courageous Eaglets any opportunity is good to fight and reconquer the fief of their young leader. From Brittany to the Kingdom, we witness the initiation of the future knight, from battles to banquets, the medieval atmosphere captivates you throughout the reading of this story.

1453... 1492, between these two dates, the Middle Ages ended.

1453 capture of Constantinople by the Turks; **The purple shroud** by A. ARVEL (NSP 96) tells us about the fall of the capital more than a thousand years old, the Byzantium of Theodora and the death of this Greek civilization, heir to the Roman Empire. We follow the last months of freedom of the city, with the two Pages of the Emperor Constantine XI, Michel, the son of the Grand Duke, and Bruno, the young Fleming; two boys who are separated by everything, from religion to way of life, and who learn to know each other during the siege of the European citadel by the Muslims of Mahomet II.

Despite the help given by Venice and Genoa to the last Basileus, rejected by the population who preferred the Turk to the Roman, the lack of soldiers caused the fall of the Empire. We follow the Pages from the ramparts to St. Sophia, see them chained in what is still the basilica, witness its transformation into a mosque, before seeing them leave for the last sacrifice...



A gregarious species, females and young live in herds of a few individuals, but sometimes also in groups of a hundred or more (especially in winter). Males live alone or in small groups during the rutting season, from October to November, they join the females. This is followed by endless chases and intimidation parades between males; fights remain rare and harmless. Once the male's advances have been accepted by the female, mating begins. These are brief, but very repeated. The sexes are not very marked: males are recognizable by their stockier body, thicker head, longer mane hairs, and by the presence of the penis brush, very visible during the rutting season.



After a gestation period of 23 to 24 weeks, the young are born around May-June. The female chooses a place away from the herd and gives birth to one or sometimes two young. They will stay with their mother for at least a year. Without accidents, the young Chamois can expect to live 20 years.



Quite sedentary, the Chamois is however capable of making long journeys either to seek new grazing or to colonize new sites. It is not rare then to see it crossing low-altitude plains to go from one massif to another.

Highly threatened in France after the Second World War, the situation of the Chamois has improved significantly, especially thanks to protected areas where the dynamism of the species has allowed it to return to normal population densities. However, despite these results, Chamois hunting is poorly adapted and is often even disastrous on many sites. Europe must preserve this magnificent ungulate, symbol of its mountains.

THE VOICE OF THE WOLF

In the past, hearing the howling of wolves was a bad omen, it was winter coming, it was ; hunger, cold, fear...

Now, hearing the wolves sing is no longer given to everyone, there is no more cold, hunger, fear... But for those who know how to listen, the wind sometimes brings a plaintive howl, a furtive howl and we must then strain our ears to understand what its wisdom has to tell us...

The Scout is courteous and chivalrous.

This is what the 5th article of the Law states and, by Jove, everyone agrees: it is self-evident! Yet who, today, still has a clear idea of what "chevaleres-que" could possibly mean?

In the old days, in that distant past where fairy tales take place, in the time of "Once upon a time", there was born a thing called Chivalry. For us, accustomed as we are to a "civilized", "policed" world, with written laws and people whose job it is to enforce them, it is difficult for us to see what use it could possibly be. Now, in those times of "Once upon a time", life was very harsh and the law of the strongest was, every time, the best. In short, having big arms and a strong sword like that,



possibly, that a few friends cut on the same template, allowed you to happily plunder and submit to all your whims anyone less well endowed than you by luck or nature. This state of affairs was very satisfactory to those who could have complained about it, too weak, did not have the right to speak and the others, the strong, found their account there. But there you go... after a while, some began to have scruples. Abundance helping, they also had time to think and even, to acquire some scraps of instruction. At that time, we were beginning to emerge from a particularly brutal age, mar-



essentially by bloody invasions... Attila and the others had left a painful memory.

Let's skip over the details. The fact remains that over the centuries, sword wielders also began to wield ideas and to see a little further than the end of their flamberge. They became somewhat civilized (some, even a lot!) and understood that they had to establish and respect certain rules if they finally wanted to emerge from chaos and barbarism.

But these noble hearts were also simple hearts; that is to say, they did not feel the need to complicate things as obvious as good and evil. Instead of embarking on the drafting of a Penal Code, they simply decided on a few elementary rules:

- One could only become a knight if one was "armed" by another, more senior knight. One had to respect
- the rules of Honor under penalty of being declared a felon and unworthy of bearing arms.

- A knight could only attack, in fair combat, another knight.

That's all. It doesn't seem like much, but when you think about it, it's huge. Basically, it means: we're only

- true to our word.
- that we are ready to sacrifice ourselves for a just cause
- that one only draws the sword for a just cause
- that we will defend the weak and the oppressed

- that we do not fight to acquire wealth, but for glory and honor.

Needless to say, there were very few perfect knights, but at the very least, the majority strove to approach such an ideal of perfection... to the great benefit of what would become the Western world.

So when you are asked, oh Scout, to be chivalrous, what is expected of you?



Well, we may no longer be in the time of invasions (1) but the spirit that reigns, let's say, in the playgrounds, does not lack that primitive savagery that made life so... interesting then. In fact, only the permanent presence of supervisors prevents, to a certain extent, the "law of the strongest" from reigning alone in our schools.

Yes, if you look closely, your comrades and perhaps you yourself have a strong tendency to behave like lawless barbarians. In itself, this is natural. It's a pity, but that's how it is. On the other hand, if you are a Scout, it is no longer normal at all that you allow yourself to be carried away by the deplorable general example.

This is where things get difficult. This is where we can show that we are not just a Scout "for fun". Being truly chivalrous means that instead of stupidly following the movement, we will try to listen to that inner voice, that sense of Honor that tells us, infallibly, whether an action is worthy or not of the Promise we made, one day, while looking our Leader in the eye.

A famous motto of Chivalry said, and still says: "It is not necessary to hope in order to undertake, nor to succeed in order to persevere." In other words, what matters most is not the goal that one wants to achieve, but the way in which one will achieve it. There is the way of the "po-ble man" and that, contemptible, of the man of interest. Often, one is tempted to choose the second...



All we ask of you is to question yourself as often as possible before acting, in order to know if, afterwards, you will be able to hold your own gaze in the mirror without shame and say: I have been faithful to my commitments.

FENNEC S.d.L.

P.S. — These few lines are far from having exhausted all aspects of the question. If you have ideas (which is beyond doubt!) send your suggestions to Casque "for the attention of Fennec S.d.L.". We do not care about spelling and French mistakes, it is your thoughts that matter! Thank you.



POEM: THE KNIGHT, DEATH AND THE DEVIL



In Dürer's portrait, deeply, we recognize you, You whom the gods have called to command. Solitary, like the knight all armored in steel,

You begin your ride towards the distant Empire. The path is steep, thorny and difficult, Dozens of obstacles are piled up there And cunning spirits seek to divert you From the goal you have chosen for yourself. But you, with a clear mind, remain faithful to this goal. No illusion has ever been able to alter its meaning. Your gaze, fixed on an inner representation, Has never forgotten the castle of the Grail. The Devil and Death, invisible, walk at your side, Until Strength and Purity have given you victory.



Heinrich Anacker

TRIBUTE TO JEAN ANOUILH

On the night of October 4-5, Jean ANOUILH passed away. Without further praise (what can I say that doesn't make me sound foolish, or parrot-like...) and without further transition, Casque decided to honor his memory with one of his poems, hoping that neither the man nor his work will ever be forgotten.

THE OAK AND THE REED

The oak one day said to the reed:
"Aren't you tired of listening to this fable?
The moral of it is detestable; Men
are very light in teaching it to children. To bend, to bend
always, is not already too much The fold of
human nature?"
"- Well, said the reed, the weather is not too nice;
The wind that shakes your branches (if
I may judge from the height of a reed)
Could prove to you, by chance, That we,
little people, So weak, so puny, so
humble, so prudent, Whose little life is the constant
concern, Nevertheless resist the storms of
the world better, Than certain proud people who imagine
themselves great."

The wind rises at these words, the storm rages.
And the deep breath that devastates the woods,
Just like the first time, Throws
the proud oak that taunted it to the ground.
"Well," said the reed, "once the cyclone had -
passed, he stood bent over by a remnant of wind.
-What do you say, my friend?
(He would never have allowed himself this word
before), Did not what I had predicted come to pass?"
One could feel in his voice his satisfied
hatred. His dull gaze lit up.
The giant, who suffered, wounded,
From a thousand deaths, from a thousand
pains, Had a sad and beautiful smile;
And, before dying, looking at the reed, He said to
Him: "I am still an oak."

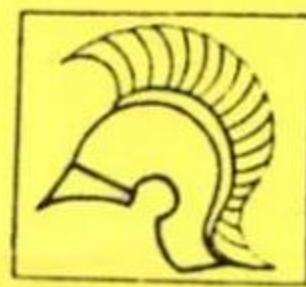


HELMET

QUARTERLY

#12 — July 87

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MORE IS IN US!

When we say that "More is in us", it is because we add an important dimension to our Scouting: we want to become the Elite that Europe will need at the dawn of the 3rd millennium.

But be careful! Not just any elite. Today's society has one, only its selection criteria are determined by what we call "non-values" interest, economic position, financial power, demagogic capacity, technical knowledge, manipulation of institutions,

...

No, ! our elite is different, it is called aristocracy.

The best elements of a people (not to be confused with an economic class), the essence of the people, those who manifest to the highest degree the ethical, spiritual, anthropological, psychological and intellectual qualities specific to this people, those are the Aristocracy.

Aristocratic values, which also include technical knowledge and economic hierarchies, insist first on character, exemplarity, and command understood as service.



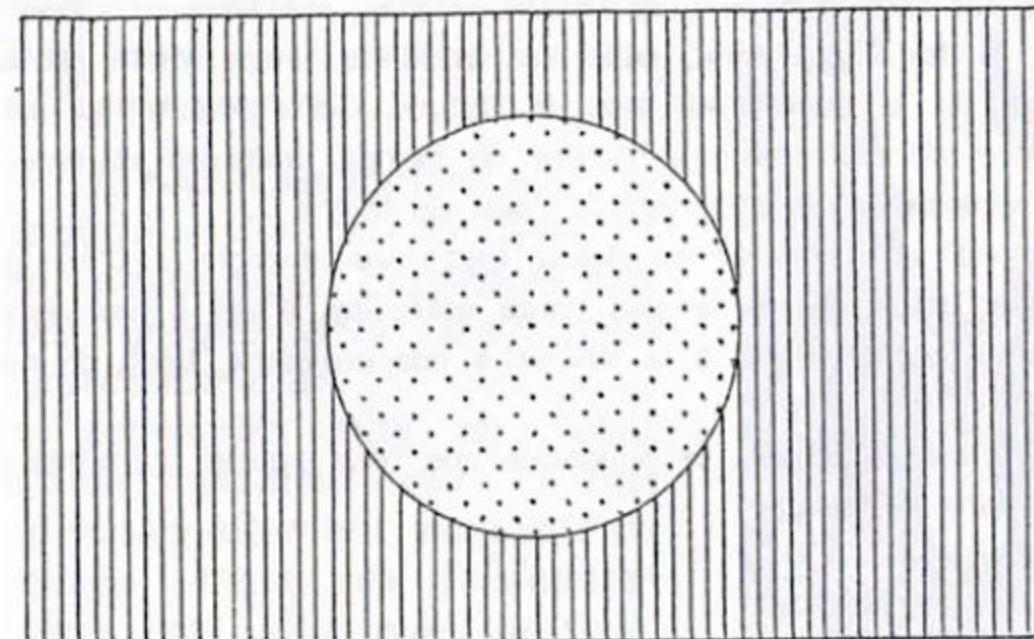
The aristocracy is not "nobility" part in the form of a caste; it is an integral of the popular community that it animates and inspires; its obligations are the measure of its privileges.

Our scout community must constitute, by itself, the first embryo of a future popular aristocracy. Hence the great demands that we must impose on ourselves.

There is more in us, you understand?

A FLAG FOR EUROPE

INVICTUS FLOOR



GOLD DISC ON A GULES FIELD

True to what we are, at the Free Scouts we work for the creation of Europe. We believe that beyond the well-defined geographical entity that our continent represents, there exists another entity that is just as well-defined: the European.

Linked by our roots, our history and our culture, our European peoples constitute a single great Nation. This in an extraordinary variety of local cultural and linguistic originalities, which represents the multiple forms of expression of an identity common to all. In fact, we are lucky to be on the only continent that presents such human homogeneity. We are all part of the great European people despite our specificities.

However, the European Nation does not yet officially exist, that is to say politically. Only "alliances" of military and economic orders bring together in a fragmentary way some of our peoples. Currently Europe suffers from these groupings which keep it divided. This situation is due to the lack of awareness about our belonging to the same nation.

At the Free Scouts, we aspire to a Europe of peoples. One that does not renounce its identity, its values, its roots. To achieve this union, we need a rallying symbol, a European flag for example. As there is none that can bring together all Europeans and that is not tainted by economic or political considerations (in the current sense of the term), we had to create one. It is simply not a question of pretension on our part, when we consider the current state of Europe, we must not have any complexes. We have the will to do and to act, we do it.

The flag chosen is therefore a gold disc on a red field bearing the name Sol Invictus.

Why this choice? In order to avoid endless explanations, here are the elements that guided us.

The Golden Record.

What could be the element that symbolises European thought, its values, its beliefs, the common roots of its peoples, its very essence? We must draw on European faith, that of the early days, that which based our original values on conformity with Nature. This Nature which is both the proper nature of Man and the order of the world, material and divine, and thereby the foundation of the city. In fact, it is about Life!

But who allows life on earth and gives it all its energy? It is the Sun, this star venerated in Europe since the most ancient times. It is in our eyes the best symbol of our attachment to Life and to our beliefs, in short, of what we are.

For us Scouts, the Sun is also the power that we continually draw from Nature to fulfill ourselves.

The field of Gules.

In Nature, as in heraldry, our Sun can only rest on two colors: Azure (blue) and Gules (red).

Blue is certainly the color of the sky when the sun shines. But it is a cold color, its symbolism remains simple and flat; good weather, vacations, torrid and stifling heat... Nothing but moments without depth of soul, without passion, without taste and even, which saps all energy. It is not the best period of the day, the one that allows to better appreciate the Sun.

Moreover, this color, which is that of European cauliflower, cannot suit us, despite all the respect we owe to this plant.

Red is the color of the sky when the Sun sets. It is the end of a busy day, the temperature becomes milder, the fire is lit, the vigil is being prepared. We gradually switch to another universe, that of the night, that of challenges. It is at this moment that the Sun and the sky appeal to the best of our feelings and our imagination. It is this red sky that opens our hearts and fills them with new energy to start a new adventure the next day. It is also at this moment that we take stock and build Empires.

Red therefore seems more appropriate for our Sol, because it represents the eve of the eternal recommencement of life, of combat, of hope and of destiny. It projects us towards the future.

Ground Invictus.

Unconquered Sun, Invincible Sun. Power of life and power of death, it is now you who will float at the top of the highest mast in our camps, it is you who will show the way to the sons and daughters of Europe...

JORDI

WHO IS IT?

Its name is that of a large mammal that has become more than rare in our country. A deserved totem, because faithful to its model, it is rather solitary by nature.

He reigns supreme in his cave (National Center) and discourages approach with short but impressive growls.

He has, however, undergone a beginning of taming which makes him occasionally receive people, but his frequentations are more than limited. Even on the telephone, it is difficult to reach him: he always manages to get someone else to pick up.

The misfortune of many is that this animal is especially apparent in the sioules, sparrowhawks and other activities of the same ilk where it generally shines. It is true that



At such times, his diplomatic sense does not need to be matched by his courage.

A honey lover (the money), this powerful plantigrade spares no effort in the search for this delicious dish intended for his young (several dozen, it seems). Touchy and inflexible, he strives to ensure the material well-being of his overly carefree children who do not always know how to appreciate his fussy tenacity at its true value.

Nevertheless, and by all accounts, this Bear is as necessary to us as the one we used to fall asleep with while sucking our thumbs.

GUINEA FOWL

IT'S RUNNING, IT'S RUNNING, THE SODA... IT WON'T PASS BY ME!

I am blessed to count among my dear friends a Prince-ce-Sorcier, whose human identity I prefer to keep secret for understandable security reasons.

A few days ago, on the occasion of a birthday that brought us together and perhaps under the influence of an excellent Ginseng liqueur, he suggested to the guests that they fulfill their dearest wish; the surprise over, each one left for his new apartment at the wheel of his new car... I was then left alone in the room and my Prince asked me with a smile what I wanted. What

"My adventurous spirit would like to know a parallel world!"

No sooner said than done, and in the time of a burst of intense light, I found myself dressed in black breeches, a green doublet and hat.

Delighted to experience such an adventure, I began to wander curiously through the streets of the unchanged city, still modern but populated by men who seemed to be from another era.



I was passing in front of the shop of a good grocer, who was taking advantage of the rare rays of March sunshine to clean and shine her window.

"What product do you use to polish and shine such beautiful glass?" I asked politely.

And the good lady showed me, as a response, a glass vial with COCA COLA written in silver letters.

I continued on my way with a thoughtful step.



A little further on, I passed a surgeon's shop where a patient was waiting, moaning and keeping his mouth open; the doctor was in front of some forceps, plunging into a full basin, and whistling quietly.

"What product do you use to sterilize and disinfect your instruments?" I asked politely.

And the good man continued to whistle and point out an iron bottle with the words COCA COLA written on it in gold letters.

I continued on my way, pensive.

A few steps away stood a small crowd of onlookers, and I soon joined them, jostling to gain the front row: it was a fire-eater who took a swig from the neck of a flask and spat it on a flaming stick; between two gulps, he swallowed a glass of milk.

"What product do you ingest and spit out to ignite the air over such a great distance?" I asked curiously.

And the man waved his iron wineskin in his hand with the words COCA COLA written on it in red letters.



More and more intrigued, I rushed out of the crowd and finally stopped an old man dragging a bottle of COCA COLA behind him on the end of a string. "Could you explain to me why everyone uses the same product that exists in my world, without knowing its use since I have never seen anyone absorb it, I uttered angrily?"



I then saw the old man turn pale and exclaim: "Swallow the quoqua quola? You're not thinking about it, I hope. Its properties are such that it is used to dissolve all sorts of dirt, and besides, some use it to clean their windows, others to wash their tools, and still others to perform nice tricks; but to drink it! What an idea."

I suddenly saw him look inspired.

"It is said that some tried to taste it. But they mysteriously disappeared, as if vanished into thin air.

"From the first sip, they began to dress funny; from the second, to wriggle strangely; from the third, to speak differently; from the fourth, to make fun of what is customary to us; from the fifth, finally, to slowly disappear."



Then, as if his memory came back to him as the words went by, he continued: "Some came back, and they preached in the name of a new bible and a new prophet, Khal Y Fhorni I think, competing in this with the business of our local truth-teller..."

He leaned toward me, as if to reveal a secret. "Between us, I don't believe in either of us..."

Then he straightened up.
"But drinking quoqua quola, me, never!" And he walked away, mumbling.

What a curious fate that of a people that a simple soda can make disappear, like that, after a few sips. I thought of mine, but nothing similar... unless the magic of an imaginary world turned out to transcribe the symbolism of another very real one; and in this case, if each sip that I drink in my world makes me leave my personality a little more, it is high time to tell this filthy soda no, you will not pass by me.

MARTEN





WORLD NEWS

THE JAMBOREE

The 16th World Jamboree will take place from 30 December 87 to 10 January 88 at Cataract Scout Park in the Wedderburn Forest, about 70 km south of Sydney (Australia). This permanent scout camp of 160 hectares is a perfectly equipped "adventure" activity centre. Representatives from more than 100 countries (more than 25,000 scouts?) are expected there.

A Jamboree, the world's largest gathering of Scouts, takes place every four years. Unfortunately, not all of the world's 25 million Scouts can attend. To keep the lucky ones who will be going to Australia in spirit, a "Jamboree-for-All" program has been set up. This will give all the world's Scouts the opportunity to share in the exciting new experiences that Australia has to offer.

Not to be outdone, Casque will offer you throughout the year of the "Jamboree-for-all" information, ideas, and games that will allow you to participate.

AUSTRALIAN

ABORIGINS



The Aborigines were the first inhabitants of what is now Australia. Today there are some 80,000 Aborigines, most of whom live in the Northern Territory and northern Queensland.

Many Aboriginal tribes have their own languages (about 250 when Europeans arrived), traditions and customs. Some use boomerangs, others carry shields and another tribe uses drums. Not all tribes paint on rock or bark; some paint on the earth. Similarly, dances differ from one tribe to another.

tribe to another. So in trying to describe Aboriginal life, one has to do it in a general way because one cannot say that any one tribe is representative of all the others.

Outsiders have difficulty understanding the mystical connection between the aborigine and the land. The aborigine and the land are almost one entity. Every element of the landscape has a benevolent or malevolent meaning. Cracks in caves or in the ground were, or are, the dwellings of the Great Spirits of the Earth.

The way they cultivated the land seems inconceivable to those who use European methods.

traditional cultivation methods. They burned large areas of land to practice rotational cultivation. This process encouraged lush new vegetation, attracting herbivores to the area. Recent research shows that this method of repetitive burning has been going on for about 100,000 years.

Most Australian flora only regenerates if it has been burned in a bushfire: the heat causes the seed coat to burst, allowing new vegetation to grow.

WORLD NEWS

THE CORROBOREE

A TRUE AUSTRALIAN CELEBRATION...



Spear shooting with a woomera (sling-javelin)



Spear fishing
from a canoe

ABORIGINAL

GAMES

During the afternoon, before the corroboree, you will all be able to take part in Aboriginal games.

Below are a number of events more or less based on the competitive use of Aboriginal weapons and implements.



Spear shooting (precision)



Organize a weekend on the theme of "Aboriginal Australians" with a corroboree as the central activity.

The word "Corroboree" is an Aboriginal word. In recent years it has been used in scouting to mean "a small Jamboree". The Scout Corroboree is a program of a length that suits your means and possibilities. In Australia, the Christmas period falls in the middle of summer and therefore is rarely a traditional white Christmas like in the northern hemisphere.

The World Jamboree at Cataract Park in 1988 will also be held during the Australian summer. It will be mild, even warm, probably ideal for swimming. You will probably need to adapt the program suggestions to suit the climate in your country.

Although the meeting is most appropriate outdoors, it can also be held indoors. To help you understand the elements that make up a corroboree as it is known, each element is discussed separately.

Aboriginal culture is audio-visual. The myths and accompanying visual representations are passed down to young men by their elders during the Initiation Ceremony.

The Aboriginal Dreaming Age is the time from which mythology. It is the age beyond memory, when all things were created.



Boomerang shooting



Game trail tracking



Spear shooting (distance)

GIL'S CROSSWORD SOLUTION CROSSWORDS OF



The abundance of material in this issue has forced us to postpone the continuation of the NORDWIND SAGA as well as the PHILEMON DE ROCHECHINARD comic strip to the next issue of your favorite magazine (No. 13 September 1987).

May "those" who have reached the end of their subscription not forget to re-subscribe to a new series, otherwise how will they be able to live without their French superheroes?

SEEONEE JUNGLE JOURNAL



Bagheera So what's up, little Wolf?

Agile Language - Hey, You again?
You know what I said if you fell under my thumb again?

B Come on, don't be angry. Let's make peace.

L.A. - Okay, but that's good because "the wolf cub is always happy"!
Well, isn't it better like that?

L.A. - Grrr !
By the way, and since we're talking about it, how are you doing with your badges?

L.A. - Uh...
B I see on your sleeve that you haven't sewn them all yet.
L.A. - Well, let's just say I don't have them all yet.

B - Well then. I leafed through the new "Cous de dents" yesterday, and...

L.A. - Yeah, you know, there are so many of them and they are really tough...

B. Oh! Only new, and so easy to get with a little good will!

- L.A. Hey, let's talk about something else?

- B Sure. From the camp, for example.

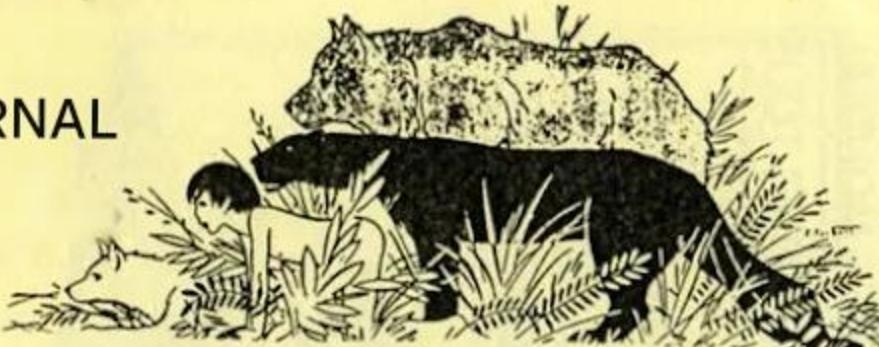
L.A. - Excellent suggestion. My parents have already been to Corsica, and they told me it was great.

B. - They didn't lie to you.

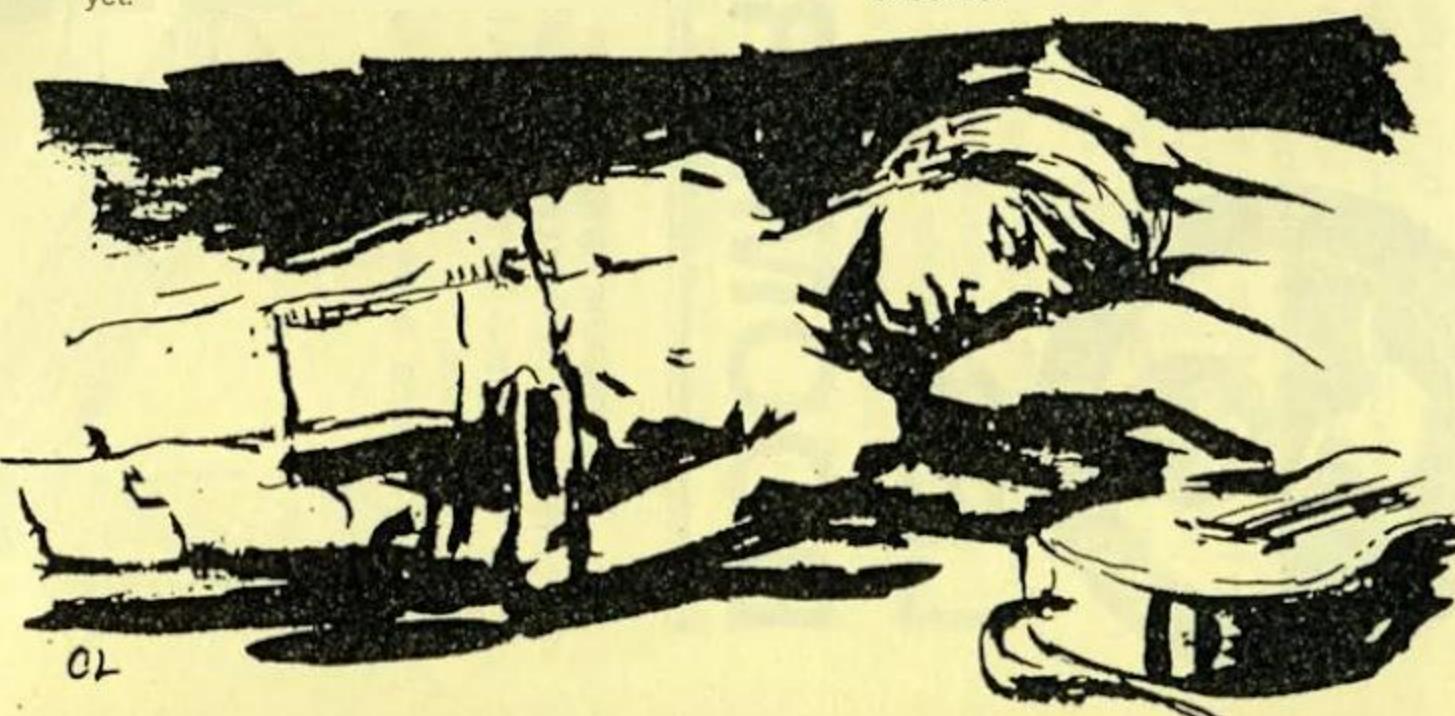
L.A. - You're talking! The sea, the sand, the rocks...

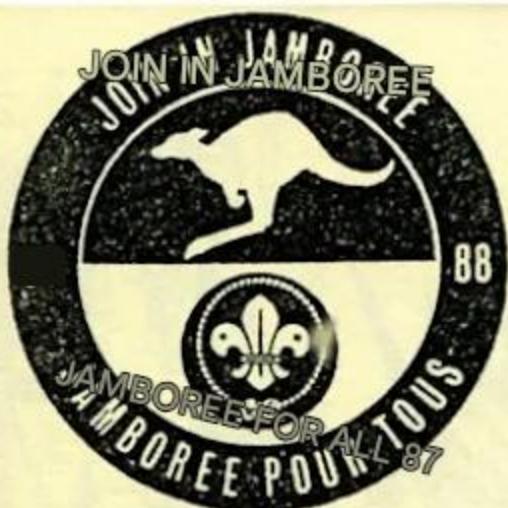
B. Fires, burnt grass, sweat.

- L.A. Oh, you, always there to break dreams!



JUNGLE PALATES





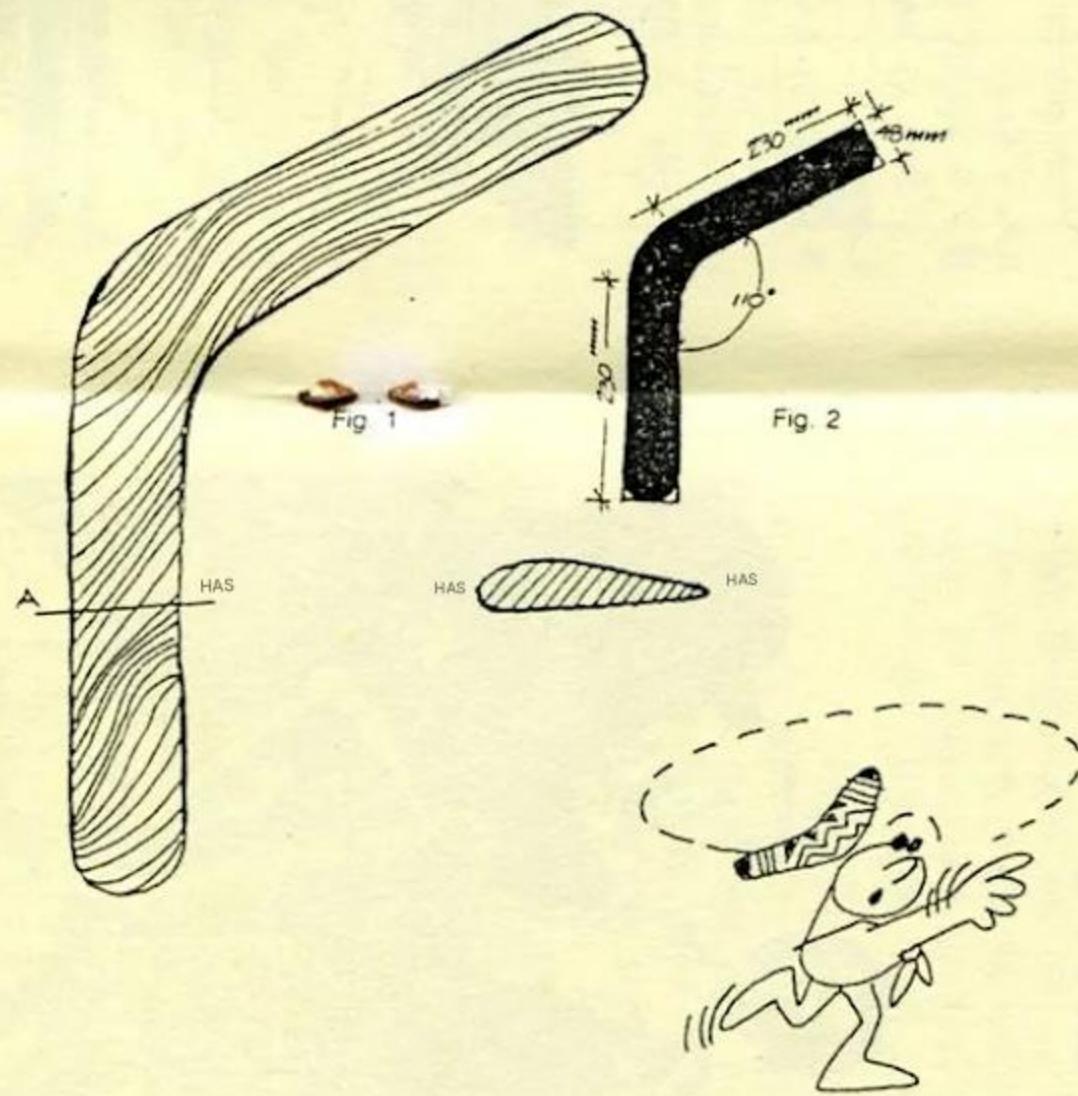
16th WORLD JAMBOREE

JAMBOREE-FOR-ALL ACTIVITIES

THE BOOMERANGS

The boomerang is an instrument that the aborigines of Australia use for all sorts of purposes. Some return to the thrower, others do not.

We'll try to make some that come back!

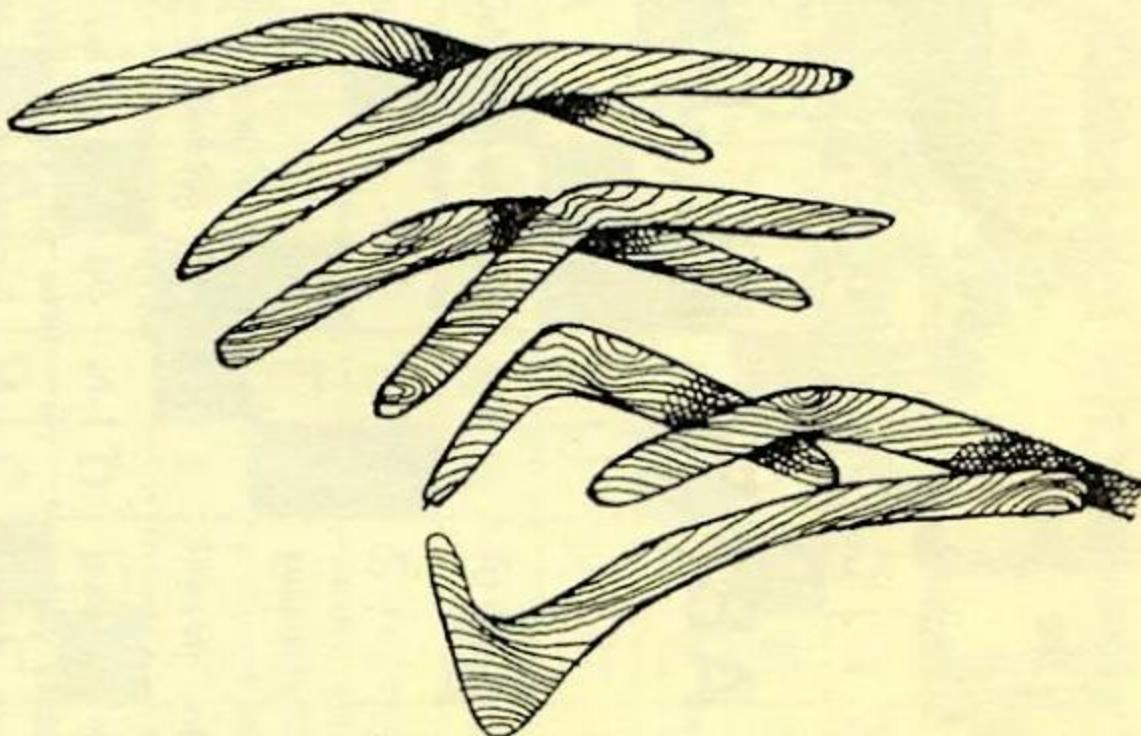


TON BOOMERANG IS READY!

All you have to do is learn how to throw it correctly. And when you have it under control, you can have competitions with other cubs who have made them (you could already launch a competition in your Pack to make the prettiest boomerang...).

Some competition ideas:

- the longest flight duration,
- the flight over the greatest distance,
- the most precise flight,
- boomerang slalom,
- the boomerang that whistles the best,
- the best decorated boomerang,
- the most original boomerang,
- etc... let your imagination run wild!!!



Making your own boomerang is easy and fun if you follow these simple instructions.

MANUFACTURING MATERIALS

You can use any solid material (aluminum, fiberglass, whalebone or plastic) but the original material, wood, is unbeatable.

The best woods are acacia (mimo-sa is excellent), redwood, oak (*Grevillea robusta*) and willow.

The simplest for you is still five-ply "marine" plywood about 8 mm thick.

MANUFACTURING

Nothing could be simpler! You cut out the shape as shown in illustration 1. The arms should be about 230 mm long and 48 mm wide. The elbow angle is 110°.

Then you round the corners and cut them arms according to cross section (A-A) illustrated with a sharp knife and a glass pier, following the outline of the joints layer.

Now that you have made your boomerang, here are some tips for throwing it correctly.

1. Do not hold the boomerang in your hand for too long - 3 to 4 cm is enough.
2. Hold the boomerang at head height, slightly back.
3. Forcefully swing your arm forward.
4. The force of the shot comes from the elbow.
5. Throw the boomerang directly in front of you, neither upwards nor downwards. down. To begin with, cast it gently until you can judge the effects of the wind (a light breeze gives the best conditions).
6. When releasing it, a flick will increase the speed of the flight.

B. And how! Don't worry about that.

L.A. – My mom told me if I came back skinny and had grilled skin she'd tell me off.

B. So I see what I have left to do.

L.A. – Oh yeah, what!?

B. Tie yourself up for 18 days completely naked in the full sun.

L.A. – Oh my gosh would you do it?

B. But no, don't worry, you would scream too loudly the first few days and I have trouble sleeping.

– L.A. Meh... There's a river running nearby, right?

B. Very fresh, very pleasant.

L.A. – Deep?

B. Very. For what ?

B. A coin always has two sides, little wolf.

– L.A. Yeah, well, but we're still going to have fun!

L.A. – You told us that you could lift a 5 kilo weight from the bottom of a pool.

...

B. Yes. So what?

L.A. – Nothing, I was calculating... Come on, see you soon boss!

B. See you soon, Agile Language... Say, by the way...

– L.A. What, again?

B. I am a light sleeper and I have done French boxing.

THERE. – Why do you say that ?

B. Oh, like that, a premonition, an empty word. A cub forewarned is worth two... Come on, see you soon...

TEETHING

The Cubs will be happy (especially Langue Agi-le who will be able to earn badges): the new Cub progress booklet is available!

In a practical format (10 x 15 cm), it contains 32 pages of various information, tests, techniques, etc.

All Cub Scouts and Wolf Scouts must have it on them, it's their tool, their passport.

It is on sale from all Pack Leaders at a price of 10 F.

Hurry up and get it, it's already being snapped up!



SCOUTING, WHEN YOU HAVE US!

D-6, D5, ..., D 1, H hour, Departure....

Camp is here, school is over, goodbye family. Hello wounds, bumps, brambles (non-exhaustive list). In a word, long live Ad-venture.

Castration, ... forgiveness, national education, goodbye. I leave with other savages, dressed in a strange outfit, to shout my joy of life and my difference in a remote corner of our country. I will take the time to breathe. For 24 days, no metro, no work, but still a little sleep. Not a stressed sleep, but the healthy rest of those who live with nature.

Living, playing, singing to the rhythm of the sun while elsewhere we are offered hellish cadences punctuated by the scathing "can do better". Do better what? Like geese, we are fattened. Our brains are made fat, incapable of lending themselves to intellectual juggling.

The fire of the vigil in the place of Saint Bouygue or Saint Berlusconi or "a piou-piou-piou..." Advertising spot.... There's only one, it's the zero one.

In short, 24 days to detox and give your brain back the ability to reason on its own, like a grown-up.

A river with clear water in the morning to wash, a wood fire to cook, a ray of sunshine to dry and finally, a rare thing, a society for children, governed by children. But what about the chiefs in all this? The Chiefs, what the chiefs? Ah, yes. Well, they are only there to make the parents believe that adults are brooding over their offspring, but they must not know it. So, shush!

Complicity, laughter, effort, will also be our lot. Of course the sadness of an evening, the melancholy of a morning can be mixed with our gaiety. How important! The essential thing is that we are together, that a community spirit animates us. Then, if all goes well, we will vibrate unanimously to the regular rhythm of our traditions, and this summer camp 87 will remain forever engraved in letters of gold on the pediment of our memory.

THE KINGDOM OF THE LIVING by Jean-Louis FONCINE

This text is still unpublished to this day. Written by Jean-Louis FONCINE, it is intended to appear very soon as part of the commemorative album of the 50th anniversary of the Signe de Piste Collection (may the Gods please let it continue!). With its numerous originals by the most prestigious authors, there is no doubt that it is an essential piece in the library of any self-respecting scout.

It took me a long time to heal from my childhood. Even longer to heal from the childhoods of others. I didn't go to school. But I knew that school was like the catechism room attached to a huge slag heap, a place where we had to suffer every Thursday. Covered with garish engravings, populated with dark desks where penknives had carved magical or obscene arabesques, haunted by a black man who hit the shaved heads (because of lice) with his long hazel stick.

I was ashamed of my books and notebooks, which always seemed dirty to me, covered in incomprehensible and useless signs. But I advanced in life, haloed by sumptuous dreams, and I unconsciously guessed that these dreams would lead me where I wanted to go, where, beyond the incoherent world of men, panting and puffing over their thankless jobs and their funeral offices, was the kingdom of the living. This kingdom had no name. I think it never had one and never will have one. For those who are its citizens are recognized by their universal passport, which is a certain way of suffering, of laughing, of jostling, of loving, of fighting or embracing, of moaning, of screaming, of being happy... a certain way of dying also when it is necessary. The simple-minded call it the kingdom of Adventure. And it is right, for the word is untranslatable in the language of the fools who make up the mass of what we have agreed to call the human race. Even more untranslatable in the language of men of power which is pure pollution.

I wanted to live, to live intensely, to live with living people who were not "in disguise" like schoolchildren, soldiers, academics, adults with raised fingers and sententious tones.

My secret domain was located in the heart of a mass of clawed bushes, wild blackthorns, surrounded by immense trees filled with infinite majesty. It was there that I met them all, these living beings, long before they were born.



Yes, I met them Baldur and Wolfram in the deep forests of Westerwal in the 5th century of our era. And these boys recommending themselves to Saint Agapit wearing over their velvet breeches a sleeveless tunic decorated with a Celtic cross. And Stephen the shepherd of Cloyes, presenting himself at twelve years old to King Philip Augustus with a letter signed by Christ which will earn him to leave for the crusade and to die there on the way with ten thousand scoundrels of his kind... And this Eric, blond prince with the strange bracelet, who goes alone to the tragic rendezvous in the undergrounds of the castle of roses.

I knew only the games of boys, which are not the games of love but those of brotherhood. I did not yet know the games of war, which are not those of life and generous combat, but those of absurd death.

I didn't know yet what exactly was going to happen to each of them. Nor that this Eric was going to die in this same war that we were going to hate with one heart.

It was already the Ayacks who patrolled my river, half-naked, searching the ruins of my burg with its square keep on stormy evenings, looking for some treasure forgotten by a mad lord.

These were already those rough boys who, with a piece of red scarf attached to their belt, were going to create the most extravagant secret chivalry that the modern world has known, because it was made up of the sole trilogy of the madness of gambling, pride and youth.

Already in the nameless swamp, Michel and François find "Mouche" the scapegoat, to take him to the kingdom of Cristal, the land of great altitudes where the purity of the city of ice reigns.

Olivier is already looking for Wolfgang to solve the poignant enigma of a past on which to the resurrection of a brotherhood indispensable European homeland will depend: that of the strong and the pure.



And then I understood one day that I was at the heart of a world that was still too small and that everything that would count would be found on all the seas, in all the inhabited lands, that the fraternity we dreamed of was linked not to the undifferentiated and soulless world that we were constantly hearing about but to all these living communities that were waiting for us, ready to follow us and love us, if we knew how to understand them, one by one, one after the other, one differently from the other.

Then other heroes came to beat my dreams, Harald the Viking on the day of grace of the year 902 on the banks of the Seine, Bob and Robert in the impossible bet of their survival in the middle of the Amazonian forest, Juanita, the daughter of the planter of Saint Domingue at the head of his band of orphans or Conrad the wolf lost in the final surges of the European turmoil, and Pedro, the son of the cooper of Palos, the cabin boy of the Santa-Maria.

From the Canadian forests to the Thai River, from the Balkan lands, defended by Zora, to the burning streets of Budapest where children who do not want to give in fight, from the Elk clearing to the Yugoslav torrents... they fought, they suffered, they loved. And I fought, and I suffered and I loved with them.

"No one retraces their steps," wrote Eberhardt Cyran. But each step is an effort against oblivion, a progression on the staircase whose steps are lost in the infinity of the sky.

At the time when I understood that youth was going to move away from me, that I would soon no longer be able to dream, I understood that nothing that was essential would be lost anymore. Because I had not been the only one to dream, the only one to handle the pencil or the pen, these weapons against the distress of Time passing.

Fifty, a hundred good companions had joined me long ago and together had built with one heart this cathedral of paper in shimmering colors, which, despite its apparent fragility, was going to prove capable of defying adversity. A true fortress, stronger than the citadel of the Tartars, as it was beaten by a sneaky and invisible enemy, it was going to fill with young fighters who would renew themselves from generation to generation, without losing an inch of their size or their pride.

JEAN-LOUIS FONCINE

THE BLOOD SCARF



TRACK SIGN
COLLECTION



ALSATIA PARIS
EDITIONS



Today, in the last hours of the millennium, all the heroes are there, sometimes hidden, but always valiant. The Forest as Ernst Jünger, one of the great philosophers of this century, had announced and admired it, the forest of refuge and regeneration, the source of eternal youth, is also there. It symbolically encloses all the elements of our survival. I know that when the fools and the wise, who claim to share the domination of the world, have, one after the other, pressed all the buttons that can annihilate the planet, we will see a few proud "Ayacks" emerge from secret bunkers or indestructible thickets, who will carry themselves forward, arms crossed, to the Marble Cliffs, to watch without blinking the birth of a new world that will be for a very long time or forever the world of the living.

Jean-Louis FONCINE
LAVAUR, May 1987.

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Jordi MAGRANER Editor-in-chief: Bruno PERALDI

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Contributors to this issue were Bagheera, BMS, Fennec M., Jean-Louis Foncine, Gil, Jordi, Langue Agile, Philippe Lopinot, Martre I., Ourson F., Pintadeau volubile, Vieux Loup, Yannik.

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EYES ON THE ROAD

By passing on the road, you have become a man, but not just any man, you must be better and carry within you the qualities of the "adventurers" courage, pride and will.

Do you know, Routier, that the eyes of the boys in the Group are turned towards you? And, if they look at you, it is because, for them, you are a model, someone that one must imitate for his personality, for his admirable actions, but especially for his life ethics which do not remain pure theory.

Realize that, perhaps, in the Group, a child will want at all costs to become what you are; for that you cannot disappoint him. You must keep your head straight, your gaze firm, never fail; and then, by your simple conduct, you will show him the path to follow to become a man, a real one. No, better a Scout... free.



YANNIK



MINITEL SCOUT FREE

It's long, but it's coming!

The Teletel service of the Free Scouts is almost operational, but don't talk to us about the Administration's promises: our direct access code, which was supposed to be "wired" by July 1st, will not be until September 9th. "It failed!"

In the meantime, if you want news or tell us good-then "AIX2000 do 36.14 then "SL2 sending"). suite [sending" (after 9/9 it will be enough day, do 36.14

05

For the time being many information pages, the shop and the messaging (each group has a mailbox) are accessible to the general public. Soon, each member will receive their confidential code which will allow them to access the movement's internal information.

Finally, (but shh it's a secret) a Free Scout role-playing game is under consideration.

SL2 is starting slowly but it will improve, be patient! One thing to be clear, it will be a practical, useful, scout service. You won't find any beautiful drawings, "filler" pages or stupid games. We don't design a telematics server as a toy, a gadget or a consumer product, it's a communication tool. As such, it will have to be effective. So... if you're not satisfied with it... don't hesitate to complain, tell us off, that's what messaging is for.

READING TIPS

"KRALL 87"



"KRALL 87" is both a Scouting "yearbook" and a Scout almanac.

Nearly 150 pages, prestigious signatures, fascinating documents, edifying stories, masses of information on scouting in France.

Editions de l'Orme Rond brilliantly revives an old scouting tradition. Thank you for that, thank you for the quality of the work accomplished, thank you to Louis Fontaine for his dedication.

We are eagerly awaiting the next updated edition. In the meantime, "Krall 87" is available at the National Center (80 F including postage).

... last minute... last minute... last "SON OF ALEXANDER" by Maurice VAUTHIER Signe de Piste Edit.

We had expressed pious wishes concerning the Signe de Piste Collection in the "reading recommendations" of Casque n° 10. Zeus heard us but not completely granted us his wish. Indeed, seeing that he still had some faithful followers, he sent us one of his distant descendants: Alexandre Aigos (Alexandre IV, son of Alexander the Great) aged 13.

This is the latest from the editions directed by Alain GOUT: a "track sign" delivered just at the start of the holidays (an omen?). The author, Maurice VAUTHIER, had accustomed us to the best (Faon l'héroïque) and, unfortunately, to the worst (Amaël III), we were impatient to read it. Marvelous! "Fils d'Alexandre" is in an excellent vein, it is even a very good historical novel. So congratulations to the author, to the collection and to Pierre JOUBERT, who for his part, signs a superb cover.

One disappointment, however, and a big one, the interior illustrations. Distressing! Even the horses seem to have been traced from photos of a merry-go-round (in wood!). However, the illustrator, Michel PALOMBA, had accustomed us, in other publications, to works of a different style... B.P.

... to seize... to seize... to seize... to seize...

Every cloud has a silver lining! The bankruptcy of OPTA publishing house means that we can currently find on sale the very beautiful (but very expensive) novels from the luxurious C.L.A. Science Fiction collection.

Among the best titles offered, a superb O. Scott CARD: "The ENDER Strategy", crowned with the "Hugo" and the "Nebula", the "Goncourt" of S.F.

Attacked by an incomprehensible race with a single mind controlling all its members, humanity finds its salvation by making gifted children fight who believe they are only playing with machines. The education of these children, gathered in patrols and practicing a training partly formed by games where courage and strategy dominate, irresistibly recalls Scouting.

Amazing and remarkably written by this Mormon writer (!?), one of the most talented hopes of the moment.

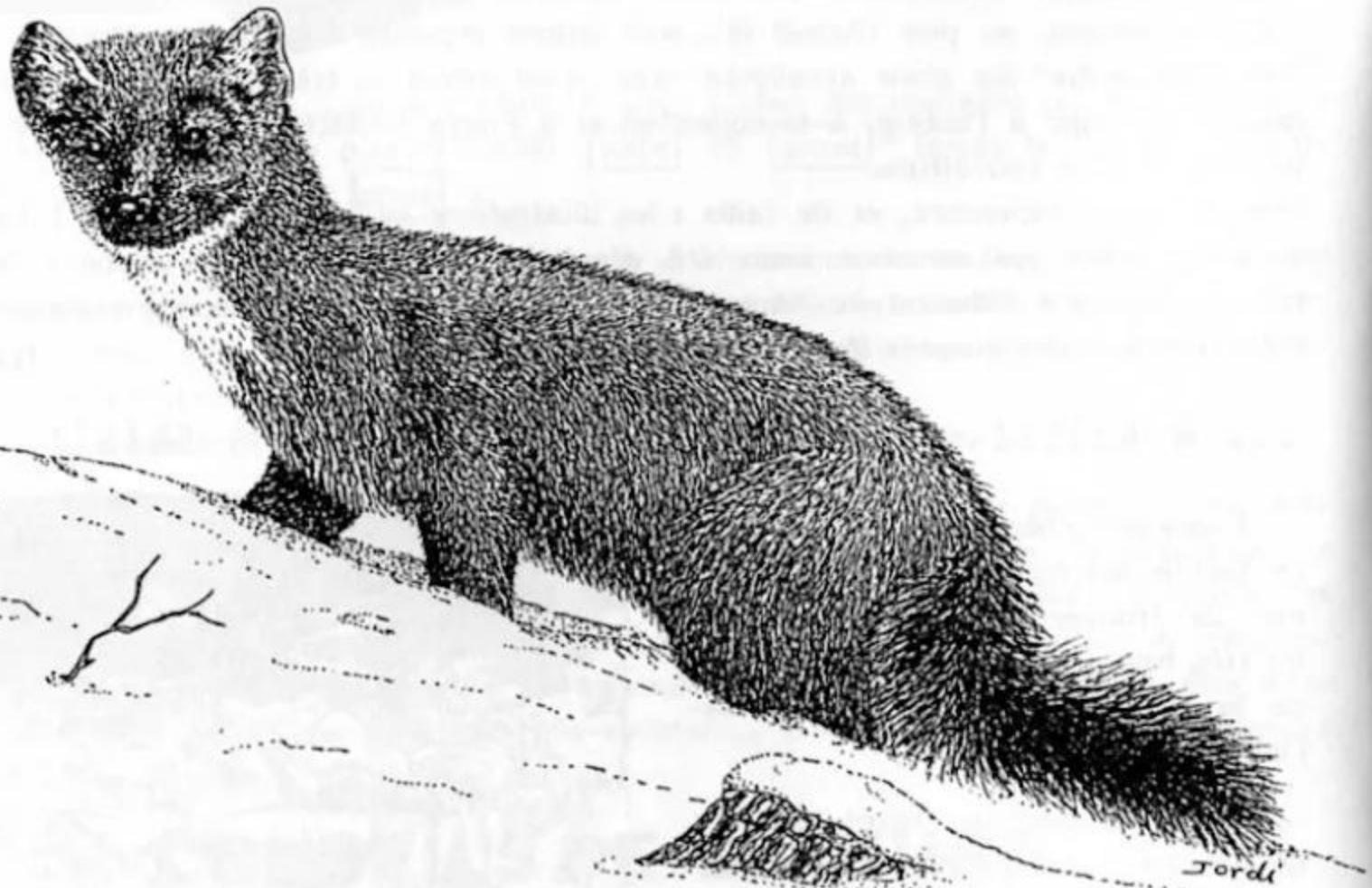


THE MARTEN (continued and end)

HABITS

Long considered a nocturnal species, the Marten is in fact rather diurnal and crepuscular. Unlike the Marten, it only likes wild environments and avoids neighbors of Man.

It mainly moves on the ground by jumping, but it is capable of incredible agility in the trees where it can make jumps of 2 to 3 meters from one tree to another. It even goes so far as to go down the trunks with its head down.



Our friend is not a building animal, she digs little or not at all and she does not build any shelters. She prefers to occupy the nests and shelters of other species or to take advantage of natural cavities.

Not very amphibious, it rarely goes into the water. In front of a river or a pond, it will try to pass over it, if the vegetation allows it, or it will go around the water. It is only as a last resort that it will deign to wet its fur. In winter, it does not hibernate but its activity is more reduced than in the summer.

Overall, the Marten is a nervous, agitated, very wild animal with a suicidal curiosity. Those who hunt it know this well and take advantage of it to shoot it into trees or trap it without difficulty. Its need to know is such that it forgets the rules of caution. The famous naturalist Robert Hainard writes on this subject "when it takes refuge in a tree, often an old nest, we hit the trunk so that it shows itself and we shoot it". What do you want, our Marten is a pure spirit, and by the same token, a little naive.

Moreover, caught in a jaw trap by one leg, it is capable of extraordinary bravery, going so far as to cut off its limb to free itself. The Marten is thus ready to "give" of itself to keep its freedom. The example is to be followed...

In captivity, she is in a very friendly mood, moreover, her anal glands give off a musky odor which is not unpleasant and rather sweet.

In nature, it has few enemies. The main danger comes from the sky with large diurnal or nocturnal birds of prey. Depending on the abundance of one or other of these two groups of predators in its habitat, it may eventually-become more nocturnal or more diurnal (this may be selection operating here) choice.

FOOD

The classic image is the Marten chasing a squirrel. Too bad for the typical but it must be said that this friendly rodent is not the main food of our mustelid. As I mentioned above, the Marten is mainly terrestrial, it hunts preferably on the ground. Its main prey are micromammals (small insectivorous mammals and rodents, such as shrews, moles, field mice, voles, etc.) living in the undergrowth. To this it adds birds up to the size of a jay, eggs, amphibians and more rarely reptiles. In the summer it even becomes very frugivorous and insectivorous. On occasion, it can feed on carrion, especially in winter. In terms of quantity, it has a hearty appetite. It is even greedy and methodical. When she catches a prey she usually starts with the brain, then the heart, liver and lungs, the muscles are consumed last. Completely frantic when she eats, she is not an example of discretion and moderation at the table.



VOICE

The Marten is not a very eloquent animal, but it can be heard on certain occasions.

During the rut, her sexual call is a rapid "tok-tok-tok", but she may also make growling noises and hiss a little in the manner of a cat in heat.

When she is worried or excited, she can bark like a small dog. If she feels threatened, she lets out a very prolonged plaintive cry.

REPRODUCTION

The rutting season extends from mid-June to mid-August, more generally from July to mid-August.

Coitus occurs at night, the male encircles the female, his hind legs hanging down, holding her by the nape of the neck with his teeth. Mating can last 77 minutes, including at least 30 minutes with coitus movements.

The male, who is polygamous, does not take care of the young. It is therefore the female who is responsible for all the breeding and education of the young.

In the female, a curious phenomenon occurs in the reduction of the Marten. After mating, the eggs fertilized by the male do not develop until the end of winter, around mid-January. This peculiarity is called delayed ovo-implantation. The actual gestation actually lasts only 9 weeks.

The birth occurs around March-April, or even in May, or about 270 days after mating. The litters have 2 to 5 young, but generally there are only 3. The female does not build a nest, she uses the shelters already mentioned.

The young are blind at birth, their color is light, even whitish. Their development is slow, they are suckled for 6 weeks. If they open their eyes at 34-38 days, they do not leave the nest before about 44 days, but most often it is at 8 weeks that they do so.

They will stay with their mother until autumn, at which point they become independent and go in search of territories.

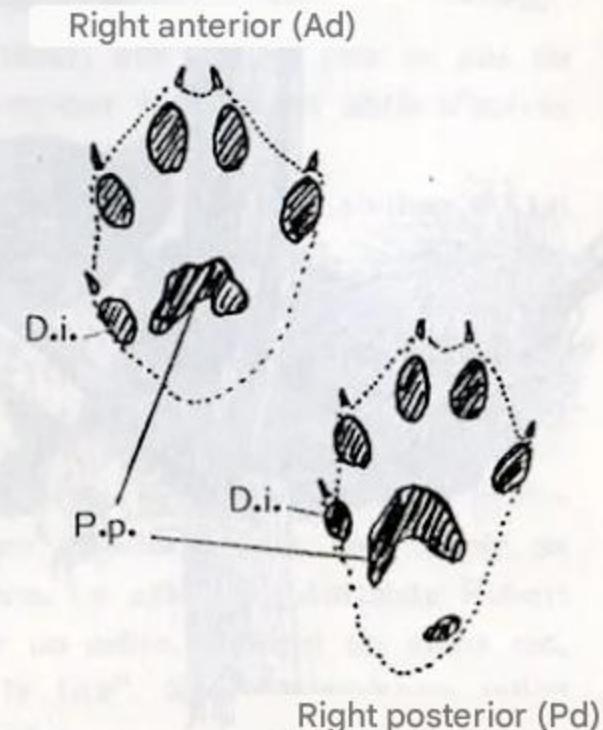
The lifespan of the Marten is 8 to 10 years, or even 17 years.

FOOTPRINTS AND LEFTOVERS

FINGERPRINTS

They are oval in shape with five star-shaped fingers. Claws are generally present. In the center is a plantar pad (P.p.) fragmented in an arc. The underside of the paws is hairy, especially in winter, which reduces the details. Sometimes the internal finger (D.i.) does not mark. The length of the print is 4 to 5 cm. Be careful! on snow the traces can be much larger.

Another difficulty is that Marten and Stone Finch have almost identical prints. However, the latter leaves smaller traces with clearer details because it does not have hairy soles like the Marten.



WAY AND TRACK

The track is the set of footprints of the 4 feet, the trail is the set of tracks.

They are characteristic of all Mustelids, with movements by leaps, more rarely by walking or trotting. Sometimes the prints of the hind legs overlap the front ones.

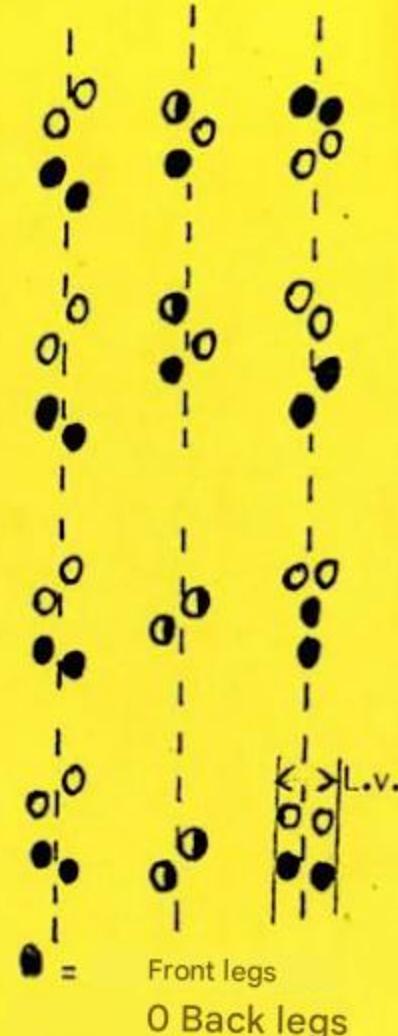
The length of the step (distance between the prints or leaps) is 60 to 80 cm for the Marten, 40 to 50 cm for the Stone Marten. These lengths are given as an indication, because they can be double or more in the event of escape or rapid pursuit.

The width of the track (L.v.) is 9 to 10 cm for the Marten, 8 to 9 for the Stone Marten.

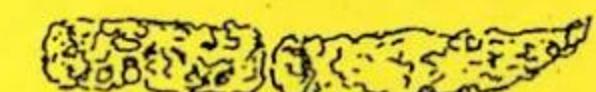
THE LEFT

The droppings (droppings) of the Marten, like those of the Stone Marten, are long, twisted, tapered at one end. They measure from 6 to 10 cm with a diameter of 1.2 to 1.4 cm. Most often they contain hair and bone fragments. Their color varies from black to light gray. At the end of summer and in the fall, pieces of berries and fruits are seen. The droppings are, in this case, elongated, compact, not twisted and formed of coarse plant debris. The color varies according to the plant ingested (pink, purple, yellow, reddish, etc.).

The three kinds of tracks which characterize the Marten:



Left with atos hair. Classic shape.



Frequent form in the bad season with plant debris.

Marten droppings give off a rather unpleasant musky odor, unlike those of the beech marten which give off a very repulsive odor!

The marten deposits its droppings far from homes, on paths, on high objects such as stones, stumps, piles of wood, etc. While the beech marten deposits them near or in homes.

I hope you know more about the Marten and that you will love it even more. In the next issue of Casque, this section will be devoted to a superb animal, typically European, the Chamois.